Select Colloquies

OUT OF

ERASMUS ROTERODAMUS;

Pleaſantly Repreſenting

Several Superſtitious LEVITIES

That were crept into the

Church of Rome

In His Days.

The ſecond Impreſſion Corrected and Amended; with the Addition of two Colloquies to the Former.

By Sir *RO. L'ESTRANGE*, Knight.

——————*Utile Dulci.*

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TO THE READER.

YOU will find that at the Writing of These Colloquies the Church of Rome ſtood in great need of Reforming; even in the Judgment of Eraſmus Himſelf, who was an Eminent Member of That Communion. You will find Reaſon alſo, from the Candour and Moderation of our Learned Author, to Diſtinguiſh even betwixt the Romiſh Doctors Themſelves. You will perhaps find matter enough of Diverſion beſides, to mollifie the Evil Spirit, and to turn ſome Part of the Severity and Bitterneſs of the Age, into Pity and Laughter.

But when you ſhall have found all This in the Dialogues Themſelves, you

have no Obligation yet for any Part of it to the Tranſlator; *who made Choice of* this Piece, *and of* this Subject, *for his Own Sake, and not for* Yours. Some *will have him to be a* Papiſt in Maſquerade, *for going ſo* far; Others *again will have him to be too much a* Proteſtant, *becauſe he will go* no farther: *So that he is cruſh'd betwixt the Two Extremes, as they hung up* Eraſmus himſelf, *betwixt Heaven and Hell. Upon the ſenſe of This Hard Meaſure, he has now made* Engliſh *of* Theſe Colloquies; *and in This laſt Edition added two more to the Number; partly as a* Prudential Vindication, *and partly as a* Chriſtian Revenge.

THE

THE

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THE SHIPWRECK.

COL. I.

The Deſcription of a Tempeſt. The Religious Humour of People in Diſtreſs. The Superſtitious Practice of Worſhipping Saints, *Cenſur'd, and Condemn'd.* Adoration *belongs to* God Alone.

ANTHONIUS, ADOLPHUS.

An. A Moſt dreadful Story! Well! If This be Sailing, I ſhall have the Grace, I hope, to keep my ſelf upon dry Ground. *Ad.* Why all this is no more than Dancing, to what's to come. *An.* And yet I have e'n a Belly full on't already. It gives me ſuch a Trembling, that methinks I'm in the Storm my ſelf upon the very Hearing of it. *Ad.* But yet when the Danger's over, a man's well enough content to think on't. There was One Paſſage, I remember, that put the Pilate almoſt to his Wits end. *An.* What was that I pray? *Ad.* The night was not very Dark, and one of the Mariners was gotten into the Skuttle, (I think that's the name on't) at the Main-maſt-Top, to ſee if he could Make any Land: there drew near him a certain Ball of Fire; which is the worſt Sign in the World at Sea, if it be *Single*; but if *Double*, 'tis the contrary. Theſe

two Fires, were called by the Antients, *Caſtor* and *Pollux*. *An.* What had they to do a Ship-board I wonder, when the one was a *Horſeman*, and the other a *Wreſtler*? *Ad.* That's as it pleas'd the Poets. But the Steerſman calls out to him; *Mate*, ſays he, (the Sea-term) *don't you ſee what a Companion you have gotten beſide you there? I do*, ſays he, *God ſend us good luck after't.* By and by, the Ball glides down the Ropes, and rowls over and over, cloſe to the Pilate. *An.* And was he not frighted out of his Wits almoſt? *Ad.* Sailors are us'd to terrible Sights. It ſtopt a little there, and then paſs'd on by the ſide of the Veſſel, till at laſt it ſlipt through the Hatches, and ſo vaniſh'd. Toward Noon, the Tempeſt encreas'd. Did you ever ſee the *Alps*? *An.* Yes, I have. *Ad.* Theſe Mountains are no more than Warts to the Billows of a Raging Sea. One while we were toſt up, that a man might have toucht the Moon with his Finger; and, then down again, that it lookt as if the Earth had open'd to take us directly into Hell. *An.* What a madneſs is it for a man to expoſe himſelf to theſe hazards? *Ad.* When they ſaw that there was no contending with the Storm, In comes the Pilate, as Pale as Death. *An.* There was no Good towards then, I fear. *Ad.* Gentlemen, ſays he, I am no longer Maſter of my Ship, the Wind has got the better of me, and all we have now to do is to call upon God, and fit our ſelves for Death. *An.* Marry, a cold Comfort! *Ad.* But firſt, ſays he, we muſt lighten the Ship, for there's no ſtrugling with Neceſſity; we had better try if we can ſave our ſelves with the loſs of our Goods, than looſe both together. The Propoſition was found Reaſonable, and a great deal of Rich Merchandize was caſt over-board. *An.* This was *caſting away* according to the Letter. *Ad.* There was in the Company

pany a certain *Italian*, that had been upon an Embaſſie to the King of *Gotland*, and had abundance of Plate, Rings, Diapers, and rich wearing Cloaths aboard. *An.* And he, I warrant you, was loth to come to a Compoſition with the Sea. *Ad.* No, not altogether ſo neither; but he declar'd that he would never part with his beloved Goods, and that they would either Sink or Swim together. *An.* And what ſaid the Pilate to this? *Ad.* If you and your Trinkets were to Drown by your ſelves, ſays he, here's no body would hinder you; but never imagine that we'll endanger our lives for your Boxes; If you are reſolv'd not to part, ye ſhall e'n over-bord together. *An.* Spoken like a true *Terpawlin*. *Ad.* So the *Italian* ſubmitted at length, but with many a bitter Curſe, upward and downward, for committing his life to ſo boyſterous an Element. *An.* I am no Stranger to the *Italian* humour. *Ad.* The Winds were not one jot the better for the Preſents we had made them, but ſoon after they tore our Cordage, threw down our Sails. *An.* Oh Lamentable! *Ad.* And then the Man comes to us again. *An.* With another Preachment, I hope. *Ad.* He gives us a Salute, and bids us fall to our Prayers, and prepare our ſelves for another World, for our time, ſays he, is at hand. One of the Paſſengers askt him how many hours he thought the Veſſel might be kept above Water. His Anſwer was, that he could promiſe nothing at all, but that three hours was the utmoſt. *An.* This was yet a harder Chapter than the other. *Ad.* Upon theſe words he Baules out immediately, *Cut the Shrowds; down with the Maſt by the board, and away with them Sails and all into the Sea.* *An.* But why ſo? *Ad.* Becauſe now they were only a Cumber to the Ship, and of no uſe at all; for we had nothing to truſt to but the Helm. *An.* What

became of the Paſſengers in the mean time? *Ad.* Never ſo wretched a face of things! The Seamen they were at their *Salve Regina*; Imploring the *Virgin-Mother*; calling her *the Star of the Sea*; *the Lady of the World*; *the Haven of Health*; with abundance of other fine Titles that we hear no News of in the Scripture. *An.* What has ſhe to do with the Sea, that never was upon it? *Ad.* In times paſt, the *Pagans* gave *Venus*, that was born of the Sea, the Charge of Seafaring-men: and ſince ſhe look'd no better after them, the *Chriſtians* will have a *Virgin-Preſident*, to ſucceed her that was None. *An.* You 're Merry. *Ad.* Some were lying at their length upon the Boards, Adoring the Sea, throwing Oyl into it, and flattering it, as if it had been ſome Incenſed Prince. *An.* Why what did they ſay? *Ad. O moſt Merciful, Generous, Opulent, and moſt Beautiful Sea*; *Save us*; *be Gracious to us*; and a deal of ſuch ſtuff did they offer to the deaf Ocean. *An.* Moſt ridiculous Superſtition! But what did the reſt? *Ad.* Some were Spewing, Some were Praying; I remember there was an *Engliſh* man there, What Golden Mountains did he promiſe to our Lady of *Walſingham*, if ever he got ſafe aſhore again! One made a Vow to a Relique of the *Croſs* in one place; a ſecond, to a Relique of it in another; and ſo they did to all the *Virgin Maries* up and down; and they think it goes for nothing if they do not name the *Place* too. *An.* Childiſh! as if the Saints did not all dwell in Heaven? *Ad.* And ſome promiſe to turn *Carthuſians*. There was one among the reſt that Vow'd a *Pilgrimage*, *bare-foot* and *bare-head* to *St. James* of *Compoſtella* in a *Coat of Male*, and *begging his Bread all the way*. *An.* Did no body think of *St. Chriſtopher*? *Ad.* I could not but laugh at one Fellow there, that Vow'd to *St. Chriſtopher* in the great Church at *Paris*, as loud as ever he could bellow, (that he

He might be ſure to be heard) a *Wax Candle* as big as himſelf. (Now you muſt know that the *Paris-St. Chriſtopher* is rather a Mountain than a *Statue*) He was ſo loud, and went over and over with it ſo often, that a Friend of his gave him a touch upon the Elbow. *Have a care what you Promiſe*, ſays he, *for if you ſhould ſell your ſelf to your Shirt, you are not able to purchaſe ſuch a Candle. Hold your tongue you fool*, (ſays to'ther, ſoftly, for fear *St. Chriſtopher* ſhould hear him;) *Theſe are but words of courſe; Let me ſet foot a Land once, and he has good luck if he get ſo much as a* Tallow-Candle *of me. An.* I fancy this Block-head was a *Hollander. Ad.* No, no, he was a *Zealander. An.* I wonder no body thought of *St.* Paul; for he has been at Sea you know, and ſuffer'd Ship-wreck, and then leapt aſhore; and he underſtood better then other people what it was to be in that Condition. *Ad.* He was not ſo much as nam'd. *An.* But did they Pray all this while? *Ad.* As if it had been for a Wager. One was at his *Hail Queen*; another at his *I Believe in God*; and ſome had their particular Prayers againſt Dangers, like Charms for Agues. *An.* How Religious does Affliction make a man! In Proſperity we think of neither God, nor Saint. But which of the Saints did you Pray to your ſelf? *Ad.* None of 'em all, I aſſure you. *An.* Why ſo, I beſeech ye? *Ad.* I don't like your way of Conditioning, and Contracting with the Saints. *Do this, and I'll do that: Here's one for t'other; Save me, and I'll give you a Taper, or go a Pilgrimage. An.* But did you call upon none of the Saints for Help? *Ad.* No, not ſo much as that neither. *An.* And why did you not? *Ad.* Becauſe Heaven is large ye know: As put the Caſe, I ſhould recommend my ſelf to St. Peter; as he is likelieſt to hear, becauſe he ſtands at the Door. Before he can come to God Almighty,

and tell him my Condition, I may be fifty Fathom under Water. *An.* What did you do then? *Ad.* I e'en went the next way to God himſelf, and ſaid my *Pater Noſter*; the Saints neither Hear ſo readily, nor Give ſo willingly. *An.* But did not your Conſcience check you? Were you not afraid to call him *Father*, whom you had ſo often offended? *Ad.* To deal freely with you, I was a little fearful at firſt; but upon recollection, I thought thus with my ſelf. Let a *Father* be never ſo angry with a *Son*, yet if he ſees him falling into a River, he will take him up, though't be by the hair of the Head, and lay him upon the Bank. The quieteſt Creature in the whole Company, was a Woman there, with a Child at her Breaſt. *An.* Why, what of her? *Ad.* She neither Clamour'd nor Cry'd, nor Promis'd, but hugging of the poor Infant, prayed ſoftly to her ſelf. By this time the Ship ſtruck, and they were fain to bind her *fore and aft* with Cables, for fear ſhe ſhould fall to pieces. *An.* That was e'en a ſad ſhift. *Ad.* Upon this, up ſtarts an old Prieſt, of about *threeſcore* (his name was *Adam*) ſtrips himſelf to his Shirt, throws away his Boots, and Shooes, and bids us provide to Swim; and ſo ſtanding in the middle of the Ship, he Preached to us out of *Gerſon*, upon the Five Truths of the Benefits of *Confeſſion*, and ſo exhorts every man to prepare himſelf, either for Life, or Death. There was a *Dominican* there too; and they Confeſt, that had a mind to't. *An.* And what did you? *Ad.* I ſaw every thing was in a hurry, and ſo I confeſt my ſelf privately to God, Condemning my own Iniquity, and Imploring his Mercy. *An.* And whither had you gone do you think if you had miſcarry'd? *Ad.* I e'en left that to God; for he is to judge me, and not I my ſelf: and yet I was not without comfortable hopes neither. While this paſt, the *Steers-*

man

man comes to us again, all in Tears; prepare your ſelves good people, ſays he, for ye have not one quarter of an hour to live; the Ship leaks from one end to t'other. Preſently after this, he tells us that he has Made a high Tower, and urges us by all means to call for help, to what Saint ſoever it was, that had the Protection of that Temple, and ſo they all fell down and worſhipped that unknown Power. *An.* If you had known the Saints name, 'tis forty to one your Prayers would have been heard. *Ad.* But that we did not know. The Pilate however Steers his torn and leaky Veſſel toward that place, as well as he could, and if the Ship had not been well Girt, ſhe had without more ado, fallen directly one piece from another. *An.* A miſerable Caſe! *Ad.* We were now come ſo near the Shore, that the Inhabitants took notice of our diſtreſs, and came down in throngs to the Sea-ſide, making Signs, by ſpreading their Cloaks, and holding up their Hats upon Poles, that they would have us put in there; giving us likewiſe to underſtand by caſting their Arms into the Air, how much they pitted our Misfortune. *An.* I would fain know what follow'd. *Ad.* The Veſſel was now come to that paſs, that we had almoſt as good have been in the Sea, as in the Ship. *An.* You were hard put to't, I perceive. *Ad.* Wretchedly. They empty the Ship-Boat, and into the Sea with it: every body preſſes to get in, and the Mariners cry out they'll ſink the Veſſel, and that they had better every one ſhift for himſelf, and Swim for't. There was no time now for Conſultation; one takes an Oar, another a Pole, a Plank, a Tub, or what was next hand, and ſo they committed themſelves to the Billows. *An.* But what became now of the patient Woman? *Ad.* She was the firſt that got aſhore. *An.* How could that be? *Ad.* We ſet her upon a

Rib of the Ship, and then ty'd her to't, ſo that ſhe could hardly be waſh'd off, with a Bord in her hand that ſerved her for an Oar; we cleared her of the Veſſel, which was the greateſt danger, and ſo ſettting her aflote, we gave her our Bleſſing. She had her Child in her left hand, and Row'd with her Right. *An.* What a *Virago* was that? *Ad.* When there was nothing elſe left, one of the Company tore away a *Wooden-Image* of the *Mother-Virgin* (an old rat-eaten Piece) he took it in his Arms, and try'd to Swim upon't. *An.* But did the Boat get ſafe to Land? *Ad.* No, that was loſt at firſt with thirty men in't. *An.* How came that about? *Ad.* The wallowing of the great Ship overturn'd it, before it could put off. *An.* What pity 'twas! and how then? *Ad.* Truly I took ſo much care for other people, that I was near drowning my ſelf. *An.* How came that? *Ad.* Becauſe I ſtaid till I could find nothing to help my ſelf withal. *An.* A good Proviſion of Cork would have been worth mony then. *Ad.* I had rather have had it, then a better thing. But looking about me, I bethought my ſelf in good time of the Stump of the Maſt; and becauſe I could not get it off alone, I took a Partner to aſſiſt me; we both plac'd our ſelves upon it, and put to Sea, I held the right corner, and my Companion the left. While we lay tumbling and toſſing, the *Sea-Prieſt* I told you off, ſquabs himſelf down directly upon our Shoulders; it was a fat heavy Fellow, and we both of us cry'd out what have we here, this third man will drown us all; but the *Prieſt* on the other ſide, very temperately bad us pluck up our hearts, for by the Grace of God we had room enough. *An.* How came he to be ſo late? *Ad.* Nay he was to have been in the Boat with the *Dominican*; for they all had a great reſpect for him: but though they had

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confeſt themſelves in the Ship, yet leaving out I know not what Circumſtances, they Confeſs over again, and one lays his hand upon the other; in which *interim*, the Boat is overturn'd; and this I had from *Adam* himſelf. *An.* Pray what became of the *Dominican*? *Ad. Adam* told me further of him, that having called upon his Saints, and ſtript himſelf naked, he leapt into the Water. *An.* What Saints did he call upon? *Ad. Dominicus, Thomas, Vincentius*, and one of the *Peters*, but I know not which: his great Confident was *Catharina Senenſis*? *An.* Did he ſay nothing of *Chriſt*? *Ad.* Not a word as the *Prieſt* told me. *An.* He might have done better if he had not thrown off his *Coul*; for when that was gone, how ſhould St. *Catherin* know him? But go forward with your own Story. *Ad.* While we were yet rowling, and beating near the Ship, and at the Mercy of the Waves, by great misfortune the Thigh of my *Left-hand-man* was broken with a Nail, that made him loſe his Hold; the *Prieſt* gave him his *Benediction*, and came into his place, encouraging me to maintain my Poſt reſolutely, and to keep my legs ſtill going. In the mean while we had our Bellies full of Salt-water, for *Neptune* had provided us a *Potion*, as well as a *Bath*, though the Prieſt ſhew'd him a Trick for't. *An.* What was that I prithee? *Ad.* Why he turn'd his head upon every Billow, and ſtopt his Mouth. *An.* It was a brave old Fellow it ſeems. *Ad.* When we had been a while *adrift*, and made ſome advance, Chear up, ſays the *Prieſt*, (who was a very tall man) for I feel ground. No, no, ſaid I, we are too far off yet from the Shoar, (and I durſt not ſo much as hope for ſuch a Bleſſing) I tell you again, ſays he, my feet are at the Ground, and I would needs perſwade him that it was rather ſome part of the Wreck that was driven

on

on by the Current. I tell you once again, ſays he, that I am juſt now ſcratching the bottom with my Toes. When we had floated a little longer, and that he felt ground again, Do you what you pleaſe, ſays he, but for my part, I'll leave you the whole Maſt, and wade for't; and ſo he took his opportunity, ſtill to follow the Wave, and as another Billow came on, he would catch hold of his knees, and ſet himſelf firm againſt it, one while up and another while down, like a *Didapper*. Finding that this ſucceeded ſo well with him, I follow'd his example. There ſtood upon the Shoar ſeveral men with long Pikes, which were handed from one to another, and kept them firm againſt the force of the Waves; they were ſtrong body'd men, and us'd to the Sea; and he that was laſt, held out his Pike to the next comer; he lays hold of it, and ſo they retire and draw him aſhoar. There were ſome preſerv'd this way. *An.* How many? *Ad.* Seven; but *two* of them dy'd when they were brought to the Fire. *An.* How many were there of them in the Ship? *Ad. Eight and fifty. An.* Methinks the Tithe might have ſerv'd the Sea as well as it does the Prieſt. So few to eſcape out of ſo great a number! *Ad.* The People, however, we found to be of wonderful Humanity; for they ſupplied us with Lodging, Fire, Meat, Cloaths, Money, with exceeding chearfulneſs. *An.* What are the People? *Ad. Hollanders. An.* Oh they are much more humane and charitable than their Neighbours. But what do you think now of another Adventure at Sea? *Ad.* No more, I do aſſure you, ſo long as I keep in my right Wits. *An.* And truly I my ſelf had rather *Hear* theſe Stories, than *Feel* them.

THE

THE RELIGIOUS PILGRIMAGE.

COL. II.

The Vanity of Pretended Religious Pilgrimages. *The* Virgin-Mothers *Epiſtle to* Glaucoplutus, *complaining of the Decay of Devotion toward the* Saints. *The Hiſtory of the* Canterbury Monaſtries; *and the Ineſtimable Riches of the Church: With a Reproof of the Superſtition, Magnificence, and Exceſſes of the Times. The Temple of* Thomas Becket; *his Monument, Reliques, and Miracles: With a pleaſant Story of a Purchaſe of our* Ladies Milk *at* Conſtantinople; *notably ſetting forth the Practices and Corruptions of that Age.*

MENEDEMUS, OGYGIUS.

Me. WHat have we here? The Reſurrection of a Body that has been ſix months in the Grave? 'Tis the very man. Welcome *Ogygius*. *Og.* And well met *Menedemus*. *Me.* From what quarter of the World art thou come? For we have all given thee for dead here, this many a day. *Og.* And God be thanked I have been

as

as well ſince I ſaw thee laſt, as ever I was in my life. *Me.* And may'ſt thou long live to confute ſuch Stories. But what's the meaning of this Dreſs I prethee? theſe *Shells*, *Images*, *Straw-works*, Snakes Eggs for Bracelets. *Og.* O! you muſt know that I have been upon a Viſit to St. *James* of *Compoſtella*; and after that, to the famous Lady t'other ſide the Water, in *England*, (which in truth was a Re-viſit, for I had ſeen her three years before.) *Me.* For Curioſity, I ſuppoſe. *Og.* Nay upon the very ſcore of Religion. *Me.* You're beholding to the Greeks I preſume, for that Religion. *Og.* My Wives Mother, let me tell you, bound her ſelf with a Vow, that if her Daughter ſhould be delivered of a live Male Child, her Son in Law ſhould go to St. *James* in Perſon, and thank him for't. *Me.* And did you ſalute the Saint, only in your own, and your Mother-in-Laws Name? *Og.* No, Pardon me, in the Name of the whole Family. *Me.* Truly I am perſwaded, that your Family would have done every jot as well if you had ſav'd your Complement. But pray tell me what Anſwer had you? *Og.* Not a ſyllable; but upon the Tendring of my Preſent, he ſeem'd to ſmile, and gave me a gentle Nod; with this ſame Scallop-Shell. *Me.* But why that Shell rather then any thing elſe? *Og.* Becauſe there's great Plenty of theſe Shells upon that Coaſt. *Me.* A moſt gracious Saint, in the way both of Midwifery and Hoſpitality! But this is a ſtrange way of Vowing; for one that does nothing *himſelf*, to make a Vow that *another* man ſhall work. Put the Caſe, that you ſhould tie up your ſelf by a Vow to your Saint, that if you ſucceeded in ſuch or ſuch an Affair, I ſhould Faſt twice a week for ſo many Months. Would I pinch my Guts do ye think, to make good your Vow? *Og.* No. I do not believe you would:

No,

No, not if you had made the Vow in your own Name; for you would have found ſome Trick or other to have droll'd it off. But you muſt conſider that there was a Mother-in-Law, and ſomewhat of Duty in the Caſe; and Women are Paſſionate you know; and I had an Intereſt at ſtake. *Me.* But what if you had not perform'd this Vow now? What Riſque had you run? *Og.* There would have lyen no Action of the Caſe; but yet the Saint I muſt confeſs might have ſtopt his ears ſome other time, or brought ſome ſly miſchief into my Family; (as people in power, you know, are Revengeful.) *Me.* Prethee tell me, How is the good man in Health? honeſt *James*, What does he do? *Og.* Why truly, matters are come to an'ill paſs with him, to what they were formerly. *Me.* He's grown Old. *Og.* Leave your Fooling: as if you did not know that Saints never grow old. No, no, 'tis long of this new Opinion that is come to be ſo rife now in the World, that he is ſo little Viſited; and thoſe that do come, give him only a bare Salute, and little or nothing elſe; they can beſtow their Money to better purpoſe (they ſay) upon thoſe that want it. *Me.* An impious Opinion! *Og.* And this is the reaſon that this great Apoſtle, that was wont to be cover'd with Gold, and Jewels, is now brought to the very block he was made of; and hardly ſo much as a Tallow Candle to do him Honour. *Me.* If this be true, who knows but in time, people may run down the reſt of the Saints too? *Og.* Nay, I can aſſure you, there goes a ſtrange Letter about from the *Virgin-Mary* her ſelf, that looks untowardly that way. *Me.* Which *Mary* do you mean? *Og.* She that is called *Maria à Lapide*. *Me.* Up toward *Baſil*, if I be not miſtaken. *Og.* The very ſame. *Me.* A very *Stony Saint*! But to whom did ſhe write it? *Og.* The Letter tells you the Name too. *Me.* By whom

was

was it ſent? *Og.* By an *Angel* undoubtedly; and found in the Pulpit where he Preached to whom it was written. And to put the matter out of all Doubt, I could ſhew you the very Original. *Me.* But how do you know the Hand of the *Angel* that is the *Virgins Secretary?* *Og.* Well enough. *Me.* But how will you be able to prove it? *Og.* I have compar'd it with *Bede's Epitaph*, that was Engraven by the ſame *Angel*, and I find them to be perfectly one and the ſame Writing: And I have read the *Angels Diſcharge* to St. *Ægidius* for *Charles the Great*; they agree to a Tittle *. And is not this a ſufficient Proof? *Me.* May a body ſee't a little? *Og.* You may, if you'll damn your ſelf to the Pit of Hell that you'll never ſpeak on't. *Me.* 'Tis as ſafe as if you diſcover'd it to a Stone. *Og.* But there are ſome Stones that a body would not truſt. *Me* Speak it to a Mute then. *Og.* Upon that Condition I'll tell you; but prick up both your Ears. *Me.* Begin then.

* The Story goes that *Charles the Great*, being in a Fit of Deſparation, St. *Giles* obtained from an Angel a Pardon for him in theſe Words. *Ægidii merito Caroli Peccata remitto.*

MARY, *the Mother of* Jeſus, *to* Glaucoplutus, *Greeting. Theſe are to give you to underſtand, that we take in good part your ſtrenuous Endeavours (as a True Diſciple of* Luther*) to Convince the World of the Vanity and Needleſneſs of* Invocating Saints: *For I was e'en wearied out of my Life with Importunities, Petitions, and Complaints: Every body comes to me; as if my Son were to be allways a Child, becauſe he is Painted ſo; And becauſe they ſee him at my Breaſt ſtill, they take for granted, that he dares deny me nothing that I ask him, for*

fear

fear that, when he has a mind to't, I should deny him the Bubby. Nay, and their requests are sometimes so extravagant, that I am asham'd to mention them; and that which a young Fellow (not wholly abandon'd to his Lusts) would hardly ask of a Bawd, they have the face to desire from a Virgin. The Merchant *when he is to make a long Voyage, desires me to take Care of his* Concubine. *The Professed* Nun, *when she is to make her Escape, recommends to me the Care of her Reputation, when at the same time she's resolv'd to turn* Prostitute. *The* Soldier *marches to a* Butchery, *and* Slaughter, *with these Words in his mouth,* Blessed Virgin, put into my hands a Fat Prisoner, or a Rich Plunder. *The* Gamester *Prays to me for a good Hand at* Dice, *and Promises me a Snip with him in the Profit of the Cheat: and if he has but an Ill Run, how am I Curs'd, and Rail'd at? because I would not be a Confederate in his Wickedness. The* Usurer *Prays for* Ten in the Hundred; *and I am no longer the Mother of Mercy, if I deny it him. And there is another sort of People, whose Prayers are not so properly Wicked, as Foolish. The* Maids, *they Pray for* Rich *and* Handsom Husbands; *the* Wives *for* Fair Children; *the* Big Belly'd, *for* Easie Labour; *the* Old Trot, *for* Good Lungs, *and that I would keep her from* Coughs *and* Catarrhes. *He that is Mop'd and Decrepite, would be* Young *again. The* Philosopher *Prays for the Faculty of starting* Difficulties never to be Resolv'd: *The* Priest *for a* Plump Benefice; *the* Bishop *for* the Preservation of his own Dioceſs; *the* Mariner *for a* Prosperous Voyage; *the* Magistrate, that I would shew him my Son before he dies; *the* Courtier, *that he may make an* Effectual Confession *upon the Point of* Death (*as the last thing that he intends to do*;) *the* Husbandman *for* Seasonable Weather; *and his* Wife *for her* Pigs *and* Poultry. *If I deny them any thing, I*

am

am preſently hard-hearted. If I ſend 'em to my Son, their Anſwer is, if you'll but ſay the word, I'm ſure he'll do't. *How is it poſſible now for me, that am a lone Body, and a Virgin, to attend Sailors, Soldiers, Merchants, Gameſters, Princes, Plowmen, Marriages, Great Bellies? and all this is nothing yet, to what I ſuffer. And this trouble is almoſt over too, (make me thankful for't) if the Riddance were not accompany'd with a greater Inconvenience; for the Money and the Reputation that I have loſt by't, is worth a great deal more then the leiſure that I have gotten; for inſtead of the* Queen of the Heavens, *and the* Lady of the World, *not one of a thouſand treats me now ſo much as with a ſingle* Ave Mary. *Oh! the Preſents of God, and Precious Stones, that were made me formerly; the rich Embroideries, and the Choice I had of Gowns and Petticoats! whereas, I am now fain to content my ſelf with one half of a Veſt, and that mouſe-eaten too; and a years Revenue will hardly keep Life and Soul together of the poor Wretch that lights me Candles. And all this might be born yet, if you would ſtop here, which they ſay you will not, till you have ſtript the* Altars, *as well as the* Saints. *Let me adviſe you, over and over, to have a care what you do; for you will find the Saints better provided for a Revenge, then you are aware of. What will you get by throwing* Peter *out of the* Church, *when he comes to keep you out of Heaven?* Paul *has a* Sword; Bartlemew *has a* Knife; *the* Monk William *has a* Privy Coat *under his Habit, and a* Lance *to boot. What will you do when you come to encounter* George *on Horſe-back in his* Curiaſſe Arms, *with his* Spear *and his* Whinyard? *and* Anthony *himſelf has his* Holy Fire. *Nor is there any of them all, that one way or other, cannot do miſchief enough if he pleaſes. Nay, weak as I am, you'll have much ado to compaſs your ends upon me. For I have my Son in my Arms, and I'm reſolv'd*

reſolv'd you ſhall have both or none. If you'l ſet up a Church without Chriſt, you may. This I give you to underſtand, and you ſhall do well to conſider of an Anſwer, for I have laid the thing to heart.

From our *Stone-houſe*, the
Kalends of *Auguſt*,
1524.

Men. This is a terrible menacing Letter, and *Glaucoplutus*, I ſuppoſe, will have a care what he does. *Og.* So he will, if he be wiſe. *Me.* I wonder why honeſt *James* wrote nothing to him about it. *Og.* 'Tis a great way off, and Letters are liable to be intercepted. *Me.* But what Providence carry'd you again into *England*? *Og.* Why truly I had the invitation of a fair Wind; and beſide, I was half engaged, within two or three years after my laſt Viſit, to give that beyond-Sea-Saint another. *Me.* Well? and what had you to beg of her? *Og.* Nothing but ordinary Matters; the Health of my Family, the Encreaſe of my Fortune, a long and happy Life in this World, and everlaſting Felicity in the World to come. *Me.* But could not our *Virgin-Mother* have done as much for you there? She has a Church at *Antwerp*, much more glorious then that beyond the Seas. *Og.* It may be our Lady here might have don't; but ſhe diſpenſes her Bounties, and her Graces, where, and in what manner ſhe pleaſes; and accommodates her ſelf to our Affections. *Me.* I have often heard of *James*; but give me ſome Accompt I prethee of the Reputation and Authority of that beyond-Sea-Lady. *Og.* You ſhall have it in as few words as poſſible. Her name is ſo famous all over *England*, that you ſhall hardly find any man there, that belives

he can proſper in the World, without making a yearly Preſent, more, or leſs, to this Lady. *Me.* Where does ſhe keep her Reſidence? *Og.* Near the Coaſt, upon the furtheſt part, *Eaſtward*, of the Iſland, in a Town that ſupports it ſelf chiefly upon the reſort of Strangers. There is a Colledge of Canons, to which the Latins have added the name of *Regulars:* and they are betwixt *Monks* and *Canons*, which they call *Seculars*. *Me.* You make them *Amphibious*, as if they were *Beavers* or *Otters*. *Og.* Yes, and you may take in *Crocodiles* too: But triffling apart, you ſhall hear in three words what they are; in *Odious Caſes* they are *Canons*; in *Favourable*, they are *Monks*. *Me.* I'm in the dark ſtill. *Og.* Why then you ſhall have a Mathematical Illuſtration. If there ſhould come a Thunderbolt from *Rome*, againſt all *Monks*, then they'll be all Canons. Or if his Holineſs ſhould allow all *Monks* to take Wives, then they'll be all *Monks*. *Me.* Theſe are wonderful Favours; I would they would take mine for one. *Og.* But to the Point: This Colledge has little elſe to maintain it than the Liberality of the Virgin; for all Preſents of Value are laid up; but for ſmall Mony, and things of little Moment, it goes to the feeding of the Flock, and the Head of it, whom they call the *Prior*. *Me.* What are they? Men of good Lives? *Og.* Not much amiſs, for their Piety is more worth than their Revenue. The Church is Neat, and Artificial; but the *Virgin* does not live in it her ſelf; for upon the Point of Honour, ſhe has given it to her Son; but ſhe has her Place however upon his Right Hand. *Me.* Upon his Right Hand? which way looks her Son then? *Og.* That's well thought of. When he looks toward the *Weſt*, he has his Mother on his *Right hand*; and when to the *Eaſt* on his *Left*; and ſhe does not dwell here neither; for the Building is not finiſht; the

the Doors and Windows lie all open, and the Wind blows through it; and that's a bleak Wind you'll ſay, that comes from the Sea. *Me.* This is ſomewhat hard methinks; but where does ſhe dwell then? *Og.* In that unfiniſht Church I told you of, there's a ſmall boarded Chappel, with a little Door on each ſide to receive Viſitors. There's ſcarce any light at all to't, more than what comes from the Tapers, but a moſt delicious Perfume. *Me.* Theſe things cannot but conduce ſtrangely to Religion. *Og.* You would ſay ſomething, *Menedemus*, if you ſaw it within, how it glitters with Gold, Silver, Diamonds, Rubies, *&c.* *Me.* You have ſet me agog to go thither too. *Og.* Take my word for't, if you do, you ſhall never repent your Journey. *Me.* Is there no *Holy Oyl* there? *Og.* Well ſaid, *Simpleton*: That *Oyl* is only the Sweat of Saints in their Sepulchres; as of *Andrew*, *Katherine*, &c. *Mary*, you know, was never bury'd. *Me.* That was my Miſtake; but I pray go on with your Story. *Og.* For the better propagation of Religion, they ſhew ſome things at one place, and ſome at another. *Me.* And perhaps it turns to their Profit too, as we ſay, *Many a little, makes a Mickle.* *Og.* And you never fail of ſome body at hand to ſhew you what hou have a mind to ſee. *Me.* One of the Canons it may be. *Og.* No, by no means; they are not made uſe of; for fear that under colour of Religion, they ſhould prove Irreligious, and loſe their own Virginity in the very ſervice of the *Virgin.* In the Inward Chappel, there ſtands a *Regular* at the Altar. *Me.* And what's his buſineſs? *Og.* Only to receive and keep that which is given. *Me.* But may not a man chuſe whether he will give any thing or no? *Og.* Yes, he may; but there is a certain Religious Modeſty in ſome People; they will give bountifully if any body looks on; but

not one farthing perhaps without a Witneſs; or at leaſt not ſo much as otherwiſe. *Me.* This is right fleſh and bloud, and I find it my ſelf. *Og.* Nay, there are ſome ſo ſtrangely devote to the *Holy Virgin*, that while they pretend to lay one Gift upon the Altar, by a marvellous ſlight of hand they'll ſteal away another. *Me.* But what if no body were by? Would not the *Virgin* call them to account? *Og.* Why ſhould ſhe take any more notice of them, than God himſelf does, when People break into his Temple, Rob his Altars, and Commit Sacrilege? *Me.* The impious Confidence of theſe Wretches, and the Patience of Almighty God, are both of them admirable. *Og.* Upon the *North ſide*, there is a certain Gate (I do not mean of the Church) but of the Wall that encloſes the Church-yard; it has a very little Door, like the Wicket that you ſee in ſome great Gates of Noblemens Houſes. A man muſt venture the breaking of his Shins, and ſtoop too, or there's no getting in. *Me.* An Enemy would be hard put to't to enter a Town at ſuch a Paſſage. *Og.* So a man would think; and yet the *Verger* told me for certain, that a Knight a Horſeback, with an Enemy at his heels, made his Eſcape through this Door, and ſav'd himſelf. When he was at the laſt pinch, he bethought himſelf of a ſuddain, and recommended himſelf to the Bleſſed *Virgin*, there at hand, reſolving to take Sanctuary at her Altar, if he could come at it: when all in an inſtant (a thing almoſt incredible) he and his Horſe were convey'd ſafe into the Church-yard, and his Adverſary ſtark mad on the other ſide for his diſappointment. *Me.* And did you really believe what he told you? *Og.* Beyond all diſpute. *Me.* One would hardly have expected it from a man of your Philoſophy. *Og.* Nay, which is more, he ſhew'd me the very image of this Knight

in

in a Copper Plate that was nail'd to the Door, in the very Cloaths that were then in faſhion, and are to be ſeen yet in ſeveral old Engliſh Pictures: which if they be right drawn, the Barbers and Clothiers in thoſe days had but an Ill time on't. *Me.* How ſo? *Og.* He had perfectly the Beard of a Goat, and not one Wrinkle in his Doublet and Hoſe; but they were made ſo ſtrait, as if he had been rather ſtitcht up in them, then they cut out for him. In another Plate there was an exact Deſcription of the Chappel, the Figure and the Size of it. *Me.* So that now there was no further doubt to be made upon the matter. *Og.* Under this little Gate, there's an iron Grate, that was made only for one to paſs a foot; for it would not have been decent that any Horſe ſhould afterward trample upon the Ground that the former Horſman had conſecrated to the *Virgin*. *Me.* You have Reaſon. *Og. Eaſtward* from thence, there's another Chappel, full of Wonders, to the degree of Prodigies. Thither I went, and another Officer receiv'd me. When we had Pray'd a little, he ſhews the middle Joint of a Mans Finger. Firſt I kiſt it, and then I askt to whom that Relique formerly belong'd? He told me to St. *Peter*. What, ſaid I, the *Apoſtle*? he told me yes. Now the Joint was large enough to have anſwered the Bulk of a Giant; upon which Reflection, St. *Peter*, ſaid I, was a very proper Fellow them Which ſet ſome of the Company a laughing, truly to my trouble; for if they had kept their Countenance, we ſhould have had the whole Hiſtory of the Reliques. But however we dropt the man ſome ſmall mony, and piec'd up the matter as well as we could. Juſt before this Chappel, ſtood a little Houſe, which the Officer told us, was convey'd thither thorough the Air, after a wonderful manner, in a terrible Winter, when there was nothing to be ſeen but Ice and

Snow. Within this Houſe there were two Pits brim full, that ſprang (as he told us) from a Fountain conſecrated to the *Holy Virgin.* The Water is ſtrangely cold, and the beſt remedy in the World for Pains in the Head or the Stomach. *Me.* Juſt as proper as Oyl would be to quench a Fire. *Og.* You muſt conſider my Friend, this is a Miracle. Now it would be no Miracle for Water to quench Thirſt. *Me.* That ſhift goes a great way in the Story. *Og.* It was poſitively affirm'd that this Spring burſt out in an inſtant, at the command of the *Holy Virgin.* Upon a ſtrict Obſervation of every thing I ſaw, I askt the Officer how many years it might be ſince that little Houſe was brought thither. He told me that it had been there for ſome ages; and yet (ſaid I) methinks the Walls do not ſeem to be of that Antiquity; and he did not much deny it. Nor theſe Pillars (ſaid I.) No Sir, ſays he, they are but of late ſtanding, (and the thing diſcover'd it ſelf.) And then, ſaid I, methinks that Straw, thoſe Reeds, and the whole Thatch of it look as if they had not been ſo long laid. 'Tis very right, Sir, ſays he; and what do you think, ſaid I, of thoſe Croſs Beams and Rafters? they cannot be near ſo old. He confeſt they were not. At laſt, when I had queſtioned him to every part of this poor Cottage; How do you know, ſaid I, that this is the Houſe that was brought ſo far in the Air ſo many Ages ago? *Me.* Prithee how did he come off there? *Og.* Without any more to do, he ſhew'd us an old *Bear-skin* that was tackt there to a piece of Timber, and almoſt laught at us to our very teeth, as people under an invincible Ignorance. Upon ſeeming better ſatisfy'd, and excuſing our heavineſs of apprehenſion, we came then to the *Virgins Milk.* *Me.* It is with the *Virgins Milk* as with her *Sons Bloud*; they have both of them left more behind them than ever they

they had in their Bodies. *Og.* And ſo they tell us of the *Croſs*, which is ſhew'd up and down both in publick and in private, in ſo many Reliques, that if all the Fragments were laid together, they would load an *Eaſt-India-ſhip:* and yet our Saviour carry'd the whole Croſs upon his Shoulders. *Me.* And is not this a wonderful thing too? *Og.* It is extraordinary I muſt confeſs; but nothing is wonderful to an Almighty Power; that can encreaſe every thing according to his own pleaſure. *Me.* 'Tis well done however to make the beſt on't: but I'm afraid that we have many a Trick put upon us, under the Maſque of Piety, and Religion. *Og.* I cannot think that God himſelf would ſuffer ſuch Mockeries to paſs unpuniſht. *Me.* And yet what's more common than for the Sacrilegious themſelves (ſuch is the Tenderneſs of God) to ſcape in this World without ſo much as the leaſt Check for their Impieties? *Og.* This is all true, but hear me on: The Milk that I was ſpeaking of, is kept upon the High Altar; *Chriſt* in the *Middle*, and his *Mother*, for reſpects ſake, at his *Right hand.* The *Milk*, you muſt know, repreſents his *Mother.* *Me.* Can you ſee it then? *Og.* Yes, for 'tis preſerv'd in a Chryſtal Glaſs. *Me.* And is it liquid too? *Og.* What do you talk to me of Liquid; when 'twas drawn above Fifteen hundred year ago. It is now come to a Concretion, and looks juſt like pounded Chalk with the White of an Egg. *Me.* But will they not let a man ſee it open? *Og.* Not upon any terms. Men would be kiſſing of it, and profane it. *Me.* You ſay very well; for all Lips are not fit to approach it. *Og.* So ſoon as the Officer ſees us, he runs preſently, and puts on his Surplice, and a Stole about his Neck, falls down, and Worſhips; and by and by gives us the *Holy Milk* to kiſs; and we proſtrated our ſelves too, in the firſt place, bowing to

Chriſt, and then, applying to the *Virgin*, in the following prayer, which I had in readineſs for this purpoſe.

VIrgin Mother! *That haſt deſervedly given ſuck to the Lord of Heaven and Earth, thy Son* Jeſus *at thy* Virgins Breaſts; *We pray thee, that we, being purified by his Bloud, may our ſelves arrive at the Happy Infant State of the Simplicity and Innocence of Doves; and that being Void of Malice, Fraud, and Deceit, we may daily thirſt after the Milk of Evangelical Doctrine, until it grows up to be perfect Man, and to the Meaſure of the Fulneſs of Chriſt, whoſe bleſſed Society thou ſhalt enjoy for ever and ever, with the Father and the Holy Ghoſt,* Amen.

Me. Truly a very devout Prayer: but what Return? *Og.* If my eyes did not deceive me, they were both pleaſed, for the *Holy Milk* ſeem'd to leap and ſparkle; and the *Euchariſt*, of a ſudden lookt brighter than uſual. In the mean while, the *Verger* came to us, and without a word ſpeaking, held out ſuch a kind of Table as they uſe in *Germany* upon their Bridges, when they take Toll. *Me.* I remember thoſe Tables very well, and have curſt them many a time in my Travels that way. *Og.* We laid down ſome pieces of Mony, which he preſented to the *Virgin.* After this, by our Interpreter, one *Robert Aldridge*, (as I remember) a well ſpoken young man, and a great Maſter of the *Engliſh* Tongue, I askt as civilly as I could, what aſſurance they had that this was the *Milk* of the *Virgin:* which I did, with a pious intention that I might ſtop the Mouths of all Scoffers and Gainſayers. The Officer, at firſt, contracted his Brow, without a word ſpeaking; and thereupon I preſt the Interpreter to put the ſame queſtion

queſtion to him again, but in the faireſt manner imaginable; which he did in ſo obliging a faſhion, that if the Addreſs had been to the Mother her ſelf, when ſhe had been newly laid, it could not have been taken amiſs. But the Officer, as if he had been inſpir'd with ſome *Enthuſiaſm*, expreſſing in his Countenance the horrour and deteſtation he had for ſo blaſphemous a queſtion; *What need is there*, ſays he, *of theſe Enquiries, when you have ſo Authentick a Record for the truth of the matter*? And we had undoubtedly been turn'd out for Heretiques, if we had not ſweetn'd the angry Man with a few Pence. *Me.* But how did you behave your ſelves in the interim? *Og.* Juſt as if we had been ſtunded with a Cudgel, or ſtruck with Thunder. We did moſt humbly beg his Pardon (as in holy matters a man ought to do) and ſo went our way from thence to the little Chappel, which is the peculiar Receptacle of the *Holy Virgin.* In our way thither, comes one of the under Officers to us, ſtaring us in the face as if he knew us; and after him a ſecond, and a third, all gaping upon us after the ſame manner. *Me.* Who knows but they might have a mind to draw your Picture? *Og.* But my thoughts lookt quite another way. *Me.* Why, what did you imagine then? *Og.* That ſome body had robbed the Virgins Chappel, and that I had been ſuſpected for the Sacrilege; and therefore I enter'd the Holy place with this Prayer to the *Virgin-Mother* in my Mouth.

OH! Thou alone, who among Women art a Mother, and a Virgin; the Happieſt of Mothers, and the Pureſt of Virgins: We that are impure, do now preſent our ſelves before thee that art Pure; humbly ſaluting and paying reverence unto thee, with our ſmall Offerings, ſuch as they are. O that thy Son would enable us to

imitate

imitate thy moſt holy Life, and that we might deſerve, by the Grace of the Holy Spirit, ſpiritually to conceive the Lord Jeſus *in our Souls, and having once received him, never to loſe him.* Amen.

And ſo I kiſt the Altar, laid down my Offring, and departed? *Me.* What did the *Virgin* here? Did ſhe give you no token that your Prayer was heard? *Og.* It was (as I told you) but an uncertain Light, and ſhe ſtood in the dark upon the Right hand of the Altar: but in fine, my courage was ſo taken down by the Cheque the former Officer gave me, that I durſt not ſo much as lift up my eyes again. *Me.* So that this Adventure, I perceive did not ſucceed ſo well. *Og.* Oh beſt of all. *Me.* You have put me in courage again, for, as your Author has it, my heart was e'en ſunk into my Breeches. *Og.* After dinner we go to Church again. *Me.* How durſt you do that, under a ſuſpicion of Sacrilege? *Og.* It may be I was, but ſo long as I did not ſuſpect my ſelf, all was well: a good Conſcience fears nothing: I had a great Mind to ſee the Record that the *Verger* referr'd us too; and after a long ſearch, at laſt we found it: but the Table was hung ſo high, that a man muſt have good eyes to read it. Now mine are none of the beſt, nor yet the worſt: but as *Aldridge* read, I went along with him: for I had not faith enough wholly to relie upon him in ſo important an Affair. *Me.* But were you ſatisfy'd in the point at laſt? *Og.* So fully, that I was aſham'd that ever I had doubted of it: every thing was made ſo clear; the Name, the Place, the very Order of the Proceeding; and in one word, there was nothing more to be deſired.

There was one *William* (born at *Paris*) a man of general

general Piety, but moſt particularly induſtrious in gathering together all the Reliques of Saints that were to be gotten over the whole World. This perſon, after he had travell'd ſeveral Countries, and taken a View of all Monaſteries, and Temples, whereever he paſs'd, came at laſt to *Conſtantinople*, where a Brother of his was at that time a Biſhop; who gave him notice, when he was preparing for his Return, that there was a certain Nun that had a quantity of the *Mother Virgins Milk*; and that if any of it were to be gotten, either by Art, or for Love, or Mony, it would make him the happieſt Man in Nature; and that all the Reliques which he had hitherto collected, were nothing to't. This ſame *William* never reſted till he had obtain'd the one half of this *Holy Milk*; which he valu'd above the Treaſure of an Empire. *Me.* No queſtion of it; and a thing ſo unexpected too. *Og.* He goes ſtrait homeward, and falls ſick upon the way. *Me.* As there's no truſt to human Felicity, either that it ſhall be perfect or long liv'd! *Og.* Finding himſelf in danger, he calls a *Frenchman* to him; (his friend and fellow Traveller) makes him ſwear Secreſie, and then delivers him this *Milk*, upon Condition that if he gets home ſafe, he ſhould depoſite that Treaſure, upon the Altar of the *Holy Virgin* in the famous Church of *Paris*; that Church that has the *Seine* on each ſide of it; as if the River it ſelf gave place, in reverence to the Divinity of the Saint. To be ſhort, *William* is dead and bury'd, the other takes Poſt, and he dies too; but finding himſelf in extremity, he delivers the Milk to an *Engliſh* Nobleman, but under the ſtricteſt obligation imaginable, that the Count ſhould ſo diſpoſe of it as he himſelf would have done; the one dies, the other receives it, and puts it upon the Altar in the preſence of the Canons of the place, who in thoſe days were

were ſtill called *Regulars* (as they are yet at *St. Genoveve.*) Upon his Requeſt, theſe *Regulars* were prevail'd upon to divide the Milk with him, one Moyety whereof was carry'd into *England*; and by him afterward depoſited upon the Altar I told you of, as moved thereunto by a divine Impulſe. *Me.* Why this is a Story now that hangs handſomly together. *Og.* And to put all out of doubt, the very Biſhops names are ſet down, that were authorized to grant Releaſes, and Indulgencies to thoſe that ſhould come to ſee it, according to the power to them given; but not without ſome obligation or other in token of their Veneration. *Me.* Very good; and how far did that power extend? *Og.* To *forty* days. *Me.* But are there days in *Purgatory*? *Og.* There is Time there. *Me.* But when the ſtock of *forty days* is gone, have they no more to beſtow? *Og.* Oh you miſtake the buſineſs! for 'tis not here, as in the Tub of the *Danaides*, which is always filling, and always empty; but here, take out as long as you will, there's never the leſs in the Veſſel. *Me.* But what if they ſhould now give a Remiſſion for *forty days*, to 100000 *men*? has every one of them his proportion? *Og.* All alike. *Me.* And ſuppoſe a man ſhould have *forty days* granted him in the *morning*; have they wherewithal to give him *forty days* more at night? *Og.* Yes, yes, if it were ten times over every hour. *Me.* If I had but ſuch a device at home, I ſhould not ask much to ſet up withal. *Og.* You might e'n as well wiſh to be turn'd into a Golden Statue, and as ſoon have your asking. But to return to my Hiſtory. There was one Argument added, which methought was of great Pity and Candor, which was, that tho' the *Virgins Milk* in many other places, might challenge due Veneration, yet this was to be the moſt eſteem'd, becauſe it was ſav'd as it fell from

from the Virgins Breaſts, without touching the ground; whereas the other was ſcrap'd off from Rocks and Stones. *Me.* But how does that appear? *Og.* From the very mouth of the Nun at *Conſtantinople*, that gave it. *Me.* And it may be ſhe had it from *St. Bernard.* *Og.* I believe ſhe had. *Me.* For he had the Happineſs to taſte the Milk of the ſame Breaſt that ſuck'd our Saviour: ſo that I wonder he was not rather called *Lactifluous* than *Mellifluous.* But how is that the *Virgins Milk* that did not flow from her *Breaſts?* *Og.* It did flow from her Breaſts; but dropping upon the Rock ſhe ſat upon, it was there concreted; and afterward, by Providence, multiply'd and encreas'd. *Me.* You ſay well, go forward now. *Og.* We were now upon the point of marching off; but ſtill walking and looking about us to ſee if there were any thing elſe worth taking notice of; and there were the *Chappel Officers* again, learing at us, pointing, nodding, running up and down back and forward, as if they would fain have ſpoken to us, but had not the face to do't. *Me.* And did not your heart go pit-apat upon't? *Og.* No, not at all; but on the contrary I lookt them chearfully in the very eyes; as who ſhould ſay, *ſpeak and welcome.* At length one of them comes to me, and asks me my name. I tell it him. *Are not you the man,* ſays he, *that a matter of two years ſince, ſet up a* Votive-Table *here in* Hebrew Letters? I told him I was that perſon. *Me.* Do you write *Hebrew* then? *Og.* No, but let me tell you, they take every thing to be *Hebrew* they do not underſtand. By and by, comes, (upon calling I ſuppoſe) the Πρῶτος Ὕπατος, of the Colledge. *Me.* What Dignity is that? have they no *Abbot*? No. *Me.* Why ſo? *Og.* Becauſe they don't underſtand *Hebrew.* *Me.* Have they no Biſhop? *Og.* Neither. *Me.* What's the reaſon on't? *Og.* The *Virgin* is ſo poor, that

ſhe

ſhe is not able to be at the charge of a *Staff* and *Mitre*; for you muſt know the Price is extremely rais'd. *Me.* But methinks at leaſt they ſhould have a *Preſident*. *Og.* No, nor that neither. *Me.* What hinders it? *Og.* Becauſe a *Preſident* is a name of *Dignity*; not of *Holineſs*. And therefore the Colledges of Canons will have no Abbots. *Me.* But this ſame Πρῶτον ὕστερον, is a thing I never heard of before. *Og.* You are but an eaſie Grammarian, I perceive. *Me.* I have heard of it indeed in *Rhetorique*. *Og.* Obſerve me now. He that is next to the *Prior*, is the *Poſterior Prior*. *Me.* Yes the *Sub-Prior*. *Og.* That man ſaluted me with great Courteſie, and then fell to tell me what pains had been taken to read thoſe Verſes; what wiping of Spectacles there had been to no purpoſe; how often ſuch a Doctor of Law, and another Doctor of Divinity, had been brought thither to expound the Table. One would have the Character to be *Arabick*, another lookt upon't as a *Sham*, and to ſignifie nothing at all; but in concluſion, there was one found out that made a ſhift to read the Title, which was written in *Latin* and *Roman Capitals*. The *Greek* Verſes, in *Greek Capitals*; which at firſt ſight lookt like *Roman*. Upon their requeſt, I turn'd them word for word into *Latin*, and they would have paid me for my pains; but I excus'd my ſelf with a Proteſtation, that for the Holy Virgins ſake, I would do any thing in the World; and that if ſhe had any Letters to ſend, even to *Jeruſalem*, I would not ſtick to go upon the Errant. *Me.* As if ſhe could want Carriers, that has ſo many Angels perpetually waiting about her. *Og.* He took out of his Purſe a little piece of Wood, that was cut off from the *Beam* the *Virgin Mother* ſtood upon, and made me a Preſent of it. I found by the wonderful fragrancy of it, that the thing was ſacred, and could not do leſs than kiſs it

twenty

twenty times over; and in the loweſt poſture of humility (bare-headed, and with the higheſt degree of Reverence) I put it up in my Pocket. *Me.* Mayn't a man ſee it? *Og.* I'm not againſt it; but if you have either eat or drunk to day, or had to do with your Wife laſt night, I would not adviſe you to look upon't. *Me.* Shew me't however, and I'll ſtand the venture. *Og.* Why there 'tis then. *Me.* How happy a man art thou now to have ſuch a Preſent? *Og.* Such a one as it is, I would have you know, that I would not change it for the Wealth of the *Indies.* I'll ſet it in Gold, and put it in a Cryſtal Caſe. *Hyſteroprotos*, when he ſaw me ſo over-joy'd at the favour I had already receiv'd, began to think me worthy of greater; and askt me if I had ſeen the *Virgins ſecrets*? The expreſſion ſtartled me, and yet I durſt not ſo much as deſire him to expound himſelf, for a bodies Tongue may ſlip in Holy matters as well as in Profane. However, I told him that I had not as yet ſeen 'em, and that I much deſir'd to ſee them. I am carry'd in now, as one in an Extaſie; two Tapers preſently lighted, and an Image produc'd; of no great value for the bigneſs, matter or Workmanſhip; but of wonderful Virtue. *Me.* It is not the bulk that does the Miracle; yonder's *Chriſtopher* at *Paris*; there's a Wagon load of him, a very *Coloſſus*, nay, I might have ſaid a *Mountain*, and yet I never heard of any Miracles that he wrought. *Og.* There's a Gemm at the feet of the Virgin, which the *Latins* and *Greeks* have not yet found a name for; the *French* call it a *Toadſtoane*, from the reſemblance of a Toad in it: beyond any thing that ever was done to the Life: and to make it the greater Miracle, it is but a little Stone neither; and the Image does not ſtand on't, but 'tis form'd in the very body of the Stone. *Me.* Perhaps people may phanſie the likeneſs of a

Toad

Toad in the Stone, as they do that of an Eagle, in the ſtalk of a *Brake* or *Fern*; or as Boys do burning Mountains, Battles, and terrible Dragons in the Clouds. *Og.* Nay, for your ſatisfaction, one living Toad is not liker another. *Me.* Come, come, I have had enough of your Stories, you had beſt go with your Toad to ſome body elſe. *Og.* This humour of yours *Menedemus* does not at all ſurprize me; for if I my ſelf had not ſeen it with theſe eyes, (mark me, with theſe very eyes) if the whole Tribe of Schoolmen had ſworn it to me, I ſhould never have believ'd 'em. But you are not curious enough, methinks, upon theſe Rarities of Nature. *Me.* And why not curious enough? becauſe I cannot be perſwaded that Aſſes fly? *Og.* But do you not ſee how Nature entertains her ſelf in the colours and ſhapes of all things; and eſpecially of precious Stones? what admirable Virtues ſhe has emplanted in them; and incredible too, if experience had not forc'd us to an acknowledgment of them? Tell me, would you ever have believ'd that Steel could have either been drawn by the Load-ſtone, or driven away, without touching it, if you had not ſeen it with your own eyes? *Me.* Truly I think I ſhould not, though ten *Ariſtotles* had ſworn the truth of it. *Og.* Do not pronounce all things to be fabulous then, that you have not found ſo by experiment. Do we not find the figure of the *Bolt* in the *Thunder-Stone*: *Fire* in the *Carbuncle*; the Figure of *Hail*, and the invincible coldneſs of it, (even as if it were caſt into the Fire) in the *Hail-Stone*: The waves of the *Sea* in the *Emerald*; the Figure of a *Sea-Crab* in the *Carcinias*; of a *Viper* in the *Echites*; of a *Gilt-head* in the *Scarites*; of a *Hawk* in the *Hieraclites*; of a *Cranes Neck* in the *Geranites*? In one Stone, you have the eye of a *Goat*; in another, of a *Hog*; in another, *three human eyes* together: in the

Lyco-

Licophthalmus you will find the Eye of a *Wolf*, with four colours in't, fiery, bloudy; and black in the middle, encompaſſed with white. One Stone has the figure of a *Beane* in the middle; another the Trunck of a *Tree*; and it burns like wood too; the Reſemblance of Ivy in another. One ſhews you the Beams of *Lightning*, another looks as if there were a *Flame* in't; and in ſome Stones you ſhall find *Sparkles*; the colour of *Saffron*, of a *Roſe*, *Braſs*, the figure of an *Eagle*, a *Peacock*, an *Aſp*, a *Piſmire*, a *Bittle* or *Scorpion*. It would be endleſs to purſue this ſubject; for there is not any Element, living Creature or Plant, which Nature (as it were to ſport her ſelf) has not given us ſome reſemblance of in Stones. Why ſhould you wonder then at this Story I have told you, of the Toad? *Me.* I did not think Nature had had ſo much ſpare time, as to divert her ſelf in drawing Pictures. *Og.* 'Tis rather to exerciſe our Curioſity, and keep us from Idleneſs, or worſe Diverſions, as running mad after Buffoons, Dice, Fortune-tellers, and Hocus's, *&c.* *Me.* All this is too true. *Og.* I have heard that if you put this Toad-ſtone into Vinegar, it ſhall move the Legs and Swim. *Me.* But why is it dedicated to the *Virgin*? *Og.* 'Tis laid at her feet, to ſhew that ſhe has overcome, trampled upon, and extinguiſhed all Uncleanneſs, Malice, Pride, Avarice, and Earthly Deſires. *Me.* Wo be to us then that have ſo much of the Toad ſtill in our hearts. *Og.* But if we worſhip the *Virgin*, as we ought, we ſhall be pure. *Me.* How would ſhe have us Worſhip her? *Og.* By the Imitation of her. *Me.* That's ſoon ſaid, but not ſo eaſily perform'd. *Og.* 'Tis hard, I confeſs, but well worth the pains. *Me.* Proceed now, and finiſh what you have begun. *Og.* The man ſhew'd us next, certain Gold, and Silver Statues. This (ſays he) is ſolid Gold, this only ſilver gilt,

and he tells us the Weight, the Price, and the Preſenter of every piece. The Man then taking notice of the ſatisfaction I found to ſee the *Virgin* endow'd with ſo rich a Treaſure, you are ſo good a man, ſays he, that I cannot honeſtly conceal any thing from you, and will ſhew you now the greateſt Privacies the *Virgin* has; and at that word, he takes out of a Drawer from under the Altar, a World of things of great value; it would be a days work to tell you the particulars; ſo that thus far my Journey ſucceeded to my wiſh; I ſatisfied my Curioſity abundantly, and brought away this Ineſtimable Preſent with me, as a Token of the Virgins love. *Me.* Did you ever make any Tryal of the Virtues of this Token? *Og.* Yes, I have; I was three or four days ago in a Treating-houſe, and there was a Fellow ſo ſtark ſtaring mad, that they were juſt about to lay him in Chains; I only laid this piece of wood under his Pillow (without his Privity) he fell into a ſound ſleep; and in the morning, roſe as ſober as ever he was in his life. *Me.* But art ſure he was not drunk? for ſleep is the beſt remedy in the World for that diſeaſe. *Og.* This is not a ſubject *Menedemus* for Raillery. 'Tis neither honeſt, nor ſafe to make ſport with the Saints: Nay, the Man himſelf told me, that there was a Woman appear'd to him in his Sleep, of an incomparable Beauty, that brought him a Cup to drink. *Me.* Of *Hellebore* it may be. *Og.* That's uncertain, but of a certainty, this man is in his Wits again. *Me.* Did you take no notice of *Thomas* the *Archbiſhop* of *Canterbury*? *Og.* Yes ſure I hope I did. 'Tis one of the famouſeſt Pilgrimages in the World. *Me.* If it were not a trouble to you, I would fain hear ſomething of it. *Og.* Nay, 'tis ſo far from that, that you'll oblige me in the hearing of it.

That

THat part of *England* that looks toward *France* and *Flanders*, is called *Kent*; there are two Monaſteries in't, that are almoſt contiguous, and they are both *Benedictins*. That which bears the name of St. *Auguſtine* ſeems to me to be the Ancienter, and that of St. *Thomas* I judge to have been the Seat of the Archbiſhop, where he paſt his time with a few Monks that he made choice of for his Companions. As the Prelates at this day have their Palaces near the Church, tho' apart from the Houſes of other Canons: for in times paſt, both Biſhops, and Canons were commonly Monks, as appears upon the Record. But St. *Thomas*'s Church is ſo eminent, that it puts Religion into a mans thoughts as far as he can ſee it: and indeed it over-ſhadows the Neighborhood, and keeps the light from other Religious Places. It has two famous Turrets, that ſeem in a manner to bid Viſitants welcome from afar off; and a Ring of Bells that are admir'd far and near. In the *South Porch* ſtand the Statues of three Armed Men that murther'd the Holy man, with their Names and Families. *Me.* Why had the Wretches ſo much honour done them? *Og.* It is the ſame honour that is done to *Judas*, *Pilate*, and *Caiaphas*, and the band of wicked Soldiers, whoſe Images and Pictures, are commonly ſeen upon the moſt magnificent Altars. Their names, I ſuppoſe, are there expreſs'd, for fear ſome body elſe hereafter ſhould have the glory of the Fact that had no title to't; and beſides they ſtand there for a warning to Courtiers that they meddle no more with Biſhops or Poſſeſſions of the Church; for thoſe three Ruffians ran mad upon the horrour of the Act, and had never come to themſelves again, if St. *Thomas* had not been mov'd on their behalf. *Me.* Oh! the infinite Clemency of Martyrs! *Og.* The firſt proſ-

ſpect upon entring the Church, is only the largeneſs, and the Majeſty of the Body of it; which is free to every one. *Me.* Is there nothing there to be ſeen then? *Og.* Only the Bulk of the Structure, and the Goſpel of *Nicodemus*; with ſome other Books that are hung up to the Pillars; and here and there a Monument. *Me.* And what more? *Og.* The Quire is ſhut up with iron Gates, ſo that there's no entrance; but the View is ſtill open from one end of the Church to the other. There's an Aſcent to the Quire, of many ſteps, under which, there is a certain Vault, that opens a Paſſage, to the *North-ſide*; where we ſaw a wooden Altar that's dedicated to the *Holy Virgin*; a very little one, and only remarkable as a Monument of Antiquity, that ſtill reproaches the Luxury of following Ages. There it was that the good man upon the point of death is ſaid to have taken his laſt leave of the *Virgin*. Upon the Altar, there's a piece of the Blade with which that Reverend Prelate was kill'd; and part of his Brains, which the Aſſaſſins daſh'd together, and confounded, to make ſure work on't. We did with a moſt Religious ſolemnity kiſs the ſacred Ruſt of this Weapon, for the Martyrs ſake. From hence, we paſt down into a Vault under ground, which had its Officers too. They ſhew'd us firſt the Martyrs Skull, as it was bor'd through; the Top of it we could come at with our Lips, but the reſt was cover'd with Silver. They ſhew'd us alſo a Leaden Plate inſcribed, *Thomas Acrenſis*, and there are hung up in the dark, Shirts, Girdles, and Breeches of Haircloth, which he us'd for Mortification; it would make a man ſhrug to look upon 'em: nor would the Effeminacy of this age endure them. *Me.* No, nor the Monks neither perhaps. *Og.* I can ſay little to that point, nor does it concern me.

Me.

Me. But this is all Truth however. *Og.* From hence we return'd to the Quire; upon the *Northſide* they unlock a private place; it is incredible what a world of Bones they brought us out of it, Skulls, Shins, Teeth, Hands, Fingers, whole Arms, which with great Adoration we beheld and kiſs'd; and there would have been no end, if it had not been for one of our Fellow-travellers, who indiſcreetly enough, interrupted the Officer in his buſineſs. *Me.* What was he? *Og.* An *Engliſh* man, one *Gratian Pull:* (as I remember) a Learned and a Religious man, but not ſo well affected this way as I could have wiſht him. *Me.* Some *Wickliſiſt*, perhaps. *Og.* No, I think not, but I found by him that he had read his Books; how he came by 'em I know not. *Me.* And did not your Officer take Offence at him? *Og.* He brought us out an Arm with the fleſh upon't, that was ſtill bloudy; and he was ſo ſqueamiſh forſooth, that he made a mouth at it when he ſhould have kiſs'd it. Whereupon the Officer ſhut up all again. From hence we went to ſee the Table, and the Ornaments of the Altar; and after that, the Treaſure that was hidden under it. If you had ſeen the Gold, and Silver that we ſaw, you would have lookt upon *Midas* and *Græſus* as little better than Baggars. *Me.* And was there no kiſſing here? *Og.* No; but methought I began to change my Prayer. *Me.* Why what was the matter? *Og.* I was e'n upon wiſhing that I had but ſuch Reliques as I ſaw there, at home in my own Coffers. *Me.* A moſt Sacrilegious wiſh! *Og.* I do confeſs it; and I do aſſure you I askt the Saint forgiveneſs for't before I went out of the Church. Our next Remove was into the *Veſtry.* Good God! What a Pomp of rich Veſtments? What a Proviſſion of golden Candleſticks did we ſee there? and there was St. *Thomas Crook*; it lookt juſt

like a Reed cover'd over with a Silver Plate; it had neither Weight nor Art, and about ſome three foot and half high. *Me.* Was there never a *Croſs*? *Og.* Not that I ſaw. There was a ſilk Gown, but it was courſe and plain, without either Pearl, or Embrodery; and there was a Handkerchief of the Saints, which was ſtill ſweaty and bloudy. Theſe Monuments of antient Thrift we kiſs'd moſt willingly. *Me.* But do they ſhew theſe Rarities to every body? *Og.* Oh bleſs me! no ſuch matter I warrant ye. *Me.* How came you then to have ſuch credit with them? *Og.* I had ſome acquaintance, let me tell ye, with *Archbiſhop Warren*; and paſs'd under his recommendation. *Me.* A man of great Humanity, they ſay. *Og.* You would take him for Humanity it ſelf, if you knew him. A Perſon of that exquiſite Learning, that Candour of Manners, and Piety of Life, that there is nothing wanting in him to make him a moſt accompliſht Prelate. From hence, we are carry'd yet farther; for beyond the High Altar, there is ſtill another Aſcent, as if it were into a new Church. We were ſhewn in a certain Chappel there, the whole face of the Good man, all gilt, and ſet out with Jewels; where, by an unexpected miſchance, we had like to have ſpoil'd the whole buſineſs. *Me.* And how was that as you love me? *Og.* My friend *Gratian* loſt himſelf here extreamly. After a ſhort Prayer, Good Father, (ſays he to the Aſſiſtant of him that ſhew'd us the Reliques) I have heard that *Thomas*, while he liv'd, was very Charitable to the Poor; is it true or not? For certain, ſays he, ſo he was; and began to inſtance in ſeveral Charitable Works that he had done. And he has undoubtedly the ſame good Inclination ſtill (ſays *Gratian*) unleſs Perhaps they may be alter'd for the better. The other agreed to't. Now (ſays he again) if this

Holy

Holy man was ſo charitable when he was Poor, and wanted for his own Neceſſities himſelf; I cannot but think now he is Rich, and wants nothing, that he would take it well if ſome poor Women, with Children ready to Starve, or in danger to proſtitute themſelves for Bread; or with a Husband, Agonizing, and void of all Comfort; if ſuch a miſerable Woman, I ſay, ſhould ask him leave to make bold with ſome ſmall proportion of his vaſt Treaſure, for the Relief of her wretched Family. The Aſſiſtant of the Golden head making no Reply; I am fully perſwaded ſays *Gratian* (as he is ſodain) that the Good man would be glad at's heart (tho' in the other World) that the Poor in this ſhould be ſtill the better for him. The Officer, upon this, fell to frowning, powting, and looking at us as if he would have eaten us: and I am confident, if it had not been for the Archbiſhops Recommendation, we had been raill'd at, ſpit upon, and thrown out of the Church: but I did however what I could, to pacifie the man; we told him *Gratian* was a Droll, and all this was but his way of fooling. So that with good words, and a little Silver, I made up the quarrel. *Me.* I cannot but exceedingly approve of your Piety, and yet when I conſider the infinite Expence upon Building, Beautifying, and Enriching of Churches, I cannot in cold thoughts but condemn the unmeaſurable exceſs. Not but that I would have magnificent Temples; and ſuch Veſtments, and Veſſels, as may ſupport the Dignity of a ſolemn Worſhip; but to have ſo many Golden Fonts, Candleſticks, and Statues; ſuch a Profuſion upon Organs, and Church Muſique, while our Brethren, and the Living Temples of Chriſt, are ready to periſh for want of Meat and Lodging; this is a thing I cannot allow of by any means. *Og.* There is no man either of Brains, or Piety, but is pleas'd

with a Moderation in theſe Caſes; but an exceſs of Piety is an Errour on the Right hand, and deſerves favour: eſpecially conſidering the Croſs humour of thoſe people that Rob Churches inſtead of building them: and beſide the large Donatives come from Princes, and great Perſons, and the Mony would be worſe employed either upon Gaming or War. And moreover, to take any thing away from the Church, is accounted Sacrilege. It is a diſcouragement to the Charity of thoſe that are inclin'd to give; and after all, it is a Temptation to Rapine. Now the Church-men are rather Guardians of theſe Treaſures, than Maſters; and it is much a better ſight, a Church that is glorioufly Endow'd and Beautify'd, than a Church that is ſordid, beggarly, naked, and liker to a Stable, than a Temple. *Me.* And yet we read of Biſhops of old, that were commended for ſelling their Plate, to relieve the Poor. *Og.* And ſo they are commended at this day; but the commendation is all, for I ſuppoſe they have neither the Power, nor the Will, to follow the Preſident. *Me.* But I hinder your Relation, and I am now expecting the Cataſtrophe of your Story. *Og.* And you ſhall have it in a few words. Upon this, out comes the head of the Colledge. *Me.* Whom do you mean, the *Abbot* of the Place? *Og.* He wears a *Mitre*, and has the Revenue of an *Abbot*, only he wants the *Name*, and they call him the *Prior*, the *Archbiſhop* himſelf ſupplying the Place of the *Abbot*: for of old, every *Archbiſhop* there was a *Monk*. *Me.* If I had the Revenue of an *Abbot*, I would not care 'tho they call'd me a *Camel*. *Og.* He ſeem'd to me to be a godly and a prudent man; and to be in ſome meaſure a *Scotiſt*. He open'd us the Box, in which the remainder of the Holy mans Body is ſaid to be depoſited. *Me.* Did you ſee it? *Og.* That's not

not permitted; nor was it to be done without a Ladder. There ſtood a wooden Box upon a golden one; and upon the Craning up of that with Ropes, bleſs me, what a Treaſure was there diſcover'd! *Me.* What is't you ſay? *Og.* The baſeſt part of it was Gold; every thing ſparkled, and flam'd, with vaſt and ineſtimable Gems; ſome of them as big, or bigger than a Gooſe Egg; There ſtood about with great Veneration, ſome of the Monks: upon the taking off the Cover, we all worſhipt; the *Prior*, with a white Wand, toucht every Stone, one by one, telling us the name of it, the Price, and the Benefactor. The richeſt of them were given by Princes. *Me.* He had need have a good memory methinks. *Og.* You're in the right; and yet Practice goes a great way, and this is a Leſſon that he ſays often over. From hence, we were carry'd back into a Vault. It is ſomewhat dark, and there it is that the *Virgin-Mother* has her Reſidence. It is double raill'd in, and encompaſſed with iron Bars. *Me.* Why what does ſhe fear? *Og.* Nothing I ſuppoſe but Thieves, and in my life I never ſaw a fairer Temptation or Booty. *Me.* What do you tell me of Riches in the dark? *Og.* But we had light enough brought us to ſee the Wealth of the richeſt Empire. *Me.* Is it beyond that of the *Parathalaſſian Virgin?* *Og.* Very much in appearance, but for what's conceall'd, ſhe her ſelf knows beſt. And take this along with ye, that theſe precious things are only ſhew'd to perſons of eminent quality, and to particular friends. In the end, we were conducted back to the Veſtry, where was a Box with a black Leather Cover upon it. This Box was ſet upon a Table, and upon the opening of it they all fell down upon their knees, and worſhipt. *Me.* What was in't? *Og.* Rags of old Handkerchers in abundance, that carry'd ſtill about

about them the marques of the uſe they had been put to. Theſe, as they told us, were ſome Reliques of the Linnen the good Man had made uſe of about his noſe, his Body, and other homely purpoſes. Upon this, my friend *Gratian* forfeited his credit once more; for the gentle *Prior* offering him one of theſe Rags for a Preſent, as the higheſt obligation he could lay upon him, he only took it ſqueamiſhly betwixt his Finger and his Thumb, and with a wry Mouth laid it down again, (a trick that he had got, when he would expreſs his contempt of any thing.) This rudeneſs made me both aſham'd and afraid; but yet the Prior was ſo good, (tho ſenſible enough of the Affront) as to put it off very dexterouſly; and after the Civility of a glaſs of Wine, we were fairly diſmiſs'd, and returned to *London*. *Me.* What needed that when you were nearer your own ſhoar before? *Og.* 'Tis true, but it is a Coaſt ſo infamous for Cheats, and Piracies, that I had rather run the hazard of the worſt of Rocks, or Flats, than of that people. I'll tell you what I ſaw in my laſt paſſage that way; There was a great many people at *Calis* that took a *Chaloup* to put them aboard a great Ship, and among the reſt, a poor, beggerly *French man*, and they would have two Sols for his paſſage; (for that they'll have if they carry one but a Boats length) the fellow pleads poverty; and they in a frolick would needs ſearch him. Upon the examining of his Shooes, they find ten or twelve pieces of Silver that were there concealed; they made no more ado, but kept the Mony, and laught and raill'd at the *Frenchman* for his pains. *Me.* What did the young man? *Og.* What ſhould he do, but lament his misfortune? *Me.* Had they any Authority for what they did? *Og.* The ſame Commiſſion that an Innkeeper has to rob his Gueſt, or

a Highwayman to take a Purſe. *Me.* 'Tis a ſtrange Confidence to do ſuch a Villany before ſo many Witneſſes. *Og.* They are ſo us'd to't, that they think they do well in't; There were divers in the great Ship that lookt on, and ſeveral *Engliſh* Merchants in the Boat that grumbled at it, but to no purpoſe; they take a pride in't, as if it were the outwitting of a Man, and made their boaſts that they had catch'd the *French man* in his Roguery. *Me.* I would, without any more to do, hang up theſe Coaſt-thieves, and make ſport with them at the very Gallows. *Og.* Nay they are both Shores alike; and hence we may gather, if the little Thieves be thus bold, what will not the great ones do? and it holds betwixt Maſters and Servants. So that I am reſolv'd for the future rather to go five hundred Leagues about than to take the advantage of this accurſed *Compendium.* Nay, in ſome reſpects this paſſage is worſe than that to Hell it ſelf; for there the deſcent is eaſie, tho' there is no getting out again; but here 'tis bad at one end, and yet worſe at to'ther. There were at that time ſome *Antwerp* Merchants at *London*, and ſo I propounded to take my paſſage with them. *Me.* Are the Skippers of that Country then any better than their fellows? Og. *An Ape will be always an Ape*, and a Skipper a Skipper; but yet compar'd to thoſe that live upon the Catch, theſe men are Angels. *Me.* I ſhall remember this if ever it comes in my head to go for *England*; but I have led you out of your way. *Og.* Very good. In our Journy to *London*, not far from *Canterbury*, there's a narrow hollow, ſteep way, and a great bank on each ſide, ſo that there's no ſcaping or avoiding; upon the left hand of that way, there ſtands a little Cottage or Receptacle for *Mendicants*. Upon the noiſe of any Horſemen, comes an old man out into the way. He firſt ſprinkles

you

you with Holy Water, and then offers you the upper Leather of a Shooe with a Braſs Ring to't; and in it, a Glaſs, as if it were ſome Gem: this you are to kiſs, and give the poor fellow ſome ſmall piece of Mony. *Me.* I had rather meet a company of old Beggars in ſuch a way, than a Troop of luſty Rogues upon the Pad. *Og. Gratian* rode upon my left hand, next to this Cottage, where he had his ſhare of Holy Water, and bore it well enough; but upon preſenting him the Shooe, he askt the manner of it. This, ſays the poor man, is the Shooe of St. *Thomas. Gratian* was in choler upon't, and turning to me, *What a Devil,* ſaid he, *would theſe Brutes have? If we ſubmit to kiſs their Shooes, by the ſame reaſon we may be brought in time to kiſs their Arſes too.* I pitied the poor Wretch, and gave him a ſmall Charity to comfort him. *Me.* In my opinion *Gratian* was not angry without a cauſe; I ſhould not diſlike the preſerving old Shooes, and Garments, as an inſtance of the Moderation of our Fore-fathers, but I am abſolutely againſt the forcing of people to kiſs 'em. He that is ſo zealous as to do it upon that account may be left to his liberty. *Og.* Not to diſſemble the matter I think it were better let alone, than done; but in caſe of what cannot be mended on a ſodain, it is my cuſtom to make the beſt on't. How much have I been pleas'd with this Contemplation, that a good man is like a ſheep, and a wicked like a harmful *Creature!* The Viper, tho' it cannot bite when 'tis dead, yet the very corruption, and the ſmell of it is miſchievous; whereas a Sheep, while it lives, feeds us with its Milk; cloaths us with its Wooll; and fattens our ground with its very Ordure, and when 'tis dead, it ſerves us ſtill with Mutton and with Leather. In like manner, men that are furious, and given to their Luſts, while they live, they are troubleſome

to

to all, and when they are dead, what with the noiſe of Bells, and the pomp of their Funerals, they are ſtill a Vexation to the Living, and ſometimes to their Succeſſors, by cauſing new Exactions; but the good man makes himſelf Profitable in all reſpects to the whole World. As this Saint by his Preſident, his Learning, and his good Counſel, invited all men to Piety; he comforted the friendleſs; aſſiſted the needy, and if it were poſſible, he does more good now he is dead, than he did living: He built this magnificent Church, and advanc'd the Authority of the Prieſthood all over *England*; nay, and with this very fragment of his Shooe he maintains a Conventicle of poor men. *Me.* This is certainly a pious Contemplation; but ſeeing you are of this mind, I wonder you ſhould never go to ſee St. *Patrick*'s *Den*, of which the World tells ſo many wonders, which I muſt confeſs are no Articles of my Faith. *Og.* Take my word for't, friend, all the Prodigious things that ever you heard of it, fall ſhort of the Truth. *Me.* Why, were you ever in't then? *Og.* Yes, and I had as good have paſt the *Stygian Lake*, or deſcended into the Jaws of *Avernus*. I was where I could ſee all that's done in Hell. *Me.* Do but bleſs me with the Story of it. *Og.* We have made this Dialogue long enough already; let that rather ſerve for the beginning of another. 'Tis time for me to go home and beſpeak Supper, for I have not din'd to day. *Me.* You do not faſt out of Conſcience, I hope. *Og.* No, but out of ſpite. *Me.* What to your Belly? *Og.* No, no; but to the unconſcionable Victuallers; that ſet high Rates upon ill Meat; and this is my way of revenge. When I am in hope of a good Supper, my Stomach wambles at dinner; and when I find a dinner to my mind, my Stomach is

out

out of order toward Supper. *Me.* And are not you aſham'd to ſhew your ſelf ſo narrow and penurious? *Og.* Believe me, *Menedemus*, in ſuch a caſe as this, ſhame is very ill employ'd, and I have learn'd to keep mine for better uſes. *Me.* I do e'en long for the remainder of your Story, wherefore expect me at Supper, and let me hear it out. *Og.* In troth I am beholden to you for offering your ſelf uninvited, when others, though never ſo earneſtly invited will not come. But if you will have me thank you over and over, let me perſwade you to Sup at home to night: for I have time little enough for the buſineſs of my Family: and yet, now I think on't, I'll tell you what will be better for us both; you ſhall invite me and my Wife to dinner to morrow; and then if you pleaſe we'll talk it out till Supper; or rather then fail, we will not part then neither, till you confeſs you have your Belly full. Never ſcratch your head for the matter; do but you provide and depend upon't, we'll keep touch with ye. *Me.* If I can't have your company cheaper, ſo let it be; I'll find Meat, and do you find Sauce, for your Diſcourſe muſt be the beſt part of your Dinner. *Og.* But do you hear? have not I ſet you agog now upon Travelling? *Me.* I do not know what you may do by that time you have finiſh'd your Relation; but at preſent I find work enough to do to maintain my Poſt. *Og.* What's your meaning for that? *Me.* I walk about my houſe, go to my Study, take care of my Girls and then again into my Shop; I look after my Servants, and ſo into my Kitchen, to ſee if any thing be amiſs there, and then up and down, obſerving how my Wife, and how my Children behave themſelves, for I am very ſollicitous to have every thing as it ſhould be;

this

this is my Poſt. *Og.* Prithee eaſe thy ſelf, and leave that to St. *James.* *Me. I have Divine Authority for looking after my Family my ſelf, but I do not find any Text for leaving it to the Saints.*

O F

OF

RASH VOWS.

COL. III.

The Vanity and Miſery of Rambling Voyages. *The Folly of Inconſiderate* Vows: *With ſome Pleaſant Reflexions upon pretended* Indulgencies, *or* Pardons.

ARNOLDUS, CORNELIUS.

Ar. WELL met once again, my dear *Cornelius*. 'Tis a thouſand year methinks ſince I ſaw thee. *Cor.* What? my old Acquaintance, *Arnoldus*? the man of the whole World I long'd to ſee. *Ar.* We all gave thee for loſt. But prithee where haſt been Rambling all this while? *Cor.* In the other World. *Ar.* Why truly, by thy ſlovingly Dreſs, and this lean gaſtly Carcaſs, a body would e'n judge as much. *Cor.* Well! but I ha'n't been with *Old Nick* yet, for all that. I am come from *Jeruſalem*. *Ar.* And what Wind blew thee thither. *Cor.* The

The very ſame Wind that blows other people to the ſame place. *Ar.* Some whimſy, I ſuppoſe. *Cor.* There are more Fools than one however. *Ar.* What did ye hunt for there? *Co. Miſery. Ar.* Methinks you might have found that nearer home. But did you meet with any thing there worth ſeeing? *Cor.* Why truly little or nothing. They ſhew'd us certain Monuments of Antiquity, which I look upon to be moſtly Counterfeit; and meer Contrivances to gull the Credulous, and ſimple People. Nay, I am not yet ſatisfied that they can ſo much as tell ye the preciſe place where *Jeruſalem* ſtood. *Ar.* What did ye ſee then? *Cor.* Only Barbarity, and Deſolation. *Ar.* But the *Holy Land* (I hope) has made ye a *Holy Man. Cor.* No, nothing like it; for I am come back ten times worſe than I went out. *Ar.* You have filled your Pockets perhaps. *Cor.* So far from it, that a Snake that has caſt her Skin is not ſo bare as I am. *Ar.* Do you not repent ye then of ſo long a Journy, to ſo little purpoſe? *Cor.* As if that repentance would not be to as little purpoſe as the Journey. Nay, I cannot ſo much as be aſham'd on't, there are ſo many other Fools to keep me in Countenance. *Ar.* What's the fruit then of this dangerous Voyage? *Cor.* Oh! very much. *Ar.* Let's know it then? I ſhall live the more at my eaſe hereafter for't. *Ar.* You'll have the pleaſure of telling old Stories when the dangers over. *Cor.* That's ſomething; but not all. *Ar.* Is there any advantage in it elſe then? *Cor.* Yes, there is. *Ar.* Pray'e what may that be? *Cor.* It furniſhes a man with Table-talk, and diſcourſe upon all occaſions; the Hiſtory of ſuch an Adventure. 'Tis a ſtrange delight that one Coxcomb takes in telling of Lies; and another in the Hearing of them. *Ar.* Truly that goes a great way. *Cor.* Nay I am well enough pleaſed my ſelf to

hear other Travellers amplifie upon matters that they never ſaw nor heard; and they do it with ſo much Confidence too, that in things, even the moſt ridiculous, and impoſſible, they believe themſelves. *Ar.* A perverſe kind of ſatisfaction! But there's ſomething however for your Mony. *Cor.* This is a more tolerable Courſe yet, than that of a Mercenary *Soldier*. An Army is the very Nurſery of all Wickedneſs. *Ar.* But Lying is a mean and ungentleman-like humour. *Cor.* And yet a Lye is more Pardonable than a *Calumny*, or than either doing the Office of a Pick-thank, or Encouraging it; or laviſhing away a mans Time, and fortune, in Gaming. *Ar.* I'm of your opinion. *Cor.* But then there's another Benefit I reap by my Travels, *Ar.* What's that? *Cor.* If I ſhould find any friend of mine teinted with this Phrenſie, I ſhould adviſe him to ſtay at home: as a Mariner that has been Wreckt himſelf, bids another have a care of the place where he miſcarry'd. *Ar.* This Caution would have done well if it had come in time. *Cor.* Why? Are you ſick of the ſame diſeaſe too? *Ar.* Yes. I have been at *Rome* my ſelf, and at *Compoſtella*. *Cor.* Bleſs me! How proud I am to play the fool in ſuch Company? But what Angel put this into thy Head? *Ar.* What Devil rather? eſpecially to leave a handſom young Wife, ſeveral Children, and a Family at home, and nothing in the World to maintain them but my daily induſtry. *Cor.* It muſt be ſome mighty matter ſure, that could carry ye away from all theſe Obligations: What was't I prithee? *Ar.* I'm aſham'd on't. *Cor.* What, to Me? thy friend and thy fellow-ſufferer. *Ar.* There was a knot of neighbourly good-fellows of us drinking together; and when we were high Flown, one was for making a Viſit to St. *James*; another, to St. *Peter*: *If you'll go, I'll go*, ſays one; and *I'll go, if you'll go*, ſays another; till

till at laſt, we concluded upon it to go altogether. I was willing, I confeſs, to keep up the Reputation of a fair Drinker; and rather than break Company, I e'en paſt my Promiſe: The next queſtion was, whether we ſhould march for *Rome*, or *Compoſtella*; and upon the debate, it was determined that (God willing) we ſhould begin our Journey the very next morning, and viſit *Both*. *Cor*. A Learned Sentence, and fitter to be Recorded in Wine, than upon Copper. *Ar*. After this, a ſwinging Glaſs was put about, to the *Bon Voyage*; and when every man in his Courſe had *done reaſon* to't, the Vow was ſealed, and became inviolable. *Cor*. A new Religion! But did ye all come ſafe back again? *Ar*. All but *Three*. *One* dy'd upon the way; but gave us in charge to remember his humble ſervice to *Peter* and *James*; *another*, at *Rome*; who bad us commend him (when we return'd) to his Wife and Children: the *third* we left deſperately ſick at *Florence*; and I believe he is in Heaven, long e're this. *Cor*. Was he a very good man? *Ar*. The beſt Droll in Nature. *Ar*. Why ſhould ye think he's in Heaven then? *Ar*. Becauſe he had a whole Satchel full of large *Indulgences*. *Cor*. I hear ye. But 'tis a huge way to Heaven, and a dangerous one, as I am told: There are ſuch a World of Thieves in the middle Region of the Air. *Ar*. That's true; but he was ſo fortifi'd with *Bulls*. *Cor*. In what Language? *Ar*. In *Latin*. *Cor*. Well! and does that ſecure him? *Ar*. Yes, unleſs he ſhould fall upon ſome Spirit that does not underſtand *Latin*: and in that caſe, he muſt back to *Rome*, and get a new Inſtrument. *Cor*. Do they ſell any *Bulls* there to the *Dead*? *Ar*. Yes, yes, as thick as Hopps. *Cor*. Have a care what ye ſay, for there are Spies abroad. *Ar*. I don't ſpeak againſt *Indulgences*; though I cannot but laugh at the freak of my

fudling Companion. He was otherwiſe the vaineſt trifler that ever was born; and yet choſe rather to venture his Salvation upon a Skin of Parchment, than upon the Amendment of his Life. But when ſhall we have the Tryal of Skill ye told us of? *Cor.* We'll ſet a time for a little *Drinking Bout*; give notice of it to our *Camerades*, and then meet and tell Lies in our turns Helter-skelter. *Ar.* So let it be then.

THE

THE

SOLDIERS CONFESSION.

COL. IV.

The Hardſhip and Iniquity of a Military Life; *With the Mockery of a* Formal Confeſſion.

HANNO, THRASYMACHUS.

Han. WHy how now Souldier? what's the matter? A *Mercury* turn'd into a *Vulcan*? *Th.* What do you talk to Me of your *Mercuries* and *Vulcans*? *Ha.* Why you went out upon the *Wing*, and are come back *Limping*. *Th.* I'm come back like a Soldier then. *Han.* A Soldier, ſay'ſt? In my Conſcience, thoud'ſt outrun a Deer, if thou had'ſt but an enemy at thy heels. *Th.* The hope of Booty makes many a man Valiant. *Han.* Then 'tis to be hop'd you have made your Fortune; What Spoils have ye brought off? *Th.* Empty Pockets. *Han.* That's light Carriage however. *Th.* But then I have a huge burthen of

Sins. *Han.* Sin is a terrible weight indeed. The Prophet calls it *Lead.* *Th.* In my whole life I never ſaw ſo much Villany: and I had my part in't too. *Han.* How do ye like a Military Life then? *Th.* It is undoubtedly, of all Courſes, the moſt wicked, and the moſt miſerable. *Han.* And yet ſome people ye ſee, whether for Mony, or for Curioſity, make as much haſte to a Battle, as to a *Banquet:* What do they ail I wonder? *Th.* I look upon 'em to be abſolutely poſſeſs'd; for if the Devil were not in them, they would never anticipate their Fate. *Han.* So one would think; for put them upon honeſt Buſineſs they'll ſcarce ſtir a foot in't for any mony. But how went the Battle? who got the better on't? *Th.* What with the noiſe and clamour of Drums and Trumpets, Horſes, and Arms, I was ſo far from knowing what became of others, that I could hardly tell where I was my ſelf. *Han.* But I have ſeen thoſe, that after a fought Field, would paint ye every Circumſtance ſo to the life, as if they had only look'd on. Such an Officer Said this, and t'other Did that; and every Word, and Action to a tittle. *Th.* I am of opinion that theſe men ly'd moſt confoundedly. In ſhort; if you would know what was done in my *Tent*, I can tell ye; but for the Hiſtory of the *Battle*, I can ſay nothing to't. *Han.* What not ſo much as how ye came lame? *Th.* Scarce that upon my Honour. But I ſuppoſe it might be ſome Stone, the Heel of a Horſe, or ſo. *Han.* Well, but ſhall I tell you now how it came? *Th.* Why, who ſhould tell you? *Han.* No body, but I phanſie it. *Th.* Gueſs then. *Han.* You were e'en running away, and got a ſtrain with a ſtumble. *Th.* Let me die if you have not hit the nail on the head. *Han.* Go get ye home; and tell your Wife of your Exploits. *Th.* I ſhall be ratled to ſome tune, when ſhe ſees what a trim

trim I am come back in. *Han.* I do not doubt but you have robb'd, and ſtol'n ſufficiently; What *Reſtitution* now? *Th.* 'Tis made already. *Han.* To whom? *Th.* To *Wenches*, *Sutlers*, *Gameſters*. *Han.* Done like a Man of War; it is but reaſonable that what's *Ill got* ſhould be *Worſe ſpent*. But have you kept your fingers all this while from *Sacrilege*? *Th.* We have made bold indeed with Churches, as well as private Houſes; but in Hoſtility ye know, there's nothing Sacred. *Han.* But what ſatisfaction? *Th.* In a ſtate of War there needs none; for all things are then lawful. *Han.* By the Law of Arms ye mean. *Th.* Right. *Han.* But that Law is the higheſt degree of Iniquity; nor was it Piety, but the hope of a Booty made you a Soldier. *Th.* 'Tis true; I took up Arms upon the common Principle of other *Swordmen*. *Han.* 'Tis ſome excuſe yet to be mad with the major part. *Th.* I have heard a Parſon in the Pulpit ſay, that *War* was *Lawful*. *Han.* Pulpits are commonly the Oracles of Truth: But War may be *Lawful* in a *Prince*, and yet not ſo with *You*. *Th.* The *Rabby's* hold that every man may live by his Calling. *Han.* Burning of Houſes, ſpoiling of Temples; raviſhing of Nuns; robbing the miſerable, and killing the Innocent. An admirable Calling! *Th.* Why may not we as well be hir'd to kill Men, as Butchers are to kill Beaſts? *Han.* But did you never think what would become of your Soul if ye ſhould be knockt on the head? *Th.* Truly not much; but I had a lively Faith; for I commended my ſelf once for all to St. *Barbara*. *Han.* And did ſhe take ye into her protection? *Th.* I fancy'd ſo; for methought ſhe gave me a little Nod. *Han.* At what time was't? in the morning? *Th.* No, no, 'twas after Supper. *Han.* And by that time I ſuppoſe the *Trees walkt*, as well as the *Saint nodded*. *Th.* This mans a Witch. But *Chriſtopher* was the

Saint I moſt depended upon; for I had his Picture always in my eye. *Han.* What, in your Tent? How ſhould a Saint come there? *Th.* We had it drawn with a Coal upon the Canvas. *Han.* So that you pray'd to *Chriſtopher* the *Collier*: a ſure Chard to truſt to, no doubt! But without fooling, you can never expect to be forgiven all this, unleſs you go to *Rome*. *Th.* Yes, yes, I know a ſhorter way. *Han.* How's that? *Th.* I'll away to the *Dominicans*, and I can do my buſineſs there with the Commiſſaries for a Trifle. *Han.* What for *Sacrilege*? *Th.* Why, if I had robb'd *Chriſt* himſelf, and cut off his Head over and above; they have Pardons would reach it, and Commiſſions large enough to Compound for't. *Han.* That's well. But what if God himſelf ſhould not paſs the Compoſition? *Th.* Oh! he's merciful. I'm more afraid of the Devil's not letting go his hold. *Han.* What Confeſſor do you intend to make uſe of? *Th.* Some Prieſt that has neither ſhame in him nor Conſcience. *Han.* *Like to like*; And when that's over, you'll go ſtraight away, like a good Chriſtian to the Communion. *Th.* Why not? for when I have once diſcharged my Iniquities into his Cowl, and caſt off my Burthen, let him that abſolves me, look to the reſt. *Han.* But hark ye. How can you be ſure that he *does* abſolve ye, when you *think* he does? *Th.* Oh, very well. *Han.* But ye do not tell me *how* yet. *Th.* He lays his hand upon my head, and then mumbles ſomething to himſelf; I don't know what it is. *Han.* What if he ſhould give you all your Sins again, when he lays his hand upon your Head; and that theſe following, ſhould be the words he mumbles to himſelf? *I abſolve thee from all the good that is in thee, which I find to be little or none at all: I reſtore thee to thy ſelf, and I leave thee juſt as I found thee.* *Th.* Let him take a care what he ſays: 'tis enough for me that

I *be-*

I *believe* I am abſolv'd. *Han.* But that Belief may be dangerous: and what now if he ſhould not abſolve ye at all? *Han.* 'Tis an unlucky thing to meet a troubleſome man that will be waking a bodies Conſcience when 'tis faſt aſleep. *Han.* But a bleſſed encounter, to meet a friend that gives good advice, when a body needs it. *Th.* How good I know not; but I'm ſure 'tis not very *Pleaſant.*

THE

THE INNS.

COL. V.

The Civility *of the People at* Lions, *to Strangers and Travellers; and the ſweetneſs of the Place. The* Churliſhneſs *of a* German Hoſt, *with a lively deſcription of their Entertainment in their* Stoves.

BERTULPHUS, GULIELMUS.

Be. WHat's the reaſon, I wonder, that people will never be gotten out of *Lions* under two or three days ſtay there? for when I am once upon the way my ſelf, I can never be quiet till I come to my journeys end. *Gu.* Now do I rather wonder that people can be gotten from thence at all. *Be.* Why ſo? *Gu.* Becauſe 'tis the very place where the *Sirens* charm'd *Ulyſſes* and his *Mates*; or 'tis at leaſt the *Moral* of *that Fable.* When a man is there at his Inn, he's as well as if he were at his own houſe. *Be.* Why what's the way on't then? *Gu.* The women are very handſom there, and the Table never without one of 'em to ſeaſon the Entertainment; and with ingenious, and innocent Rail-

lery

lery to keep the Gueſts in good humor. Firſt came the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, and bad us welcome; and then her Daughter, a very fine woman, and of ſo pretty a Kind of Wit and Faſhion, that it was impoſſible to be ſad while ſhe was in the Company: And you are not received there like ſtrangers neither; but as if you were familiar Friends and old acquaintances the firſt minute you ſee one another. *Be.* Oh I know the *French* way of Civility very well. *Gu.* Now becauſe they could not be always with us, (what with buſineſs, and what out of reſpect to their other Lodgers) when the Daughter left us, we had to ſupply her place till ſhe could return, a Laſs that was ſo well inſtructed in the Knack of *Repartees*, ſhe had a word for every body, and no Conceit came amiſs to her, (the Mother you muſt know was ſomewhat in years.) *Be.* Well but how were you Treated all this while; for Stories fill no Bellies? *Gu.* Truly ſo ſplendidly, and ſo cheap that I was amaz'd at it. And then after Dinner, we chatted away the time ſo merrily, that I was ſtill at home methought. *Be.* And how went matters in your Chambers? *Gu.* Why there we had the Girls about us again, gigling and toying, with a thouſand Ape-tricks; and their main buſineſs was to know what Linnen we had to waſh: In one word, they were all Females that we ſaw there, ſave only in the Stable; and we had 'em there too ſome times. Upon our coming away, they could not have ſhew'd more Affection and Tenderneſs at parting if we had been their own Brothers. *Be.* This Mode may do well enough in *France*; but the manly way of the *Germans* methinks pleaſes me better. *Gu.* I never was in *Germany*, wherefore pray let's know how 'tis there. *Be.* I can tell you for as much on't as I ſaw; but how 'tis in other parts of *Germany*, I can ſay little. Mine Hoſt never ſalutes his Gueſt,

Gueſt, for fear he ſhould be thought to have ſome Deſign upon him, which is lookt upon as below the Dignity and Gravity of a *German.* When ye have call'd a good while at the gate, the Maſter of the Inn puts his head out of the Stove-window, like a Tortoiſe from under his ſhell (for till the Summer Solſtice they live commonly in Stoves.) Then does he expect that you ſhould ask him if there be any lodging there: If he makes you no anſwer, you may take it for granted there is; and if you enquire for the Stable, without a word ſpeaking, he points you to't, and there you may go and Curry your own Horſe as you pleaſe your ſelf, for there are no Servants there to do that office, unleſs it be in an Inn of extraordinary note; and then you have one to ſhew you the Stable, and a ſtanding for your Horſe, but incommodious enough, for they keep the beſt places for Noblemen, as they pretend, that are yet to come. If you fault any thing, they tell you at next word, *I'ad beſt look out another Inn.* In their great Towns there's hardly any Hay to be got, and 'tis almoſt as dear too as Oats. When you have dreſt your Horſe, you come *whole* into the Stove, Boots, Luggage, Dirt and all; for that's a common Room for all comers, *Gu.* Now in *France* you have your Chamber preſently appointed you; where you may change your Linnen; Clean, Warm, or reſt your ſelf, as you pleaſe. *Be.* There's nothing of that here; for in this Stove you put off your Boots, D'on your Shoes, change your Shirt, if you will; hang up your Cloaths, or ſet your ſelf a drying. If you have a mind to waſh, the water's ready; but then you muſt have more water to fetch off the Dirt of that. *Gu.* I am clearly for theſe *manly* people (as you call 'em.) *Be.* if you come in at *four Afternoon*, you muſt not expect to Sup before *Nine* or *Ten.* *Gu.* What's the reaſon of

that?

that? *Be.* They never make any thing ready till they ſee their whole Company, that they may have but one work on't. *Gu.* For brevity ſake. *Be.* Right: So that you ſhall have betwixt fourſcore and an hundred perſons ſometimes in the ſame Stove: Horſe and Foot, Merchants, Mariners, Wagoners, Husbandmen, Women and Children, Sick and Sound. *Gu.* Why here is the true *Convent* (or *Cœnobium*) then. *Be.* One's combing of his Head, another wiping off his Sweat, a third cleanſing of his Boots, or Hob-nail-Shoes; others belching of Garlick: Without more adoe, the Confuſion of *Babel*, for Men and Languages, was nothing to this. If they ſee any Stranger, that by his Train and Habit looks like a man of Quality, they ſtand gaping at him as if he were an *Affrican Monſter*: nay when they are ſet at the Table, and he behind 'em, they'l be ſtill looking back at him, and ſtaring him in the face till they forget their Suppers. *Gu.* There's none of this gazing at *Rome*, *Paris*, or *Venice*. &c. *Be.* Take notice now, that 'tis a mortal ſin to call for any thing. When 'tis ſo late that there's no hope of any more Gueſts, Out comes ye an old gray-bearded Servant, cloſe cropt, with a ſoure crab'd look, and in a ſordid Habit. *Gu.* He would make a good Cupbearer to a Cardinal. *Be.* He over-looks the place; and counts to himſelf the number of the Gueſts; and the more Company, the more fire he puts in the Stove, though they were half ſmother'd before: For 'tis a token of reſpect to ſtew the people into a ſweat. If any man that's ready to choak with the Fume, does but open the Window never ſo little, mine Hoſt bids him ſhut it again. If he ſays he's not able to bear it, *get ye another Inn then*, cries the Maſter. *Gu.* 'Tis a dangerous thing, methinks, when mens Bodies are open'd with the heat, to draw in the Vapour

Vapour of ſo many Folks together, to eat in the ſame place, and ſtay there ſo many hours: To ſay nothing of their Belching, Farting, and corrupt breaths, ſome of 'em teinted with ſecret Diſeaſes, and every man contributing to the Contagion: Nay, they have moſt of 'em the *French Itch* too; (and yet why the *French*? when 'tis common to all Nations) ſo that a man might be as ſafe among ſo many *Lepers*. Tell me now, what is this ſhort of a Peſtilence? *Be.* They are ſtrong ſtout men, and laugh at theſe Niceties. *Gu.* But in the mean time they are bold at other mens Perils. *Be.* Why what's to be done? 'Tis a thing they are us'd to, and 'tis a point of Reſolution not to depart from a Cuſtom. *Gu.* And yet till within theſe five and twenty years, nothing was more common in *Brabant* than hot Baths. But we have no more of 'em now, ſince they are found to be ill for the Scabbado. *Be.* Now let me go on; By and by, comes your bearded *Ganimede* in again, and layes ye his juſt number of Napkins upon the Table; no Damask (with a pox to 'em) but the remnants rather of an old Sail. There are Eight Gueſts at leaſt allotted to every Table; and every man that knows the faſhion of the Country places himſelf where he likes. Rich and Poor, Maſter and Servant, 'tis all one. *Gu.* This was the primitive Equality which is now driven out of the world by Tyranny: The very life (as I ſuppoſe) of the holy Diſciples with their Maſter. *Be.* When they are all ſeated, out comes the Dog looking Graybeard again, counts his company once more over, and by and by brings every man his wooden Diſh, with a Spoon of the ſame mettle, and then a Glaſs; a while after, comes the Bread, which the Gueſts may Chip at leaſure while the Porridge are a boyling; for there they ſit waiting perhaps ſome half an hour. *Gu.*

Do

Do none of 'em call for Meat in the mean time? *Be.* Not if they know the Country. At laſt, in comes the Wine, and Wine that for the ſharpneſs and ſubtlety of it, is fitter for a Schoolman than for a Traveller; none of your heady fuming Drink, I warrant ye. But if a body ſhould privately offer a piece of mony to get a Can of better Wine, ſomewhere elſe, they'll give ye a look, without ſpeaking a word, as if they would murther ye. If you preſs it further, they'll tell you preſently, here have been ſuch and ſuch *Counts* and *Marquiſes*, that found no fault with this Wine: If you don't like it, y'ad beſt mend your ſelf elſewhere. You muſt obſerve now, that they only reckon upon their own Noblemen, in effect, to be *Men*; and wherever ye come, they are ſhewing you their *Arms*. By this time, comes in a Morſel to pacifie a barking Stomach; and after that, in great Pomp, follow the Diſhes. The firſt, with Sippets of Bread in Fleſh Porridge; or if it be a Fiſh-day; in a Soupe of Pulſe. After that, comes in another Soupe; and then a Service of Butchers Meat, that has been twice boyl'd, or of Salt meats twice heat; and then Pulſe again, or perhaps ſome more ſubſtantial Diſh: When ye have taken off the edge of your Appetite, they bring ye either Roaſt Meat, or Stew'd Fiſh, (which is not amiſs) but they are ſparing on't, and 'tis quickly taken away again. This is the method of their Eating, which they order as Commedians do their Scenes, into ſo many Courſes, of Chops, and Soupes; ſtill taking care that the laſt Act may be beſt. *Gu.* The Poets method too. *Be.* Now 'tis death for any man to ſay, *Take away this Diſh; here's no body Eats*: For you are bound to ſit out your time; which (as I take it) they meaſure by an Hour-glaſs. And at length, out comes your old Servant again, or mine Hoſt himſelf (who is no better Clad) and asks

ye

ye, *What cheer Gentlemen?* By and by comes a Can of more Generous Wine. They are men of Conſcience ye muſt know; and love thoſe moſt that Drink moſt; for (ſay they) you are all upon the Club; and he that Drinks moſt, pays no more than he that drinks leaſt. *Gu.* Why theſe people are Wits. *Be.* There are many of 'em that ſpend twice as much for their Wine, as they pay for their *Ordnary.* But before I leave this Entertainment, what a horrible noiſe and confuſion of Tongues is there, when they come once to be warm in their Drink! without more wore words, it deafens a man; and then you ſhall many times have a mixture of Mimiques and Buffoons in among them: a moſt deteſtable ſort of men, and yet you would not think how theſe people delight in 'em. There's ſuch a Singing, Bawling, Gaggling, Leaping, and Thundring up and down, that there's no hearing one another, and you'd think the Stove would fall upon your heads; and yet this is it they take to be a pleaſant life; and there you are condemn'd to ſit in ſpite of your heart, till toward midnight. *Gu.* Come make an end of your Meal, for I'm e'en ſick on't too. *Be.* Preſently. At length, when the Cheeſe is taken away (which muſt be rotten and full of Maggots, or they'll have none on't.) In comes your *Ganimede* once again; with a wooden Trencher, and ſo many Circles, and Semicircles drawn in Chalk upon't. This he lays upon the Table, with a grim countenance, and without ſpeaking, by his Look, and by his Diſh you would take him for a *Charon.* They that underſtand the meaning of all this, lay down their mony, one after another, till the Trencher's cover'd. The Servant takes notice who lays down, and then reckons it to himſelf. If all be paid, he gives you a Nod. *Gu.* But what if there ſhould be too much? *Be.* Perhaps

haps he'l give ye it again; for I have ſeen it done, *Gu.* Does no body find fault with the Reckoning? *Be.* Not if he be Wiſe, for he ſhall quickly hear on't then. *What are you for a Man?* (ſays he) *you are to pay no more then other People?* *Gu.* 'Tis a Frank Nation this. *Be.* If you are weary with your Journey, and would go to Bed; they'l bid you *ſtay, till the reſt go too.* *Gu.* *Plato's Common-wealth!* *Be.* And then every Man has his Neſt ſhew'd him, and in truth it is very properly call'd a Bed-Chamber; for there's nothing in't but a Bed, that a Man can either carry away, or ſteal. *Gu.* Every thing is clean however. *Be.* Juſt as it was at the Table. Your Sheets are waſht perhaps once in ſix Months. *Gu.* But what becomes of your Horſes? *Be.* They are treated much at the ſame Rate with the Men. *Gu.* And is it alike all over *Germany?* *Be.* No, 'tis better in ſome places and worſe in others; but in general 'tis thus. *Gu.* What if I ſhould tell you now how Travellers are Treated in *Lombardy, Spain, England, Wales?* For the *Engliſh* partake of the Manners both of the *French* and *Germans*, as a Mixture of both Nations; but the *Welſh* boaſt themſelves to be *Originals*, and of the *Ancient Brittains.* *Be.* Pray'e tell me how 'tis; for I was never there. *Gu.* 'T'is too late now, for my Baggage is aboard; and if I fail of being at my Boat by three a Clock, I ſhall loſe my Paſſage; but ſome other time ye ſhall have the reſt at large.

THE

THE RELIGIOUS TREAT.

COL. VI.

Table-Diſcourſe for Chriſtians. All the Works of Nature yield Matter for Contemplation. A Deſcription of a pleaſant Garden, with all the Beauties of it. The Reading of Scripture recommended even at Meals. Several Texts expounded. The Force of the Light of Nature, in Pagan Philoſophers *and* Poets: *With Reflections upon the Excellencies of* Socrates *and* Cicero. *Charity is better beſtowed upon Neceſſities then Superfluities; with Directions how to apply it.*

EUSEBIUS, TIMOTHEUS, THEOPHILUS, CHRYSOGLOTTUS, URANIUS.

Eu. I Wonder how any body can endure to live in a ſmoaky Town, when every thing's ſo freſh and pleaſant in the Country; ſuch delicious Flowers, Meadows, Rivers, Fountains, *&c.* *Ti.* Several Men, ſeveral Humors; and beſides, a Man may like the Country well, and yet like ſomething elſe better. For 'tis with Pleaſures as 'tis

'tis with Nails, one drives out another. *Eu.* You ſpeak of Uſurers perhaps, or of covetous Traders, which in truth are all one. *Ti.* not of them alone, I aſſure you, but of a thouſand other ſorts of People; to the very Prieſts and Monks, that make choice ſtill of the moſt populous Cities for their Habitations. It is not *Plato* or *Pythagoras* that they follow in this Practice, but the *Blind Beggar* rather, who loves to be where he's crouded: For, ſays he, *the more People, the more Profit.* *Eu.* Pre'thee let's leave the *Blind Beggar* then, and behave our ſelves like *Philoſophers.* *Ti.* Was not *Socrates* a *Philoſopher?* And yet he was for a *Town-life*; where a man might learn what he had a mind to *know.* In the *Country*, 'tis true, ye have Woods, Gardens, Springs and Brooks, that may entertain the Eye; but theſe are all mute; and there's no Edification without Diſcourſe. *Eu.* *Socrates* puts the Caſe, I know, of a Man's walking *alone* in the Fields; not as if any of the Works of the Creation wanted a Tong, for every part of it ſpeaks to the Inſtruction of any Man, that has but a good Will, and a Capacity to learn. Do but conſider the native Glories of the Spring; how they ſet forth and proclaim the equal Wiſdom and Goodneſs of the Creator! How many excellent things did *Socrates*, in his Retirement, both teach *Phædrus*, and learn from him? *Ti.* A *Country Life*, I muſt confeſs, in ſuch Company, were a Paradiſe. *Eu.* If you have a mind to make Trial of it, take a Dinner with me to morrow, a ſtep here out o'th' Town, I have a plain little Houſe there; but I'le promiſe you a cleanly and a hearty Welcome. *Ti.* We are enow to eat ye up. *Eu.* Never fear that, ſo long as the Melons, the Figgs, Pears, Apples, and Nuts laſt: And 'tis but gaping neither, to have the Fruit fall into your Mouths. In one Word; you are to ex-

pect only a *Garden Treat*, unleſs perhaps we ſhould ſearch the Hen-rooſt for a Pullet; the very Wine grows on the place too, ſo that there's not one penny of mony in the caſe. *Ti.* Upon theſe Terms we'el be your Gueſts. *Eu.* Let every man bring his Friend too, and then we are the juſt number of the Muſes. *Ti.* A Match *Eu.* And take notice that though I find Meat, you are to bring Sauce. *Ti.* What do you mean! Pepper and Sugar? *Eu.* No no; a thing that's both more ſavoury and cheaper. *Ti.* What may that be? *Eu.* A good Stomach. A light Supper to night, and a Walk to morrow morning does it. (for the Walk you may thank me;) But what hour will you eat at? *Ti.* About Ten; before the heat of the Day. *Eu.* I'le give order for't.

Servant. Sir, the Gentlemen are come. *Eu.* You're welcome, my Maſters, for coming according to your words; but you're twice as wellcome, for coming ſo Early, and bringing the beſt Cmpany in the World along with ye. It is a kind of unmannerly Civility, methinks, in ſome people, to make their Hoſt wait. *Ti.* We came ſo much the ſooner, that we might have time enough to look over all your Curioſities; for they ſay you live like a Prince here; and that the very contrivances about your Houſe, tell who's the Maſter of it. *Eu.* And you will find it a Palace (I can aſſure ye) worthy of ſuch a Prince: This Neſt is, to me, more than an Imperial Court; and if Liberty be a Kingdom, here do I Reign. But what if we ſhould take the Cool of the morning now, to ſee the Gardens, while the Wench in the Kitchin provides us a Sallad? *Ti.* Never was any thing in better order. The very Deſign of this Garden bids a man welcome to't. Have you any more then this? *Eu.* Here are Flowers, and Greens, that will ſerve to put by a worſe Scent. Let every man

man take freely what he likes; for this place lies (in a manner) in Common; I never ſhut it up but a nights. *Ti.* St *Peter* Keeps the Gate, I perceive. *Eu.* A Porter that pleaſes me much better than the *Mercuries*, *Centaurs*, and fictious Monſters that I ſee in other places. *Ti.* And more ſuitable to Chriſtianity too. *Eu.* And he's no Mute neither, for he accoſts you in three Languages. *Ti.* What does he ſay? *Eu.* You may read it your ſelf. *Ti.* 'Tis too far off for my eyes. *Eu.* Here's a Glaſs then will make ye ſee through an Inch-board. *Ti.* I have the *Latin.* *Si vis ad vitam ingredi, ſerva Mandata.* *Mat.* 19. 17. *If thou wilt enter into Life, keep the Commandements.* *Eu.* Now read the *Greek.* *Ti.* I ſee the *Greek*, but that does not ſee me. Let *Theophilus* ſpeak to that point; for he's never without *Greek* in's mouth. *Th.* Μετανοήσατε καὶ ἐπιστρέψατε. *Repent and be converted.* Acts 3. 19. *Ch.* Now leave the *Hebrew* to me. וצדיק באמונתו יחיה *in Truth and Righteouſneſs.* *Eu.* You'le take him perchance for an unmannerly Porter, that at firſt daſh bids ye *turn from your Iniquities, and applie your ſelf to Godlineſs:* And then tells ye that *Salvation comes not from the works of the Law, but from Faith in the Goſpel; and the obſervance of the Evangelical precepts,* *Ti.* And ſee the Chappel there on the right hand that he directs us to; it is a very fine one: There's *Jeſus Chriſt* upon an Altar, pointing up to Heaven, with his Right hand towards *God the Father*, and the *Holy Ghoſt*; and with his Left, he ſeems to Court and Invite all Comers. *Eu.* And he Greets you in three Languages too, *Ego ſum Via, Veritas, et Vita.* *I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* ἐγὼ εἰμὶ τὸ Ἄλφα, καὶ τὸ Ω. *I am the Alpha and Omega.* יראתיהוח אלמדכם לכי בנים שמעירי *Come ye Children unto me; I will teach ye the fear of the Lord.* *Ti.* This Greeting looks like a good Omen. *Eu.* And it is but juſt and devout

to pay back an Acknowledgment with Supplications to our bleſſed Saviour, that he will vouchſafe (ſince we can do nothing of our ſelves) by his infinite Goodneſs, to keep us in the right Way, and bring us by the Truth of the Goſpel to everlaſting Life, drawing us by himſelf, to himſelf, all ſuperſtitious Vanities and Deluſions apart. *Ti.* It is moſt reaſonable that we ſhould pray, and the very Place invites us to't. *Eu.* Strangers are generally pleaſed with this Garden; and hardly a Man that paſſes by this place without an Ejaculation. Inſtead of the Infamous *Priapus*, I have committed, not only my Gardens, but all my Poſſeſſions, both of Body and Mind, to the Protection of my *Saviour*. This bubling Fountain of *Living Waters* repreſents that only Fountain of *Life* that refreſhes all that are weary, and oppreſt, with it's divine Streams: the *Fountain*, which the languiſhing Soul *longs for*, as the *Hart*, in the *Pſalmiſt*, does for the *Brooks*: The Fountain which whoever Thirſts for may have his fill *gratis*. Some that come hither, make it a matter of Religion to ſprinkle themſelves with it, and others to drink of it. You are loath, I perceive, to leave this place: But let's go on and I'le ſhew you a ſquare wall'd Garden here beyond, that's better worth your ſeeing. After Dinner wee'l view what's within dores, for till towards Evening 'twill be ſo hot, there's no looking out of our ſhels. *Ti.* Bleſs me, what a delicious Proſpect is here! *Eu.* And ſo it ought to be, for this Garden was deſign'd for Pleaſure, but for Honeſt Pleaſure; the Entertainment of the Sight, the Smell, and the Refreſhment of the very Mind. You have nothing here but ſweet herbs, and thoſe only choice ones too; and every Kind has its bed by it ſelf. *Ti.* I am now convinc'd that the Plants are not Mute, as you were ſaying e'en now. *Eu.*

Y'are

Y'are in the Right: My houſe was never made for Magnificence, but for Diſcourſe. So that I can never be alone in't, as you your ſelf ſhall confeſs when you have ſeen it through. As I have rang'd my ſeveral Plants into ſeveral Troops, ſo every Troop has its *Standard* to it ſelf, with a peculiar *Motto*. The *Marjorams* word is *Abſtine Sus, non tibi ſpiro: My Perfume was never made for the Snout of a Sow*; being a Fragrancy to which the Sow has a natural Averſion. And ſo every other herb has ſomthing in the Title, to denote the particular Virtue of the Plant. *Ti.* I have ſeen nothing yet that pleaſes me better than this Fountain. It is the Ornament, the Relief, and Security of the whole Garden. But for this *Ciſtern* here that with ſo much ſatisfaction to the Eye, waters the whole Ground in Chanels at ſuch equal diſtances, that it ſhows all the Flowers over again, as in a Looking-glaſs; this *Ciſtern*, I ſay, is it of *Marble*? *Eu.* Not a word of that, I prithee. How ſhould *Marble* come hither? 'Tis only a *Paſte* that's cover'd over with an Artificial Counterfeit. *Ti.* And where does this deliciate Rivulet diſcharge it ſelf at laſt? *Eu.* Juſt at the rate of human Obligations, when we have ſerv'd our own Turns; ſo is it with this delicate Brook: when we have had the Pleaſure, and the Benefit of it in the Garden, it waſhes the Kitchin, and then paſſes through the Sink into the Common ſhore. *Ti.* A moſt inhuman Cruelty, as I am a Chriſtian! *Eu.* And I ſhould think it ſo too, if the Bounty of Providence had not appointed it in Common for all theſe Uſes. If you call this a Cruelty, what ſhall we ſay of thoſe that with their Luſts, and Appetites, Pollute the Fountain of Divine Truth, which was given us for the Compoſing, and purging of our minds; and abuſe

the unſpeakable Goodneſs of the Almighty? *Ti.* You ſpeak Reaſon. But how comes it that all your *Made-Hedges* are green too? *Eu.* Becauſe I would have every thing green here. Some are for a mixture of Red to ſet off the other. But I am ſtill for Green; as every man has his Phancy, though it be but in a Garden. *Ti.* The Garden is very fine of it ſelf, but theſe three Walks, methinks, take off very much from the Lightſomneſs and Pleaſure of it. *Eu.* There do I either ſtudy or walk or talk with a Friend, or eat a Diſh of Meat, according as the humour takes me. *Ti.* Thoſe ſpeckled particolour'd Pillars there, are not they *Marble?* *Eu.* Out of the ſame Quarry with the *Ciſtern.* *Ti.* 'Tis a pretty Cheat; I ſhould have ſworn they had been *Marble.* *Eu.* Take it for a Warning then that you ſwear nothing raſhly, for you ſee how a man may be miſtaken. What I want in my Purſe, I am fain to ſupply with Invention. *Ti.* And could ye not content your ſelf with ſo neat and well-finiſh'd a Garden in *Subſtance*, without more Gardens in *Picture*, over and above? *Eu.* Firſt, one piece of Ground will not hold all Sorts of Plants. Secondly; 'Tis a double pleaſure to compare painted Flowers with the Life. In the one we Contemplate the admirable work of Nature: In the other, the Skill of the Artiſt; and in both, the Goodneſs of God, who gives us all things for our uſe, and ſhews himſelf to be Wonderful and Amiable together. And laſtly the painting holds freſh and green all the Winter when the Flowers are dead, and wither'd. *Ti.* But what ſweetneſs is there in a Picture? *Eu.* Conſider on the other ſide that it requires no dreſſing. *Ti.* It only delights the Eye. *Eu.* But then 'tis beautiful in all Seaſons. *Ti.* Pictures themſelves grow old. *Eu.* They do ſo, but yet they'l outlive us; beſide, that

that whereas we are the worſe for Age, they are the better for't. *Ti.* That's too true, if it could be otherwiſe. *Eu.* Theſe walks ſerve me to many purpoſes. In one of them I take the benefit of the *Morning-Sun.* In another, I take Sanctuary againſt the Heats of the *Meridian*, and refreſh my ſelf in the cool of the ſhade. And in the Third I ſit airing my ſelf ſometimes. But if you pleaſe, we'l take a view of 'em nearer hand. See how green 'tis under foot; and ye have the beauty of painted Flowers in the very Chequerings of the Pavement. Here's a Wood now in *Freſco*; there's a ſtrange variety of matter in't; ſo many Trees, and but one of a ſort; and all expreſt to the Life: And ſo for the Birds too, eſpecially if any way remarkable: As for Geeſe, Hens and Ducks, they are not worth the drawing. Underneath, are Four-footed Creatures, or ſuch Birds as live upon the ground, and keep them company. *Ti.* The Variety indeed is wonderful, and every thing in *Action*; either doing, or imitating ſomething. There's an *Owl* ſits peeping through the Leaves, with a Label in her mouth. What ſays ſhe? *Eu.* She's an *Athenian* her ſelf, and ſo ſpeaks *Greek*: σωφρόνει, ſays ſhe, ὁ πᾶσιν ἕπεται. *Be wiſe, I do not fly to all.* She bids us do nothing raſhly. There's an *Eagle* Quarrying upon a *Hare*, and a *Bittle* interceding, but to no purpoſe. The *Wren*, that mortally hates the *Eagle*, ſeconding the *Bittle*. *Ti.* That *Swallow*, what has ſhe got in her mouth? *Eu.* A Leaf of *Celandine*; (don't you know the Plant) ſhe cures the Eyes of her young ones with it. *Ti.* What an odd kind of *Lizard* is there? *Eu.* You're miſtaken, 'tis a *Chamæleon*. *Ti.* Not the *Chamæleon* there's ſo much talk of. I took that for a beaſt twice as big as a *Lyon*, The name on't is twice as long too. *Eu.* This *Chamæleon* is always hungry and

and gaping; eſpecially near a *wild Fig-tree*, for that's his Averſion. He's otherwiſe harmleſs, and yet the little Creature has Poyſon in him. *Ti.* I do not find that he changes his Colour. *Eu.* But if you ſaw him change his place you would ſee him change his Colour too. *Ti.* What's the meaning of that *Piper*? *Eu.* Don't you ſee a *Camel* dancing there hard by? *Ti.* A very pleaſent Phancy truly, the *Ape* whiſtles and the *Camel* dances. *Eu.* It would aſk at leaſt three days to run thorough the particulars one by one. So that we had better take ſome other time for that, and content our ſelves with what we have had for the preſent. You have here all ſorts of famous Plants, deſcrib'd according to Nature, and (to encreaſe the wonder) the ſtrongeſt Poyſons in the World, which ye may both look upon and handle without any danger. *Ti.* Here's a *Scorpion*: they are common in *Italy*, and very miſchievous, but rarely ſeen here. Has the Painter given it the true Colour? *Eu.* Why do ye ask? *Ti.* This is too pale methinks; for thoſe *in Italy* are blacker. *Eu.* Do you know the Plant it's falln upon? *Ti.* Not very well. *Eu.* That's no wonder, for we have none of it in theſe Parts. They call it *Woolfs bane*, ſo dealy a Poyſon, that upon the very touch of it, a *Scorpion* preſently turns pale, is ſtupified and overcome. But then when he is wounded with one Poyſon he finds his remedy in another; and if he can but get to the *White Helebore*, he recovers. Thoſe Plants there, are the two ſorts of *Helebore*. *Ti.* This *Scorpion* is undone then, for he is never like to remove from the place where he is. But do your *Scorpions* ſpeak here? *Eu.* Yes, and they ſpeak *Greek* too. *Ti.* What does he ſay? *Eu.* Ἑυρε Θεὸς τὸν ἀλιτρὸν. *God hath found out the Guilty.* Now here in the Graſs, you have all kinds of Ser-

pents

pents. Here's the *Basilisk*, that's not only terrible for his poyson, but the very Flash of his Eye is Mortal. *Ti.* And does not he say somthing too? *Eu.* Yes; and his word is *Oderint, dum Metuant. Let them hate me, so they fear me.* *Ti.* Spoken like an Emperor. *Eu.* Like a Tyrant you mean. Now for a Combat betwixt a *Lizard* and a *Viper*: and there again lies a *Snake*, (the *Dipsas*) upon the Catch, under an *Estrich* Egg-shell. You come now to the whole Polity of the *Ants* (that industrious Creature, which we are call'd upon to imitate, by Authors both Sacred and Prophane.) And here are your *Indian Ants* that both Carry Gold, and Hoard it up. *Ti.* Good God, how is't possible for any man to be weary of this Entertainment! *Eu.* And yet some other time you shall see I'le give you your Belly full on't. Now before ye, at a good distance, there's a third wall, where you have *Lakes*, *Seas*, *Rivers*, and all sorts of choice *Fishes*. Here's the *Nile*, and a *Dolphin* grapling with a *Crocadile*. The natural Friend of Mankind with our greatest Enemy. Upon the Banks and Shores, ye see several *Amphibia*, as *Crabs*, *Seals*, *Beavers*; Here's a *Polypus* catcht in an *Oyster* *Ti.* And what is't that he says? *ἀιρῶν ἀιρῶμαι. The Taker taken.* *Ti.* This water is rarely done. *Eu.* If it were not we should have needed other Eyes. Look ye; there's another *Polypus*, see how he cuts it away above water like a wherry; and there lyes a *Torpedo* upon the sand (both of a colour) you may touch 'em here without any sort of danger. But let's to something else; for this feeds the Eye, but not the Belly. *Ti.* Is there any more to be seen then? *Eu.* Wee'l look into the Backside by and by. Here's an indifferent fair Garden cut into two. The one's for the Kitchin, and that's my Wives, the other is a *Phisique Garden.* Upon the left hand, you have an

open

open Grean Meadow encloſed with a Quickſet Hedg. There do I take the Air ſometimes, and divert my ſelf with good Company. Upon the Right-hand there's a Nurſery of Forreign Plants, which I have brought by degrees to endure this Climate. But theſe things you ſhall ſee at better leiſure. *Ti.* The King himſelf has nothing like ye. *Eu.* At the end of the upper Walk, there's an *Aviary*, which I'le ſhew you after Dinner. And among the Birds you'le ſee as great a Diverſity of Humors as of Plumes and Notes: For they have their Kindneſſes and their Feuds as well as we. And then they're ſo tame and familiar, that when I'm at Supper, they'll come flying in at the Window to me at the very Table, and eat for Company. When they ſee me there upon the Draw-bridge (talking perhaps with a Friend, or ſo) they'll ſit ſome of them obſerving and hearkning, others fluttering about me, and lighting upon my Head or my Shoulders, without any ſort of Fear, for they find that no body hurts 'em. At the further end of the Orchard, I have my *Bees*, which is a Sight worth your Curioſity. But I'll keep that in reſerve for ye till by and by.

Servant. My Miſtriſs bids me tell you, Sir, that Dinner will be ſpoil'd. *Eu.* A little Patience, tell her, and we come. Let's waſh firſt, my Maſters, that we may bring clean hands to the Table, as well as clean Hearts: the very Pagans us'd a kind of Reverence in this Caſe; how much more then ſhould Chriſtians do it; if it were but in Imitation of that ſacred Solemnity of our Saviour with his Diſciples at his laſt Supper? The waſhing of the Hands is but an Emblem of purging the Mind. And ſo long as there is any Uncleanneſs in the one, or any Envy or Rancour in the other, we ought not to

uſurp

uſurp upon the Bleſſings of the Table: The very Body is the ſounder, the Meet the wholſomer for a purified Mind. *Ti.* Moſt undoubtedly. *Eu.* It is evident from ſeveral Inſtances in the Scriptures, that it was the Practice of our Saviour to bleſs the Table, both before and after Meat. Wherefore, if you pleaſe, I'le ſay you a Grace that St. *Chryſoſtome*, in one of his Homilies, commends to the Skies, and he himſelf was the Interpreter of it. *Ti.* Pray'e do.

Bleſſed be thou, O God, who haſt ſuſtained us from our Youth, and provideſt Food for all Fleſh: Fill our Hearts with Joy and Comfort, that partaking abundantly of thy Bounties, we may likewiſe abound in all good Works, through Jeſus Chriſt *our Lord; to whom with thee and the Holy Ghoſt, be Glory Honour and Power, World without end.* Ti. *Amen.*

Eu. Sit down now, and let every man take his Friend next him. The firſt Place is yours, *Timothy*, in the Right of your Grey Hairs. *Ti.* The only thing in the World that gives me a Title to't. *Eu.* We can judge but of what we ſee, and muſt leave the reſt to God. *Sophronius*, keep you cloſe to your Principal. There's the right ſide of the Table for *Theophilus* and *Eulalius*; and the left for *Chryſoglottus* and *Theodidactus*. *Euranius* and *Nephalius* muſt make a ſhift with what's left, and I'le ſtick here to my old Corner. *Ti.* This muſt not be; the Maſter of the Houſe ſure ſhall take the firſt place. *Eu.* The Houſe is as much yours as mine, Gentlemen; or however, if I may govern within my own Juriſdiction, I'le ſit where I pleaſe, and I have made my Choice. Now *Chriſt be with us and among us; without whom there can be no true Joy and Comfort.* Ti. *Amen.* But where ſhall *He* ſit? for the places

are

are all taken up. *Eu.* I would have him in every Drop, and Morſel that we Eat, or Drink; but principally in our minds. And the better to fit us for the reception of ſo Divine a Gueſt, if you pleaſe, wee'l have ſome piece of Scripture read in the Interim, which will not at all hinder us in the buſineſs of our Dinner. *Ti.* With all my Soul. *Eu.* This Entertainment pleaſes me ſo much the better, becauſe it puts off Vain and frivolous diſcourſe, and brings profit beſide. I am none of thoſe that think no Society diverting, unleſs it be ſeaſon'd with the foppery of wanton Stories, and Bawdy Songs. There's no true joy but in a clear and open Conſcience; and thoſe are the happy Converſations, where only ſuch things are ſpoken and heard, as we can reflect upon afterward with Satisfaction, and without any Mixture either of Shame, or Repentance. *Ti.* It were well if we were as Careful in this point, as we are ſure of the truth on't. *Eu.* And 'tis not all neither, that the Benefit is valuable and Certain; but one Months uſing of it would make it pleaſant too. *Ti.* And therefore 'tis the beſt Courſe we can take to wont our ſelves to that which is good.

Eu. Read us ſomething, Boy, and ſpeak out and diſtinctly. *Boy.* Prov. 21. *The Kings heart is in the hand of the Lord as the Rivers of Water: he turneth it whitherſoever he will. Every way of man is right in his own Eyes, but the Lord pondereth the hearts. To do Juſtice and Judgment, is more acceptable to the Lord, then Sacrifice,* v. 1, 2, 3. *Eu.* Hold there; 'tis enough; for 'tis better to take down a little with an Appetite, then to devour more than a man can digeſt. *Ti.* 'Tis better I muſt confeſs in many caſes. *Pliny* would have *Tully*'s *Offices* never out of your hand: and

and I'm ſo far of his Mind, that I could wiſh the whole World, eſpecially States-men, had him by heart: and for this little Book of the *Proverbs*, I have always lookt upon as the beſt of Manuals. *Eu.* 'Tis a good Sauce however to a flat Dinner. *Ti.* That Compliment might have been ſpar'd, where every thing is excellent. But if you had given us this Lecture to a Diſh of Beets only, without either Pepper, Wine, or Vinegar, it had been a moſt delicious Treat. *Eu.* I could commend it however with a better Grace, if I did but perfectly underſtand that which I have heard: And I would we had but ſome able Divine among us, that might fully expound it: But I do not know how far a Layman may be allowed to deſcant upon ſuch a Subject. *Ti.* I ſee no hurt in't, even for the meaneſt Skipper to do it, bating the Raſhneſs of paſſing Sentence in the Caſe. And who knows but that Chriſt himſelf (who has promiſed his Grace and Favour even to two or three that are gathered together in his Name) may vouchſafe his Aſſiſtance alſo unto us who are ſomewhat a larger Congregation. *Eu.* What if we ſhould take theſe three Verſes then, and divide them among us Nine Gueſts. *Ti.* We are all content, provided that our Patron lead the Way. *Eu.* I ſhould not ſcruple it, but that I am loth to uſe ye worſe in my Expoſition, than I have done in my Dinner. But Ceremony apart, and waving all other Interpretations, I take this to be the Moral of the firſt Verſe. That *Private Men may be wrought upon by Admonition, Reproof, Laws and Menaces; but Kings that are above Fear, the more they are oppos'd, the fiercer their Diſpleaſure. And therefore Princes in their Paſſions ſhould be left to themſelves; not in reſpect of any Confidence in the goodneſs of their Inclinations, but they are many times the Inſtruments of Providence*

dence for the Puniſhment of the Wicked, tho' by their own Cruelties, and Errors: was not Nebuccadnezzar *a Scourge to his People? And yet God commanded that Obedience ſhould be paid him. And that of* Job, Cap. 34. of the Hyppocrites Reigning, *paradventure looks this way. And ſo that of the Prophet* David, *lamenting his Sins,* Pſal. 51. 4. Againſt Thee only have I ſinned and done this Evil in thy ſight. *Not as if the Iniquity of Princes were not alſo fatal to the People: but they are only accountable ſtill to Almighty God; from whoſe Judgment there lies no Appeal. Ti.* It goes well thus far. But what's meant by *the Rivers of Waters? Eu.* The very Compariſon explains it. *The Wrath of a Prince is Impetuous, and Impotent; not to be led This way or That; or to be manag'd: but it preſſes forward with a Reſtleſs Fury. There's no ſtopping, or diverting of a Sea-breach; but the interpoſing of Banks and Walls only makes it the more Outragious. Let it but alone, and it will at laſt ſink of it ſelf; as it falls out in many great Rivers. There is,* in one word, *leſs hazard in yielding, then in ſtriving. Ti.* Is there no remedy then againſt the extravagancies of unruly Governors. *Eu. The firſt Expedient is, not to receive a Lyon into the City. The ſecond, ſo to hamper him with Laws, and Reſtrictions, as to keep him within bounds, but the beſt of all would be to train him up from his Childhood, in the Love and Exerciſe of Piety, and Virtue; and to form his Will before he comes to underſtand his Power. Good Counſel, and Perſwaſion goes a great way; provided it be ſeaſonable and Gentle: but the laſt reſort muſt be to Almighty God, for the moving of his heart toward things becoming his Dignity and Profeſſion. Ti.* And do you excuſe your ſelf becauſe you are a *Layman*? Where's the Graduate in Divinity, that will take upon him to mend this Comment? *Eu.* Whether it be Right or wrong

I cannot tell; but if it be not Heretical, or Impious, I'm ſatisfi'd. But whatever it be, I have done as ye bad me; and now, according to the Rules of Converſation, do you take your turns too.

Ti. The Complement you paſs'd upon my gray Hairs, gives me ſome kind of Title to ſpeak my ſenſe next: which is, that the Text will bear yet a more myſterious meaning. *Eu.* I believe it may: and I ſhould be glad to hear it. *Ti. By the word* King, *may be ſignified a man ſo perfected, that he has wholly ſubdu'd his Luſts; and is only led by the guidance of a Divine Impulſe. Now it may not be proper, perhaps to tie up ſuch a Perſon to the Conditions of Humane Laws; but rather to remit him to his Maſter, by whoſe Spirit he is govern'd. Neither is he to be judg'd according to the Meaſures by which frail and imperfect Men advance themſelves toward true Holineſs: but if he ſteer another Courſe, we muſt ſay with* St.Paul, *Rom.* 14. God hath received him, and to his own Maſter he ſtandeth, or falleth. *And ſo* 1 Cor. 2. 15. He that is Spiritual, judgeth of all things, yet he himſelf is judged of no man. *To ſuch therefore, let none preſcribe; for the Lord, who hath appointed bounds to the Seas, and the Rivers, hath the Heart of the King in his Hand, and inclines it which way ſoever pleaſes him. Now to what End ſhould we preſcribe to him, that does better things of himſelf than Humane Laws oblige him to? And how great a raſhneſs were it, to reſtrain that Perſon to Political Conſtitutions, who is manifeſtly directed by the Inſpirations of the Holy Ghoſt? Eu.* You have not only the pretences of Wiſdom (*Tymothy*) in your Grey hairs, but the ſubſtance of it in your Reaſoning. And I would to God that we had more ſuch Kings as this of yours among Chriſtians, for in truth, they ought all of them to be ſuch. But we

have Dwelt long enough upon our Herbs and Eggs, let them be taken away and ſomething elſe ſet in the Room. *Ti.* We have done ſo well already, there's no need of more. *Eu.* Now ſince by Gods help, our ſucceſs has been ſo good upon the firſt Verſe; I ſhould be glad to hear your *Shadow* (for ſo the *Latin* calls your *Gueſt*) explain himſelf upon the next; which I take to be the darker of the Two. *Soph.* If you'l pardon me at a venture, or if a *Shadow* may pretend to give *Light* to any thing, you ſhall have my thoughts upon't. *Eu.* You will lay an Obligation upon the whole Company: And I dare aſſure ye, that ſuch a *Shadow* caſts as much light as our Eyes will well bear. *Soph.* St. Paul *tells us, that there are ſeveral ways of life that lead to Holineſs. One's* Genius *lyes to the* Church; *another is for a* Marry'd State; *a Third for a* ſingle Life; *Others for* Privacy, *and ſome again are pleaſed with* publick Adminiſtrations in the Government; *according to the various diſpoſitions of Bodies and Minds. To one* Man, *all Meats are indifferent: Another diſtinguiſhes betwixt this Meat and that; and betwixt one day and another; and ſome again paſs a judgment upon every day. In theſe things, St.* Paul *would have every Man enjoy his own Freedom, without reproaching another. Neither ſhou'd we Cenſure any Man in theſe Caſes; but leave him to be judg'd by him that weighs the Heart. It falls out many times that he that* Eats *may be more acceptable to God than he that* forbears; *he that* breaks *a* Holy-Day, *than another that ſeems to* Obſerve *it; he that* Weds, *than another that lives* ſingle. *I* have done. *Eu.* You have hit the Nail o'th' head: And ſo long as I may converſe with ſuch Shadows, I ſhall never deſire other Company. But here comes one that has liv'd ſingle, and an *Eunuch*; not upon the ſcore of Religion, but to gra-

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tifie our Pallates; It is a Capon from my own Barn dore. I am a great Lover of boyl'd meats. Take where ye like. Methinks this Soup, with Lettuce, ſavours very well. But wee'l have ſomething from the Spit; and after that, ſome ſmall Deſert; and there's an End. *Ti.* But where's your Lady all this while? *Eu.* When you bring your own Wives, mine ſhall keep 'em Company. But ſhe's more at liberty among the Women; and ſo are we too, by our ſelves: And if ſhe were here ſhe muſt ſit like a Mute. *Socrates*, ye know, with ſome Phyloſophers at his Table, that lov'd their Diſcourſe better than their Meat, had all thrown on the floor by his Wife, for the Companies talking more (as ſhe thought) then came to their ſhare. I ſhould be loth that my *Zantippe* ſhould ſhew us ſuch another Trick. *Ti.* What your Wife? She's certainly one of the beſt Women in the World; and you're in no danger of ſuch an Exploit. *Eu.* Truly ſuch as ſhe is, I ſhould be loath to change her if I might; and 'tis my great happineſs that ſhe proves ſo. There are ſeveral *People* that are apt to ſay, ſuch or ſuch a man is happy; for he never had a Wife: But I ſay rather (with the wiſe Man) *he that has a good wife, has a good Lot.* *Ti.* 'Tis Commonly our own fault if we have ill Wifes; either for loving thoſe that are Bad, or for making 'em ſo; or elſe for want of inſtructing them better. *Eu.* You ſay right. But all this while who ſhall expound the Third Verſe? Methinks the Divine *Theophilus* looks as if he had a mind to do it. *Th.* Truly my mind was upon my Belly. But I'le do my beſt however, if I may venture upon't without Offence. *Eu.* Nay it will be a favour to us, if, even by a Miſtake you ſhould give us occaſion of finding the Truth. *Th.* *It ſeems to me, that the*

Prophet Hoſea 6. 6. *expounds that Verſe very well.* I deſire Mercy and not Sacrifice, and the Knowledge of God more then Burnt Offerings. *This is fully explain'd, and to the life, by our Saviour in* St. Matthew; Chap. 9. *When being at the Table of a Publican, with ſeveral others of the ſame Stamp and Profeſſion; the Pharaſees that valu'd themſelves upon their external Obſervance of the Law, without any regard to the Precepts of it, whereupon depend the Law and the Prophets: the Pharaſees,* I ſay, *askt the Diſciples (to alienate their Affections from him)* what their Maſter meant, to Eat with Publicans and Sinners. *This is a Point, of which the* Jews *made a Conſcience to ſo high a Degree, that if the ſtricter ſort had but met any of 'em by chance, they would preſently go home, and waſh themſelves.* This Queſtion put the Diſciples to a Loſs, till their Maſter made Anſwer, both for himſelf and them. They (*ſays he*) that are whole need not a Phyſician, but they that are ſick: But go you and learn what that meaneth; I will have Mercy and not Sacrifice; for I came not to call the Righteous, but Sinners. *Eu.* This way of comparing Texts is the ſureſt Rule of Expounding the Scriptures. But I would fain know what is't he calls *Sacrifice*, and what, *Mercy*; For how ſhould we reconcile it, that God who has *appointed* and *required* ſo many *Sacrifices* ſhould be againſt them? *Th. How far God is againſt* Sacrifices, *he himſelf teaches us in the* Prophet Iſaiah, Chap. 1. *There were certain Legal Obligations among the* Jews, *that were rather Significations of Holineſs, then of the Eſſence of it: and there were certain other Obligations of Perpetual Force, being Good in their own Natures, without any Reſpect to the Command. Now God was not diſpleaſed with the* Jews *for Obſerving the Rites and Ceremonies of the Law; but for placing all their*

their Holineſs upon that outward performance; to the neglect of Neceſſary and more Important Duties: As if they had Merited Heaven by keeping their Holy Days; offering up of Sacrifices, abſtaining from Meats forbidden, and by their frequent Faſtings: whereas all this while they lay wallowing in their Sins; as Avarice, Pride, Rapine, Hatred, Envy, and other Iniquities; embracing only the Shadow of Religion, without minding the Subſtance. But where he ſays, I will have and Mercy and not Sacrifice, *I take it to be an* Hebraiſm; *that is to ſay,* Mercy rather *then* Sacrifice; *after the Interpretation of* Solomon *in this Text. And again the Scripture expreſſes all Charitable Offices to our Neighbour under the term of* Mercy *and* Eleemoſinary Tenderneſs, *which derives its very* Name *from* Pitty. *By* Sacrifices, *I ſuppoſe, is intended whatſoever reſpects corporal Ceremonies, under any Affinity with* Judaiſm. *As the choice of* Meats, appointed Garments, Faſts, Sacrifices, Reſting upon Holy Days; and the ſaying over Prayers as a boy ſays his Leſſon. *Theſe things as they are not to be neglected in their due ſeaſon, ſo if a man relies too much upon theſe Obſervances, and ſees his Brother in Diſtreſs, without* Relieving *him; theſe bare Formalities are very unpleaſing to God. It has ſome appearance of Holineſs, to have nothing to do with wicked men. But this Caution ceaſes, whereſoever there is place for the exerciſe of our Charity. It is a point of juſt Obedience to reſt on Holy Days; but it were moſt Impious to make ſuch a Conſcience of the Day, as not to make a greater of ſaving his Brother upon that Day, if he were in Danger. Wherefore to keep the* Lords day *is a kind of* Sacrifice, *but to be Reconcil'd to my* Brother *is a Poynt of* Mercy. *And then for the Judgment of things, though the Weak are commonly oppreſt by the more Powerful, who are to paſs the Sentence; yet it ſeems to me reaſonable enough, that the Poor Man ſhould*

mind him of that in Hoſea, and the Knowledge of God more than Burnt-Offerings. *No Man can be ſaid to keep the* Law *but he that obſerves the* Will *in it of the* Law-Maker. *The* Jews *could take up an* Aſs *upon their* Sabbath *that was fallen into a Pit; and yet they calumniated our Saviour for preſerving a Man upon that day. This was a prepoſterous Judgment, and not according to the Knowledg of God, for they never conſider'd that theſe proviſions were made for* Man, *and not* Man *for them.* But I ſhould think my ſelf Impudent in ſaying thus much, if you had not commanded it; and I had rather learn of others. *Eu.* This Diſcourſe is ſo far from Impudent, that it looks rather like an Inſpiration: But while we are feeding of our Souls, we muſt not forget our Companions. *Th.* Who are thoſe? *Eu.* Our Bodies; and I had rather call them *Companions*, then *Inſtruments*, *Habitations*, or *Sepulchers*. *Ti.* This is a ſure way of Satisfaction, when the whole man's relieved. *Eu.* We are long a coming to't methinks; wherefore if you pleaſe, wee'l call for a roaſted Bit, without ſtaying any longer for a little. And now ye ſee your Ordinary. Here's a good ſhoulder of Mutton, a Capon, and two brace of Patridges. Theſe Patridges came from the Market; and I'm beholden to my Farm for the reſt. *Ti.* Here's a Dinner for a Prince. *Eu.* For a *Carmelite*, you would ſay; but ſuch as it is you're welcome to't; and that muſt ſupply your Entertainment. *Ti.* This is the talkingſt place that ever I ſet my Foot in. Not only the Walls, but the very Cup ſpeaks. *Eu.* And what does it ſay? *Ti.* No *man is hurt, but by himſelf.* *Eu.* The Cup pleads for the Wine; for if a man get a Feaver, or a pain in the Head with over-drinking, we are ſubject to curſe the wine, when we ſhould rather impute it to our ſelves for the

the Exceſs. *Soph.* Mine ſpeaks *Greek* here. Ἐν οἴνῳ ἀλήθεια. *In Wine there's Truth.* *Eu.* This gives t› underſtand, that 'tis not ſafe for Prieſts, or Courtiers to drink deep; for fear of throwing their hearts out at their mouths. *Soph.* The *Egyptians* would not allow their Prieſts to Drink any Win: at all: and yet in thoſe Days, there was no *Auricular Confeſſion.* 'Tis become lawful now for all people to drink Wine; how convenient, I know not. What Book is that, *Eulalius*, you take out of your Pocket? It muſt needs be a good one ſure, there's ſo much coſt beſtow'd upon it. *Eula.* It has a Glorious outſide, I muſt confeſs, and yet 'tis infinitely more precious within. Here are the *Epiſtles* of St. *Paul*, which I ſtill carry about me, as my beloved Entertainment, and I take 'em out now upon ſomething you ſaid, that minds me of a place which I have beat my head about a long time, and I am not yet reſolved in. It is in the *6th Chapter* of the *firſt Epiſtle* to the *Corinthians. All things are Lawful unto me, but all things are not Expedient: all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the Power of any.* Firſt, (if we may truſt the *Stoiques*) Nothing can be profitable to us which is not Honeſt. Therefore how comes St. *Paul* to diſtinguiſh betwixt *Lawful* and *Expedient*? It is not *Lawful* ſure to Whore or to drink drunk. How is it ſaid then that *All things are Lawful?* But if St. *Paul* ſpeaks of ſome particular things only, which he would have to be *Lawful*; how ſhall I divine from the Tenour of the place, which thoſe particular things are? From that which follows, it may be gathered that he there ſpeaks of the Choice of Meats. For ſome abſtain from things offer'd to *Idols*, others, from Meats that were forbidden by *Moſes's Law.* In the *Eighth Chapter*, he Treats of

the former, and then in the Tenth, unfolds the Intention of this place; ſaying, *All things are Lawful for me; but all things are not expedient: All things are Lawful for me, but all things Edify not. Let no man ſeek his own but every Man anothers Wealth. Whatſoever is ſold in the Shambles, Eat,* And that which *St. Paul* ſubjoyns, agrees with what he ſaid before. *Meat for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats; God ſhall deſtroy both It and Them,* Now that this was ſpoken of the *Judaical choice of Meats,* appears by the cloſe of the *Tenth Chapter. Give none Offence neither to the* Jews *nor to the* Gentiles; *nor to the Church of God, even as I pleaſe all Men in all Things; not ſeeking my own Profit, but the Profit of many that they may be ſaved:* Where he ſpeaks of the *Gentiles,* he ſeems to reflect upon things offer'd to *Idols,* and in naming the *Jews,* he refers to the *Choice of Meats:* Under the *Church of God* comprehending the weak that are collected out of both ſorts. It was *Lawful,* it ſeems, to eat of all Meats whatſoever, and all things are clean to the clean: But the remaining queſtion is, whether or no it be *Expedient.* The Liberty of the Goſpel makes all things Lawful; But for the avoiding of ſcandal, Charity has a regard to the Conſcience of my Neighbour. Upon that ſcore, I would forbear, even things the moſt *Lawful*: rather chooſing to gratifie the ſcruples of Another, than to inſiſt upon the Exerciſe of my own freedom. But now here ariſes a double difficulty. Firſt, That there's nothing in the Context to warrant this Conſtruction either before, or after. For his charge againſt the *Corinthians* was, that they were *Seditious, Fornicators, Adulterous, Inceſtuous* and given to *Contention,* before *Wicked Judges.* Now what coherence is there after all this, to ſay, *all things are Lawful for me, but all things are not expedient?*

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After this Paſſage, he returns to the point of *Incontinence*, which he had alſo repeated before, only leaving out the Charge of Contention: *But the Body*, ſays he, *is not for Fornication, but for the Lord, and the Lord is for the Body.* But this may be Salv'd too, becauſe a little before in the Catalogue of Sins, there was mention made of Idolatry. *Be not deceived; neither Fornicators, Idolaters, nor Adulterers*; and then the Eating of things offer'd to *Idols*, is a ſpice of *Idolatry*. Wherefore he follows it with this expreſſion, *Meat is for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats* Intimating, that in Caſe of Neceſſity, and for a Seaſon, a man may Eat any thing, as far as Charity will permit; but that uncleanneſs, is in all perſons, and at all times, to be deteſted. It is matter of Neceſſity, that we Eat: But that Neceſſity ſhall be taken away at the laſt day. If we be luſtful, it is voluntary and malicious. There is yet another ſcruple which I cannot either diſſolve, or reconcile to that paſſage: *but I will not be brought under the Power of any*: For he ſays, that he has the Power of all things, and yet he will not be brought under any ones Power. If he may be ſaid to be in another mans Power, that abſtains for fear of offending; it is no more then what in the ninth Chapter he ſpeaks of himſelf: *For tho' I be free from all men yet have I made my ſelf Servant unto all, that I might gain the more.* St. *Ambroſe* ſtumbling, as I ſuppoſe, at this ſcruple, takes this to be the Genuine ſenſe of the Apoſtle, for the better underſtanding of him in another Place, where he claims to himſelf the Power of doing as the reſt of the Apoſtles, (either true or falſe) the Liberty of receiving Maintenance from thoſe to whom he Preached the Goſpel. But yet he forbore this, tho' he might have done it, as a thing expedient among the *Corinthians*, whom he charg'd with ſo many, and

ſo

ſo Enormous Iniquities. And moreover, he that receives is in ſome degree in the Power of him that gives; and ſuffers ſome kind of Abatement in his Authority: For he that takes, cannot ſo freely reprove his Benefactor; and he that gives, will not eaſily take a reprehenſion from him that he has oblig'd. Therefore did St. *Paul* abſtain from many things that were *Lawful*, for the Credit of his *Apoſtolical Liberty*, which he choſe rather to ſupport at the height, that he might maintain the Dignity of his Commiſſion, for the Reprehenſion of their Sins. This Explication of St. *Ambroſe*, I am well enough pleas'd with: and yet if any body had rather apply this paſſage to Meats. St. *Pauls* ſaying, *but I will not be brought under the Power of any*, may in my opinion, bear this Explanation. Although I may ſome time abſtain from Meats offer'd to Idols, or forbidden by the *Moſaical Law*, out of a Tenderneſs to the ſcruples of a weak Brother; my mind is never the leſs Free: Well knowing that Neceſſity makes all Meats Lawful. But there were ſome falſe Apoſtles, that would perſuade the World that ſome Meats were in themſelves impure; and that not only upon Occaſion, but in all Extremities, they were to be forborn, as *Adultery*, or *Murther*. Now thoſe that were thus miſled, fell from their *Goſpel-Liberty* under a *foreign Power*. Only *Theophilact*, as I remember, has an Opinion by himſelf. It is Lawful, ſays he, to Eat of all Meats, but it is not expedient to eat to Exceſs; for from Luxury comes Luſt. There's no Impiety now in this ſenſe, but I take it to be forc'd. I have now ſhew'd you my ſcruples, and it will become your Charity to ſet me at Eaſe. *Eu.* Your Diſcourſe is certainly anſwerable to your Name. And the Queſtions you have propounded, cannot be better reſolv'd, then by your

ſelf;

ſelf: For your manner of Doubting has put me out of all doubt. Altho' St. *Paul*, propoſing to do many things together, paſſes ſo often from one thing to another, repeating what he had intermitted, and going over with the ſame thing again, in the ſame Epiſtle, that it is a hard matter to diſentangle it. *Chryſoglottus.* If I were not afraid of talking ye out of your Dinners; and if I did not make a Conſcience of mingling things profane, with ſacred, there is ſomething that I would venture to propound to you: I read it this day with ſingular delight. *Eu.* Whatſoever is pious, and conducing to good Manners, ſhould not be called profane. The firſt place muſt be granted to the Authority of the Holy Scriptures; and yet, after That, I find among the Ancients, nay the *Ethniques*, and, which is yet more, among the Poets, certain Precepts, and Sentences, ſo clean, ſo ſincere, ſo divine, that I cannot perſwade my ſelf but they wrote them by Holy Inſpiration. And perhaps the Spirit of Chriſt diffuſes it ſelf further then we imagine. There are more Saints then we find in our Catalogue. To confeſs my ſelf now among my Friends, I cannot read *Tully, Of old Age*; *of Friendſhip*; *his Offices*; or his *Tuſculane Queſtions*, without kiſſing the Book; without a Veneration for the Soul of that *Divine Heathen*; and then on the contrary, when I read ſome of our Modern Authors, their *Politiques*, *Oeconomics*, and *Ethiques*; Good God! how Jejune, and Cold they are? And ſo inſenſible, compar'd with the other, that I had rather loſe *all Scotus*, and twenty more ſuch as he, then *one Cicero*, or *Plutarch*. Not that I am wholly againſt them neither; but from the reading of the One, I find my ſelf to become Honeſter, and Better; whereas I riſe from the other extremely dull, and indifferent in the point of Virtue;

tue; but moſt violently bent upon Cavil, and Contention. Wherefore never fear to make your Propoſition, whatever it is. *Ch.* Tho' all *Tully*'s *Philoſophy* carries upon it the ſtamp of ſomething that is Divine, yet that Treatiſe of *Old Age*, which in his Old Age he wrote; that Piece, I ſay, do I look upon, according to the *Greek Proverb*, *to be the Song of the dying Swan.* I read it this day; and theſe words I remember in it, that pleas'd me above the reſt. *Should God now put it into my Power to begin my life again from my very Cradle, and once more to run the courſe over of the years I have liv'd, I ſhould not upon any Terms agree to't. For what's the Benefit of Life; or rather, how great is the Pain? Or if there were none of this, there would be yet undoubtedly in it Satiety, and Trouble. There are many (I know) and Learned men, that have taken up the humour of deploring their paſt Lives. This is a thing which I can never Conſent to; or to be troubled that my Life is ſpent, becauſe I have ſo liv'd as to perſwade my ſelf that I was not born in vain. And when I leave this Body, 'tis but as an Inn, not as a place of Abode. For Nature has given us our Bodies only to Lodge in, not to dwell in. Oh! How glorious will That day be, when I ſhall leave the Rabble, and the Traſh of this World behind me, to joyn in Counſel, and Society with thoſe Illuſtrious Spirits that are gone before,* Thus far *Cato.* What could a Chriſtian have ſaid more? The Dialogue of this *Aged Pagan*, with the *Youth* of his times, will riſe up in Judgment againſt many of *our Monks*, with their *Holy Virgins.* *Eu.* It will be objected, that this Colloquy of *Tully*'s was but a Fiction. *Ch.* 'Tis all one to me, whether the honour be *Cato*'s, for the ſenſe and expreſſion of this Rapture, or *Cicero*'s, for the Divinity of the Contemplation, and the Excellency of repreſenting his thoughts

thoughts in words anſwerable to the Matter. Tho' I'm apt to think, that although theſe very Syllables were not *Cato*'s, yet that his familiar Converſations were not far from this purpoſe. Neither had *Tully* the Confidence to draw a *Cato* fairer then he was; eſpecially in a time, when his Character was yet freſh in the Memories of all men. Beſide that ſuch an Unlikeneſs in a *Dialogue*, would have been a great *indecorum*, and enough to have blaſted the Credit of the Diſcourſe. *Th.* That which you ſay, is very likely; but let me tell you what came into my head upon your Recital. I have often wonder'd with my ſelf, conſidering that long Life is the Wiſh, and Death the Terrour of all Mortals, that there is ſcarce any man ſo happy (I do not ſpeak of *Old*, but of *middle-ag'd-men*) but if it ſhould be offer'd him to be young again, if he would; upon Condition of running the ſame Fortune over again of Good and Ill, he would make the ſame Anſwer that *Cato* did: eſpecially paſſing a true reflection upon the mixture of his paſt Life. For the remembrance, even of the pleaſanteſt part of it, is commonly attended with ſhame and ſting of Conſcience; inſomuch, that the Memory of paſt delights, is more painful to us, then that of paſt misfortunes. Wherefore it was wiſely done of the Antient Poets, in the Fable of *Lethe*, to make the *Dead* drink the Water of *Forgetfulneſs*, before their Souls were affected with any deſire of the Bodies they had left behind 'em. *Ur.* It is a thing that I my ſelf have obſerv'd in ſome Caſes, and well worthy of our Admiration. But That in *Cato*, which takes me the moſt, is his Declaration, that *he did not repent himſelf of his paſt Life.* Where's the Chriſtian that lives to his Age, and can ſay as much? 'Tis a common thing for men that have ſcrap'd Eſtates together

ther, by hook or by crook, to value themſelves at their death, upon the Induſtry and Succeſs of their Lives. But *Cato's* ſaying that he had not liv'd *in vain*, was grounded upon the Conſcience of having diſcharg'd all the Parts of an honeſt, and a reſolute Citizen, and Patriot, and untainted Magiſtrate; and that he ſhould tranſmit to Poſterity the Monuments of his Integrity, and Virtue. *I depart* (ſays he) *as out of a Lodging, not a dwelling Place.* What could be more Divine? I am here upon ſufferance, till the Maſter of the houſe ſays *be gone.* A man will not eaſily be forc'd from his own Home; but the fall of a Chimney, the ſpark of a Coal, and a thouſand petty Accidents drive us out of this World, or at the beſt, the Structure of our Bodies falls to pieces with Old Age, and moulders to Duſt; every moment admoniſhing us that we are to change our Quarters. *Nephalius.* That expreſſion of *Socrates* in *Plato*, is rather methinks the more ſignificant of the Two. *The Soul of a Man* (ſays he) *is in the Body as in a Gariſon.* There's no quitting of it; without the leave of the *Captain*; nor any longer ſtaying in't, then during the pleaſure of him that plac'd it there. The Alluſion of a *Gariſon* is much more Emphatical, than that of a *Houſe.* For in the *One*, is only imply'd an *Abode*, (and that perhaps an Idle one too) whereas in the Other, we are put upon Duty by our *Governor*; And much to this purpoſe it is, that the *Life of Man* in *Holy Writ* is one while called a *Warfare*, and another while, a *Race.* *Ur.* But *Cato's* Speech methinks has ſome affinity with that of St. *Paul*, 2 *Cor. chap.* 5. where he calls that Heavenly ſtation which we look for after this Life, in one place a *Houſe*, in another, a *Manſion*; and the Body he calls σκῆνος, or a *Tabernacle.* For *we alſo* (ſays he) *in this Tabernacle*

groan

groan, *being burthened.* *Neph.* So St. *Peter* 2. 1. *And I think it meet* (ſays he) *as long as I am in this Tabernacle to ſtir ye up, by putting you in mind; being aſſured that I ſhall ſhortly put off this my Tabernacle.* And what ſays *Chriſt* himſelf *Mat.* 24. *Mar.* 13. and *Luke* 21. That we ſhould ſo live, and Watch, as if we were preſently to Die; and ſo apply our ſelves to honeſt things, as if we were to live for ever. Now who can hear theſe words of *Cato, Oh that glorious Day!* without thinking of St. *Paul's, I deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt?* *Ch.* How happy are they that wait for Death in in ſuch a ſtate of mind? But yet in *Cato's* Speech, tho' it be great, there is more boldneſs, and Arrogance in it methinks, then would become a *Chriſtian.* No certainly, never any *Ethnique* came nearer up to us, then *Socrates* to *Crito*, before he took his Poyſon. *Whether I ſhall be approved, or not, in the ſight of God, I cannot tell; but this I am certain of, that I have moſt affectionately endeavour'd to pleaſe him. And I am in good hope that he will accept the Will for the Deed.* This great mans diffidence in himſelf, was yet ſo comforted by the Conſcience of Pious Inclinations, and an abſolute Reſignation of himſelf to the Divine Will, that he deliver'd up himſelf, in a dependence upon Gods Mercy and Goodneſs, even for the Honeſty of his Intentions. *Neph.* What a wonderful Elevation of Mind was this in a man that only Acted by the light of Nature! I can hardly read the Story of this Worthy without a *Sancte* Socrates *Ora pro nobis, Saint* Socrates *pray for us,* and I have as much ado ſometime, to keep my ſelf from wiſhing well to the Souls of *Virgil* and *Horace.* But how diſtracted and fearful have I ſeen many *Chriſtians* upon the laſt Extremity! Some put their Truſt in things not to be Confided in; others breath

out

out their Souls in deſperation; either out of a Conſcience of their lewd Lives, or ſome ſcruples perhaps injected into their thoughts, by medling, with indiſcreet men, at their dying hours. *Ch.* And 'tis no wonder to find thoſe diſorder'd at their Deaths, who have ſpent their whole Lives in the Formality of Philoſophizing about Ceremonies. *Neph.* What do you mean by *Ceremonies?* *Ch.* I'll tell ye; but with this Proteſtation over and over, before hand; that I am ſo far from Condemning the Sacraments, and Rites of the Church, that I have them in high Veneration. But there are a wicked, and ſuperſtitious ſort of People, (or, in good Manners, I ſhall call them only Simple, and unlearned Men) that cry up theſe things as if they were Foundations of our Faith, and the only Duties that make us truly Chriſtians. Theſe, I muſt Confeſs, I cannot but infinitely blame. *Neph.* All this is not yet enough to make me underſtand what it is you would be at. *Ch.* I'll be plainer then. If ye look into the ordinary ſort of Chriſtians, you will find they live as if the whole Sum of Religion reſted in *Ceremonies.* With how much Pomp are the Antient Rites of the Church ſet forth in *Baptiſm*? The Infant waits without the Church-door; the *Exorciſm*, the *Catechiſm*, is diſpatch'd; the *Vow* is paſt; the *Devil* with all his Pomps and Pleaſures is *abjur'd*; and then the Child is *Anointed*, *Signed*, Seaſon'd with *Salt*, *Dipt*, a Charge given to his *Sureties* to ſee him well brought up, and then follows their *Oblation*; and by this time the Child paſſes for a Chriſtian, as in ſome ſenſe it is. After this, it comes to be Anointed again; and in time learns to *Confeſs*, take the *Euchariſt*, Reſt on *Holy-Days*, to obſerve *Faſts*, and *Publique Prayers*, and to abſtain from *Fleſh*, and obſerving all theſe things, it goes

for

for an abſolute *Chriſtian.* The Boy grows up then, and marries, which draws on *another Sacrament*; he enters into *Holy Orders*, is *Annointed again*, and *Conſecrated*, his *habit chang'd*, and ſo to *Prayers.* Now the doing of all this, I like well enough; but the doing of it more out of *Cuſtom* than *Conſcience*, I do not like; as if this were all that is needful to the making up of a *Chriſtian.* There are but too many in the World, that ſo long as they acquit themſelves in theſe outward Forms, think 'tis no matter what they do elſe: but Rob, Pillage, Cheat, Quarrel, Whore, Slander, Oppreſs and Uſurp upon their Neighbours, without Controll. And when they are brought through this Courſe of Life, to their laſt Prayers, then there follow *more Ceremonies*; *Confeſſion* upon *Confeſſion*, more *Unction* ſtill, the *Euchariſt*, *Tapers*, the *Croſs*, *Holy Water*, *Indulgences* and *Pardons*; if they be to be had for Love or Money: Order is then given for a *Magnificent Funeral*; and then comes *another ſolemn Contract.* When the man is come to agonizing, there's one bawls in his Ear, and diſpatches him now and then before his time, if he chance to be a little in drink, or to have better Lungs than ordinary. Now though theſe things may be well enough, ſo far as they are done in Conformity to *Eccleſiaſtical Cuſtoms*; there are yet ſome Inward, and Spiritual Impreſſions that do more fortifie us againſt the Aſſaults of Death, even to the degree of filling our hearts with Joy, and Confidence at our leaſt Breath. *Eu.* All this is pious, and true: but in the mean time, here's no body Eats. I told you at firſt what you were to truſt to: and if you look for any thing more now, then a Diſh of Nuts, and Apples, you'll find your ſelves miſtaken. Come take away this, Boy, and ſet the reſt on. Take what ye like, and thank my Gardiner for't. *Ti.* There's

ſo much Choice, and they're ſo well diſpos'd, it does a man good to look upon't.

Eu. 'Tis no deſpicable piece of Thrift I'll aſſure ye. This Diſh would have cheared up the heart of the *old Evangelical Monk Hilarian*, with a hundred more of his fellows at's heels: But *Paul* and *Anthony* would have liv'd a whole Month upon't. *Ti.* Yes, and *Prince Peter*, I phanſie, would have leapt at it too, when he lodg'd at *Simon* the *Tanners*. *Eu.* Yes, and *Paul* too, I believe, when he ſat up a nights to make *Tents*. *Ti.* How much do we owe to the Goodneſs of God! But yet I had rather faſt with *Peter*, and *Paul*, upon Condition that what I wanted for my Carkaſs, might be ſupplied in the ſatisfaction of my Mind. *Eu.* Let us learn of *St. Paul* to abound, and to ſuffer want. When we have it not, God be prais'd, that we have ſtill a Subject for Frugality, and Patience: when we abound, let us be thankful for that munificence, and Liberality, by which we are both invited, and oblig'd to Love him. And let us ſtill uſe his Bleſſings and Bounties with Moderation, and Temperance; and remember the Poor. For God has given to ſome, too little for their Convenience, and to others, more than they need; that neither ſide might want an occaſion for their Virtue. He beſtows upon us ſufficient for the Relief of our Brethren; that we may obtain his Mercy, and the Poor, on the other ſide, when they are refreſh'd by our Liberality, give God thanks for putting it into our hears, and recommend us to him in their Prayers. And now I think on't. Come hither, Boy. Bid my Wife ſend *Gudula* ſome of the Meat that's left? 'Tis a very good poor Woman in the Neighbourhood; her Huſband's lately dead (a Profuſe Lazie fellow) and has left his

his Wife nothing but a number of Children. *Ti.* 'Tis Christ's Command that we should give to every one that asks. But yet if I should follow that rule; with-in one month, I should go a begging my self. *Eu.* This is said, I suppose, of those that Ask only Necessaries. For 'tis Charity to deny to many what they ask. There are, that not only beg, but importune, or rather extort great Sums from people to furnish voluptuous Entertainments, or which is worse, to nourish Luxury, and Lust. It is a kind of Rapine, to bestow that which we owe to the present Necessities of our Neighbours, upon those that will abuse it. Upon this Consideration it is, that I can hardly excuse those from a Mortal Sin, who, at prodigious Expence, either build, or beautifie Monasteries, or Churches; when so many living Temples of Christ are ready to starve for want of Food, Cloathing, and other Necessaries. When I was in *England*, I saw *St. Thomas*'s Tomb; so prodigiously Rich, in Plate, and Jewels, that the Value was almost inestimable. Now had it not been better if these superfluities had been rather apply'd to Charitable Uses, for the Relief of the Poor, than reserv'd for those Ambitious Princes, who shall have the Fortune one day to make a Booty of it. The Holy Man, I am Confident, would have been very well content with Leaves, and Flowers, instead of them. In *Lombardy* I saw a Cloyster of *Carthusians*; (not far from *Pavia*) the Chappel, within, and without, is white Marble, from the top to the bottom, the Altars, Pillars, Tombs in it (and almost every thing else) are all Marble. To what end was this vast expence upon a Marble Temple for a few solitary Monks to Sing in? And 'tis of more Burthen then Use too. For they are perpetually troubled with Strangers that come only out of mere

Curioſity to ſee it. And which is yet more ridiculous, I was told there, that they are indow'd with Three thouſand Duckets a year, for Building and Maintenance of the Monaſtery. It paſſes for little better than Sacriledge, to beſtow one penny of that Mony upon Pious Uſes; beſide the Intention of the Teſtator. And they had rather pull down that they may rebuild, then not to go on with Building. We have a World of Inſtances up and down in our Churches of this kind; but I ſhall content my ſelf with theſe, as being ſomewhat more remakable than Ordinary. This is rather Ambition, then Charity. Great men now adays will have their own Monuments in Churches, whereas in times paſt they could hardly get room for the Saints. They muſt have their Pictures there, and their Images, forſooth; with their Names at length, their Titles, and their Benefits: And this takes up a conſiderable part of the Temple. Who knows (if they may have their Wills) but their own Carcaſes may come hereafter to be laid upon the Altars? But this Munificence of Great men, you'll ſay, muſt not upon any Terms be diſcourag'd. And I ſay ſo too; If that which they offer to the Temple of God, be worthy of it. But if I were a Prieſt, or a Biſhop, I would hammer it into the heads of thoſe thick skull'd Courtiers, and Merchants; that if they would attone themſelves to Almighty God, they ſhould privately beſtow their Liberality upon the Relief of the Poor. But they reckon all as good as loſt, that goes out ſo by Parcels, and is ſo ſecretly diſtributed toward the ſuccour of the Needy, that the next Age ſhall have no Memorial of the Bounty. But can any Mony be better beſtow'd then that which makes Chriſt himſelf a Debtor? *Ti.* Do not you take that Bounty to be well plac'd then, that's beſtow'd upon Monaſte-

naſteries? *Eu.* Yes, and I would be a Benefactor my ſelf, if I had a fortune for't; but it ſhould be ſuch a Proviſion for their Neceſſities, as ſhould not reach to Luxury. And I would give ſomething too, whereſoever I found a Religious man that wanted it. *Ti.* I have heard many find fault with giving to publique Beggars. *Eu.* I would do ſomething that way too, but with Caution and Choice. It were well if every City were to maintain its own Poor, without ſuffering Vagabonds, and ſturdy Beggars, which want Work rather than Mony. *Ti.* To whom is it then that you would give? How much? And to what Purpoſes? *Ti.* 'Tis hard to anſwer all theſe Points exactly. There ſhould be Firſt, an Inclination to oblige all; and then the Proportion muſt be according to a mans Ability, as often as he has occaſion. And for the Choice of the men, I would be ſatisfi'd that they are Poor, and Honeſt; and where my Purſe fails me, I would Preach Charity to others. *Ti.* But will you give us leave now to diſcourſe at Liberty in your Dominion? *Eu.* You are not ſo free in your own Houſes. *Ti.* You do not like Prodigious Exceſſes, it ſeems upon Churches; and they might have been built Cheaper, you ſay. *Eu.* Truely I take this houſe of mine to be within the Compaſs of Cleanly and Convenient; far from any pretence of Luxury, or I am miſtaken. I have ſeen many a more chargeable Building that has been erected by a Beggar; and yet out of theſe Gardens of mine (ſuch as they are) I pay a kind of Tribute to the Poor, and daily leſſen my own expence, that I may contribute the more plentifully to them. *Ti.* If all men were of your mind, it would be better with many that are now in extream Want; and on the other ſide many of thoſe pamper'd Carcaſes would be brought down, whom nothing but

Penury can ever teach to be either modeſt, or ſober. *Eu.* This may very well be. But ſhall I mend your Entertainment now with the beſt bit at laſt? *Ti.* We have had more then enough already. *Eu.* But that which I am now to give ye, I'll undertake for't ſhall never charge your Stomachs. *Ti.* What is it? *Eu.* The *four Evangeliſts*, which I have reſerv'd to Crown your Treat. Read, Boy, from that place where ye left off laſt.

Boy: *No man can ſerve* two Maſters; *for either he will hate the One, and love the Other, or elſe he will hold to the One, and deſpiſe the Other. You cannot ſerve* God *and Mammon. Therefore I ſay unto you, take no thought for your Life, what you ſhall Eat, or what you ſhall Drink; nor yet for your Body, what you ſhall put on. Is not the Life more then Meat, and the Body then Raiment;*

Eu. Give me the Book. In this place our Saviour ſeems to me to have ſaid the ſame thing twice. In one place 'tis ſaid, *he will Hate*, and in the other, *he will Deſpiſe.* And for the word he will *Love*, it is afterward turn'd, he will *hold to* the other. The ſenſe is the ſame, tho' the perſons be chang'd. *Ti.* I do not very well apprehend you. *Eu.* Let us go mathematically to work then. Let *A*, in the firſt part, ſtand for *one*, and *B*, for the *other*: And in the latter part, put *B*, for *one*, and *A*, for the *other*. inverting the Order. For either *A* will *Hate*, and *B*, *Love*, or *B* will hold to, and *A* will *Deſpiſe.* Is it not clear now that *A* is twice *Hated*, and *B* twice belov'd. *Ti.* 'Tis very Clear. *Eu.* This Conjunction, *Or*, eſpecially repeated, has the Emphaſis of a Contrary, or at leaſt of a different meaning. Would it not be otherwiſe, abſurd to ſay, *Either Peter ſhall overcome me, and I'll yield, or I'll*

yield

yield, and Peter ſhall overcome me. *Ti.* A pleaſant Crotchet, as I'm an honeſt man. *Eu.* I ſhall think it ſo, when you have unridl'd it. *Th.* I have ſomething in my head, I know not what; it may be a Dream, but I am big till 'tis out: but whatever it is, if you'll have it, you ſhall. *Eu.* 'Tis ill Luck, they ſay, to talk of Dreams at the Table; and if ye're big, this is no place neither for Midwifery. But let it be what it will, we ſhould be glad to have it. *Th.* In my Judgment, it is rather the Thing that is chang'd in this Text, then the *Perſon*; and the words *One*, and *One*, do not refer to *A*, and *B*. but *either part*, to which of the other you pleaſe. So that chuſe which you will, it muſt be oppos'd to that which is ſignifi'd by the other. As if you ſhould ſay, *either you ſhall exclude* A, *and admit* B, *or you ſhall admit* A, *and exclude* B. Here's the *thing chang'd*, and the *Perſon* the *ſame*. And it is ſo ſpoken of *A*, that 'tis all a Caſe, if you ſhould ſay the ſame thing of *B*. As thus; *either you ſhall exclude B, and admit A, or admit B, and exclude A.* *Eu.* A Problem ſo artificially ſolv'd, that *Euclide* himſelf could not have done it better. *Soph.* The greateſt difficulty to me is this; That we are forbidden to take thought for to morrow, when yet *Paul* wrought with his hands for his Bread; and falls bitterly upon Lazie people, and thoſe that live upon other mens Labour; exhorting them to take pains, and get their livings with their fingers, that they may have wherewithal to relieve others in neceſſity. Are not theſe, holy, and warrantable Labours, by which a Husband provides for his Wife and Children? *Ti.* This is a queſtion, which in my opinion, may be reſolv'd ſeveral ways. Firſt, *This Text had a particular regard to thoſe times; when the Apoſtles, being diſperſed far and wide for the Pro-*

mulgation of the Goſpel, they were to caſt themſelves upon Providence for their ſupport, without being ſollicitous for it themſelves; having neither leiſure to get their living by their labour, nor any thing to truſt to for it, beſide Fiſhing. But the World is now at another paſs: and we are all for Eaſe. Another way of expounding it, may be this. *Chriſt has not forbid Induſtry, but Anxiety of thought; ſuch as commonly poſſeſſes thoſe men that are hard put to't for a Livelihood; and ſet all other things apart only to attend this. This is intimated by our Saviour himſelf, when he ſays that* one man cannot ſerve two Maſters. *For he that wholly delivers himſelf up to any thing, is a Servant to't. Now tho' the Propagation of the Goſpel ought to be our Chief, yet it is not our only Care. For he ſays,* Firſt, (*not* Only) ſeek the Kingdom of Heaven, and theſe things ſhall be added unto you. *The word,* To morrow, *I take to be* Hyperbolical, *and to ſignifie a time to come* Uncertain; *it being the Cuſtom of the World to be ſcraping and ſollicitous for Poſterity. Eu.* Your Interpretation we allow of. But what is his meaning when he ſays, *Nè ſolliciti ſitis Animæ veſtræ, quid Edatis.* The Body is Cloath'd, but the Soul does not Eat. *Ti.* By *Anima*, is meant *Life*, which cannot ſubſiſt without Meat: This does not hold in our Garments which are more for Modeſty than Neceſſity. For a Body may live without Cloaths, but without Meat it is certain Death. *Eu.* I do not well underſtand how to reconcile this Paſſage, with that which follows. *Is not the Life more then Meat, and the Body more then Raiment?* For if Life be ſo precious, we ſhould take the more Care of it. *Ti.* This Argument does rather encreaſe our trouble then leſſen it. *Eu.* But *this is none of our Saviours meaning. Who by this Argument creates in us a ſtronger Confidence in the Father; for if a bountiful Father hath given us*

gratis

gratis, *that which is more valuable, he will, by a ſtronger reaſon, confer upon us, that which is Cheaper. He that has give us Life, will certainly give us Food. He that has given us Bodies, will not deny us Cloaths. So that upon the experience of his Divine Bounty, there is no reaſon why we ſhould afflict our ſelves with any Anxiety, of Thought, for things below.* What remains then but that uſing this World as if we uſed it not, we transfer our whole ſtudy and application to the love of Heavenly things: and rejecting the World, and the Devil, with all their Vanities, and Impoſtures, we chearfully ſerve God alone, who will never forſake his Children. But here's no body takes any Fruit! 'Tis a Scripture Dinner you have had; for there was little care beforehand to provide it. *Ti.* We have ſufficiently pamper'd our Carcaſſes. *Eu.* I ſhould be glad that ye had ſatisfi'd your Souls. *Ti.* That's done I aſſure ye in a larger meaſure. *Eu.* Take away Boy, and bring ſome Water; Now if you pleaſe we'll waſh; and conclude with a *Hymn* out of *Chryſoſtome.* And Pray'e let me be your Chaplain. *Glory be to thee O God, O Holy, O King; as thou haſt given us Meat for our Bodies, ſo repleniſh our Souls with Joy and Gladneſs in thy Holy Spirit, that we may be found acceptable in thy ſight, and not be confounded when thou ſhalt come to render unto every man according to his Works.* Boy, *Amen.* *Ti.* A Pious, and a moſt pertinenent *Hymn.* *Eu.* Of *St. Chryſoſtoms* Tranſlation too. *Ti.* Where is it to be found? *Eu.* In his *Fifty ſixth Homily* upon *St. Matthew.* *Ti.* God willing I'll read it before I ſleep. But tell me one thing; why theſe three Atributes of *Lord*, *Holy*, and *King*? *Eu.* Becauſe all honour is due to our Maſter, and principally in theſe three reſpects. We call him *Lord*, as the *Redeemer* of us from the Tyranny of the Devil, with his Holy Blood,

and

and taking us to himſelf. We ſtile him *Holy* as the *Sanctifier* of all men, and not only forgiving us all our ſins *gratis*, but by the Holy Spirit cloathing us with his Righteouſneſs; that we might follow Holineſs. And then *King*, as heirs to a *Heavenly Kingdom* from him who ſits, and reigns himſelf at the Right hand of God the Father. And all this we owe to his gratuitous Bounty, that we have *Jeſus Chriſt* for our Lord, and not *Satan*; that we have Innocence, and Sanctity, inſtead of the Filth and Uncleanneſs of our Sins; and for the Torments of Hell, the Joys of Life everlaſting. *Ti.* 'Tis a very Godly diſcourſe. *Eu.* This is your firſt Viſit, Gentlemen, and I muſt not diſmiſs ye without Preſents, but plain ones, and ſuitable to your Entertainment. Bring 'em out here Boy; Theſe are all of a Price, that is to ſay, they are of no value. 'Tis all one to me now whether you will draw Lots, or chuſe. You will not find it *Heliogabulus*'s *Lottery*, for one to draw 100 Horſes, and another as many Flies. Here are four little Books, two Clocks, a Lamp and a Standiſh; which I ſuppoſe you will like better then either Balſoms, Dentifrices, or Looking-glaſſes. *Ti.* They are all ſo good that there's no place for a Preference; but rather diſtribute them your ſelf. They'll come the welcomer where they fall. *Eu.* In this little Book are the Proverbs of *Solomon* in Parchment. It teaches Wiſdom; and the Gilding is a Symbold of it. This muſt be yours, *Timotheus*, that according to the Doctrine of the Goſpel, *to him that has Wiſdom, ſhall Wiſdom be given.* *Ti.* I will make it my ſtudy to ſtand in leſs need of it. *Eu.* This *Clock* muſt be yours, *Sophronius*, for I know you count your hours, and husband your time. It came out of the farther part of *Dalmatia*, and that's all the Commendation I'll give it. *Soph.* 'Tis

a good way of adviſing a Sluggard to be diligent. *Eu.* You have in this *Book*, the Goſpel of St. *Matthew*. I would recommend it to be ſet with Diamonds, if a ſincere and candid Breaſt were not more precious. Lay it up there, *Theophilus*, and be ſtill more and more ſuitable to your name. *Th.* I will endeavour to make ſuch uſe of it, that you may not think it ill beſtow'd. *Eu.* St. *Paul's Epiſtles* (your conſtant Companions *Eulalius*) are in this Book. You have them often in your mouth, which would not be if they were not alſo in your heart. Hereafter keep 'em in your hand, and in your eye. *Eu.* This is a Gift with good Counſel over and above; which is of all Gifts the moſt precious. *Eu.* This *Lamp* muſt be for *Chryſoglottus*, a Reader as inſatiable as *Tully*'s *devourer of Books*. *Ch.* This is a double obligation. Firſt, for the Choice of the Preſent it ſelf, and next for the means of keeping a Dreamer waking. *Eu.* The *Standiſh* belongs to *Theodidactes*, who writes much, and to excellent purpoſe; and I dare pronounce theſe Pens to be happy, that ſhall be employed to the honour of our Saviour, by ſo great a Maſter. *The.* I would ye could as well have ſupply'd me with Abilities, as ye have with Inſtruments. *Eu.* This is a Collection of ſome of *Plutarch*'s choiceſt *Morals*; and written in a very fair Character. They have in them ſo much Purity of thought, that it is my Amazement how ſuch *Evangelical Notions* could come into the heart of an *Ethnique*. This I ſhall preſent to young *Euranius*. (a Lover and a Maſter of the Language) This *Clock* I have reſerv'd for *Nephalius*, as a thrifty diſpenſer of his Time. *Neph.* We are all of us to thank you, not only for your Gifts, but for your Complements. *Eu.* But I muſt return you double thanks. Firſt, for taking theſe ſmall things in ſo

good

good part: And Secondly, for the Comfort I have receiv'd from your learned and pious Diſcourſes. What Effect this meeting may have upon you, I know not, but I ſhall certainly find my ſelf both the wiſer, and the better for't, You take no pleaſure I'me ſure, in Fiddles, Fools, and Dice; (after the common Mode) wherefore if you pleaſe, we'l paſs away an hour in ſeeing the reſt of our little Palace. *Ti.* The very thing we were about to beg of you. *Eu.* To a man of his word, there's no need of entreating. This *Sommer-hall*, I ſuppoſe, you have had enough of. It looks three ways you ſee, and which way ſoever you turn your Eye, you have a moſt delicate Green before you. If either the Wind or the Sun be troubleſome, here are both *Shutters* and *Chaſſies* to keep them out. Here do I eat in my Houſe, as if I were in my Garden; for the very walls have their Greens, and their Flowers intermixt, and 'tis no ill Painting. Here's our *Saviour* at his laſt Supper; and here you have *Herod*'s bloody Banquet. Here's *Dives* in the height of his Luxury; little thinking how ſoon he's to be torn from his delicates, and caſt into Hell: And here's *Lazarus* beaten away from the Door, and ſoon after to be receiv'd into *Abraham*'s Boſom. *Ti.* We do not well know this Story. *Eu.* 'Tis *Cleopatra* in a Contention with *Anthony*, which ſhould be moſt luxurious. She has drunk the firſt Pearl, and now reaches out her hand for the other. Here's the Battel of the *Centaurs*; and here *Alexander* the Great, with his Lance through the Body of *Clytus*. Theſe Examples do as good as Preach Sobriety to us at the Table, and give a man a loathing for Gluttony and Exceſs. You ſhall now ſee my Library: 'Tis no large one, but furniſh'd with very good Books. *Ti.* You have brought us into a little Heaven, every thing

thing ſhines ſo. *Eu.* You have now before you, my chiefeſt Treaſure. You ſaw nothing but Glaſs and Tin at the Table, and I have in my whole houſe but one piece of Plate, and that is a Guilt Cup, which I preſerve, moſt religiouſly for his ſake that gave me it. This hanging Sphere gives you a proſpect of the whole World; and this wall ſhows you the Situation of the ſeveral parts of it, more at large. In thoſe other walls, you have the Images of all Eminent Authors; The reſt are numberleſs. In the firſt place, here's *Chriſt* upon the *Mount*, ſtretching forth his hand: Over his head, comes a a Voice from Heaven, ſaying, *Hear him.* The *Holy Ghoſt*, with out-ſtretch'd-wings, and in a *Glory*, embracing him. *Ti.* A work worthy of *Apelles*, as God ſhall bleſs me! *Eu.* Near the Library, there's a little Study, but a very pretty one, and 'tis but removing a Picture in cold weather, and there's a Chimney behind it. In Summer it paſſes for a part of the ſolid wall. *Ti.* Every thing's as clear here as Chryſtal; and what a Perfume's here! *Eu.* Above all things I love to have my houſe neat and ſweet, and this may be done with little Coſt. To my Library, there belongs a Gallery that looks into the Garden; and adjoyning to it, I have a Chappel. *Ti.* The place it ſelf deſerves a Deity! *Eu* Let's go to thoſe three Walks now, above the other, that I told you look'd into the *Kitchin-Garden.* Theſe upper walks have a proſpect into both Gardens, but only through windows with ſhutters; eſpecially in the walls that have no view into the Inner Garden, for the ſafety of the houſe. Upon this wall, on the left hand; (having fewer Windows in't, and a better light.) There is painted the whole Life of *Jeſus*, out of the Story of the *four Evangeliſts*, to the *Miſſion* of the *Hely Ghoſt*, and the firſt Preaching

ing of the Apoſtles out of the *Acts*, with ſuch notes upon the places, that the Spectator may ſee, near what Lake, or upon what Mountain, ſuch or ſuch a thing was done. There are alſo Titles to every Story, with an Abſtract of the Contents; as that of our Saviour, *I will, be thou clean.* Over againſt it, you have the Tipes and Propheſies of the *Old Teſtament*, eſpecially out of the *Prophets* and *Pſalms*, which are little other than the Story of *Chriſt* and his Apoſtles, told another way. Here do I ſometimes walk, diſcourſing and Meditating with my ſelf upon the unſpeakable Counſel of God, in giving his Son for the Redemption of Mankind: My wife, or ſome friend at my Elbow perhaps, that takes delight in Holy things. *Ti.* 'T is impoſſible for a man to be weary in this Houſe. *Eu.* Provided it be one that has learn'd to live with himſelf. Upon the upper Border, are all the *Popes heads* with their Titles; and againſt them, the heads of the *Cæſars*, as Memorials of the Hiſtory. At each corner, there's a lodging Chamber, where I can repoſe my ſelf, within ſight of my Orchard, and my little Birds. There's an Out-houſe, you ſee in the furtheſt nook of the Meadow: there in Summer do I Sup ſometimes, and make uſe of it upon occaſion of any contagious ſickneſs in the Family. *Ti.* Some are of opinion that thoſe Diſeaſes are not to be avoided. *Eu.* Why do men ſhun a Ditch then or Poiſon? Do they fear this the leſs becauſe they do not ſee it? Neither does a *Baſilisk* ſee the Venom that he ſhoots from his own Eyes. In a good cauſe, I would not ſtick to venture my Life; but to do it without a cauſe, is madneſs; as it is Cruelty to bring others into danger. There are yet other things worth the ſeeing here, but my wife ſhall ſhew you them. Entertain your Eyes and your Minds as long as you will

will; and be in this houſe, as if you were at home. There's ſome buſineſs calls me away here into the Neighbourhood, ſo that I muſt take my Nagg and be gone. *Ti.* Mony perhaps. *Eu.* I ſhould be loath to leave ſuch Friends for Money. *Ti.* Perhaps you are call'd a Hunting. *Eu.* A kind of Hunting indeed, but not for Bores or Stags. *Ti.* What then? *Eu.* I'le tell ye. I have a Friend in a Village hard by, that lies dangerouſly ſick; The Phyſitian fears his Life, but I'm in more fear of his Soul; for he is not ſo well compos'd for his end as a Chriſtian ſhould be. I'le go give him ſome Counſel, that he may be the better for, live or dye. In another Village, there are two men bitterly at Odds, and no ill men neither, but obſtinate to the higheſt degree. If the difference be exaſperated, I'm afraid it may run into a Feud; they're both my Kinſmen, and I'le do all I can in the world to reconcile 'em. This is my Hunting, and if I ſucceed in't, we'l drink their Healths. *Ti.* A Chriſtian Employment! Heaven proſper ye in it. *Eu.* I had rather have them Friends than two thouſand Duckets. *Ti.* We ſhall ſee you again by and by. *Eu.* Not till I have made all Tryals; ſo that I cannot ſet an hour. In the *Interim*, enjoy one another, and be Happy. *Ti.* God be with you, forward and backward.

THE

THE MARRIAGE HATER.

COL. VII.

A Girl takes a Phanſie to a Cloyſter; *Her Parents Violently againſt it; and ſhe her ſelf in great Affliction for want of their Conſent. A Friend Diſſwades her; and lays before her the Snare and Danger of that Courſe of Life; the Cheats, Artifices, and Abuſes of the* Monks; *Preaches Obedience to her Parents, and adviſes her rather to Work out her Salvation in her Fathers Houſe, then in a* Convent.

EUBULUS, CATHARINA.

Eu. I Am e'en ſo glad Supper's over, that we may go walk; 'tis ſo delicate an Evening. *Ca.* And I was ſo *Dog-weary* of ſitting too. *Eu.* How Heaven and Earth ſmile upon one another! The Spring of the year makes the World look young again. *Ca.* So it does. *Eu.* But why is it not Spring with you too? *Ca.* What's your meaning? *Eu.* Becauſe methinks you are a little off the hooks.

Ca.

Ca. Why ſure I look as I uſe to do. *Eu.* Shall I tell ye now how 'tis with ye? *Ca.* With all my Heart. *Eu.* Do ye ſee this Roſe, how it droops, and contracts it ſelf now towards night? *Ca.* Well, I ſee't; and what then? 'Tis your very Picture. *Ca.* A gay Reſemblance. *Eu.* If you will not believe me, look only into this Fountain. What was the matter with you to ſit Sighing, and Thinking all Supper? *Ca.* Pray'e let's have no more Queſtions, for the thing does not at all concern you. *Eu.* But, by your favour, I am very much concern'd, when I cannot be merry my ſelf, unleſs you be ſo too. What a Sigh was there now; enough to break your heart! *Ca.* Nay, there is ſomewhat that preſſes me, but 'tis not a thing to be told. *Eu.* Out with it I prithee, and what ever it be, upon my Soul, thou'rt ſafe: My own Siſter is not ſo dear to me as thou art. *Ca.* Nay, I dare ſwear you would not betray me; but the miſchief of it is, you can do me no good. *Eu.* That's more then you know. As to the Thing it ſelf, perhaps I cannot, but in the matter of Advice, or Conſolation, 'tis poſſible I may ſerve ye. *Ca.* It will not come out. *Eu.* What ſhould this be? Doſt thou not hate me? *Ca.* Leſs then I do my own dear Brother: And yet my heart will not ſerve me to ſpeak it. *Eu.* Shall I gueſs at it? And will you tell me if I'm right? Nay, give me your word, or you ſhall never be quiet; and we'll have no ſhifting neither. *Ca.* Agreed then: I do promiſe it. *Eu.* Upon the whole matter, I cannot ſo much as imagine why you ſhould not be perfectly happy. *Ca.* I would I were ſo. *Eu.* Not above *ſeventeen years of Age*, as I take it; the very Flower of your Life! *Ca.* That's true. *Eu.* So that the fear of *Old Age* can be no part of your Trouble

Ca. Nothing leſs, I aſſure ye. *Eu.* Every way lovely, which is a ſingular Gift of Heaven! *Ca.* Of my Perſon (ſuch as it is) I can neither Glory, nor Complain. *Eu.* And then the very habit of your Body, and your complexion, ſpeak ye in perfect health. So that your grief muſt certainly be ſome trouble of mind. *Ca.* I have my health very well, I thank God. *Eu.* And then your Credits fair. *Ca.* I ſhould be ſorry elſe. *Eu.* Your Underſtanding ſuitable to the Perfections of your Body; and as capable of the Bleſſings of Wiſdom, as any mortal can wiſh. *Ca.* Whatever it be, it is ſtill the Gift of God. *Eu.* And again; for the Graces of your Manners, and Converſation (a thing rarely met with) they are all anſwerable to the Beauties of your Perſon. *Ca.* I could wiſh they were what you are pleas'd to term them. *Eu.* Many people are troubl'd for the meaneſs of their Extraction; but your Parents, are both of them well Deſcended, and Virtuous, of Plentiful Fortunes, and infinitely kind to you. *Ca.* And I have no ground of Affliction here neither. *Eu.* In one word, you are the Woman of the World (if I were in a condition to pretend to't) that I would wiſh to make my Wife. *Ca.* And if I would marry any man, you are he that I would make my Husband. *Eu.* This Anxiety of Mind muſt have ſome extraordinary Foundation. *Ca.* No ſlight one, believe it. *Eu* Will you not take it ill if I gueſs at it? *Ca.* You have my word that I will not. *Eu.* I know by Experiment, the Torments of Love. Confeſs now, is That it? *Ca.* There is Love in the Caſe, but not of that ſort you imagine. *Eu.* What kind is it then? *Ca.* Can't you Divine? *Eu.* I have ſpent all my Divining Faculties: But yet I'll never let go this hand till I have

have drawn it from ye. *Ca.* You are too Violent. *Eu.* Lay it up in my Breaſt, whatever 'tis. *Ca.* Since there's no denying of ye, I will,

From my very Infancy, I have had a ſtrange kind of Inclination. *Eu.* To what, I beſeech ye? *Ca.* To put my ſelf into a *Cloyſter*. *Eu.* And turn *Nun*? *Ca.* That's the very thing. *Eu.* 'Tis well: I have digg'd for *Silver*, and I have found *Coals*. *Ca.* What's that ye ſay? *Eu.* Nothing, nothing, my dear *Mol*; My Cough troubles me. *Ca.* This was my Inclination, and my Parents moſt deſperately againſt it. *Eu.* I hear ye. *Ca.* On the other ſide I ſtrove as paſſionately, by Entreaties, fair Words, and Tears to overcome that Pious Averſion. *Eu.* Moſt wonderful! *Ca.* At length, when they ſaw that I would take no Denial, they were prevail'd upon, by Importunities, Submiſſions, and Lamentations, to promiſe, if I continu'd in the ſame mind till I were *ſeventeen years of age*, they would leave me to my ſelf. The time is now come; I continue ſtill in the ſame mind, and they go from their words. This is the Sum of my Misfortune; and now I have told ye my Diſeaſe, be you my Phyſitian, and help me if ye can. *Eu.* My advice muſt be, (my ſweet Creature) to moderate your Affections; and if ye cannot do all that ye would, to do however as much as ye can. *Ca.* It will certainly be my Death if I be diſappointed. *Eu.* What was it that gave the firſt Riſe to this fatal Reſolution? *Ca.* When I was a little Girl, they carry'd me into one of theſe Cloyſters, and ſhew'd me the whole Colledge; the Chappels were ſo neat, and the Gardens ſo clean, ſo delicate, and ſo well order'd, that I fell in love with 'em: and then they themſelves were ſo pure, and glorious, they look'd like Angels: ſo that (in ſhort)

which way ſoever I turn'd my eye, there was comfort, and pleaſure; and then I had the prettieſt diſcourſes with the *Nuns*! I found *Two* there, that had been *my Play-fellows*, when I was a Child; but I have always had a ſtrange paſſion for that kind of Life. *Eu.* I have no quarrel to the *Rules* and *Orders* of *Cloyſters*; tho' the ſame thing can never agree with all Perſons. If I were to ſpeak my opinion, I ſhould think it more ſuitable to your *Genius* and *Manners*, to take a Convenient *Husband*, and ſet up a *Colledge* in *your own Houſe*, where He ſhould be the *Father* of it, and *You* the *Mother*. *Ca.* I'l rather Die, then quit my Reſolution of *Virginity*. *Eu.* Nay, 'tis an Admirable thing to be a pure Maid. But cannot you keep your ſelf ſo, without running your ſelf into a Priſon, never to come out again? Cannot you keep your Maidenhead, I ſay, *at home* with your Parents, as well as in a *Cloyſter*? *Ca.* Yes, I may, but 'tis, not ſo ſafe tho': *Eu.* Much ſafer truely in my Judgment, than with theſe Brawny ſwill-belly'd *Monks*. They are no *Capons*, I'll aſſure ye, whatever you may think of 'em; but may very probably be called *Fathers*; for they commonly make good their Calling to the very *Letter*. In times paſt, Maids liv'd no where honeſter then at home; when the only *Metaphorical* Father they had, was the Biſhop. But I prethee tell me, what Cloyſter has thou made choice of to be a Slave in? *Ca. Chryſertium.* *Eu.* Oh! I know it: It is a little way from your Fathers Houſe. *Ca.* Ye're in the right. *Eu.* I'm very well acquainted with the whole Gang. You'l have a ſweet Catch on't to renounce you Father, Mother, Friends, and a worthy Family, for that precious Fellowſhip! The *Patriarch* there; What with *Age*, *Wine*, and a certain *natural drowzineſs*, has been mop'd this many a day. He

poor

poor man, taſtes nothing now but *Florence Wine*: and he has two Companions there (*John* and *Jodocus*) that match him to a hair. And yet I cannot ſay that *John* is an *Ill man*, for he has *nothing* at all of a *man* about him but his *Beard*: Not a grain of Learning in him, and about the ſame Proportion of common Prudence. Now for *Jodocus*, he's ſo errant a Sot, that if he were not ty'd up to the Habit of his Order, he would walk the Streets in a *Fools Cap*, with *Ears* and *Bells* at it. *Ca.* Truly they ſeem to me, to be very good men, theſe. *Eu.* But you muſt give me leave (*Kitty*) to know 'em better then you. They'l do good Offices perhaps betwixt you and your Father, to gain a *Proſelyte*. *Ca. Jodocus* is very Civil to me. *Eu.* A Tranſcendent favour! But ſuppoſe 'em good, and learned men to day, you'l find 'em the contrary perhaps to morrow: And yet then be what they will, you muſt ſtill bear with 'em. *Ca.* You would not think how I'm troubl'd at my Fathers Houſe, to ſee ſo many entertainments there; and then the *Mary'd Women are ſo given to talk Smutty*: And beſides, I'm ſo put to't ſometimes, when People come to Salute me, and ye know no Body can tell how to deny 'em a Kiſſing. *Eu.* He that would avoid every thing that offends him, muſt go out of the World. There's no hurt in uſing our ſelves to hear all things, ſo we take nothing into the Mind, but what's good. I ſuppoſe you have a Chamber to your ſelf at home. *Ca.* Yes, I have. *Eu.* You may withdraw then, if you find the Company grow Troubleſome; and while they are chaunting and trifling, you may entertain your ſelf with (*Chriſt*) your Spouſe, Praying, Singing, and giving Thanks; your Fathers Houſe will not defile ye, and your Goodneſs on the other hand will turn it into a Chappel. *Ca.* But 'tis eaſier yet to

be in a *Cloyſter*. *Eu.* I do not diſallow of a modeſt Society; but yet I would not have you delude your ſelf with falſe Imaginations. When ye come once to be wonted there; and ſee things nearer hand, you'll tell me another Story. There are more *Vails* then *Virgins*, believe me. *Ca.* Good words, I beſeech ye. *Eu.* Thoſe are *good words* that are *true words*; and I never read of any more *Virgins* then *One*, that was a *Mother*. *Ca.* I abhor the Thought on't. *Eu.* Nay, and more then That, the *Maids* you ſpeak of (let me aſſure you) do *more then Maids buſineſs*. *Ca.* Why ſo? if you pleaſe. *Eu.* Becauſe there are more *Sappho's* among 'em for their *Bodies*, then for their *Brains*. *Ca.* I do not Underſtand ye. *Eu.* And I talk in Cipher (my dear *Kitty*) becauſe I would not have thee underſtand me. *Ca.* My head runs ſtrangely upon this Courſe of Life tho'; and my paſſion for it grows every day ſtronger and ſtronger. Now if it were not inſpir'd into me from above, this Diſpoſiton (I am perſwaded) would have gone off long ago. *Eu.* Nay but the Obſtinacy of it makes me the rather to ſuſpect it, conſidering that your Parents are ſo fiercely bent againſt it. If it were good, Heaven would as well have inclin'd your Parents to favour the Motion, as you to entertain it. But the *Gay things* you ſaw when you were a *Child*; the *Tittle-tattles* of the *Nuns*, and the hanckering you have after your *Old Acquaintances*: the *External Pomp* of their *Worſhip*, the *Importunities* of their *Senſeleſs Monks*, that only hunt for *Proſelites*, that they may cram their own *Paunches*; *here's the Ground of your Affection.* They know your Father to be Frank, and Bountiful; and that this is the way to make ſure of their *Tipple*: For either they drink with him, or elſe they invite him, and he brings as much Wine along

with him as ten lusty Sokers can Swallow. Do nothing therefore without your Parents consent (whom God has set over you as your Guardians) *Ca.* But what's a *Father* or a *Mother*, in respect of *Christ?* *Eu.* This holds, I grant ye, in some Cases; but suppose a *Christian* Son has a *Pagan Father*, who has nothing but a Sons Charity to support him; It were an Impiety in him to leave even That Father, to starve. If you were at this day *Unchristen'd*, and your *Parents* should forbid your *Baptism*, you were undoubtedly to prefer *Christ*, before a *Wicked Father*: Or if your *Parents* should offer to force ye upon some *Impious thing*, their Authority in that point were to be contemned. But what's this to the Case of a *Convent*. Have you not *Christ* at *home?* the *Dictate* of *Nature*, the *Approbation* of *Heaven*, the *Exhortation* of *St. Paul*, and the *Obligation* of *Human Laws*, for your *Obedience* to *Parents?* And will ye now withdraw your self from the Authority of *Good* and *natural Parents*, in exchange for *figurative ones*? Will ye take an *Imaginary Mother* for a *True one*? And deliver up your self a Slave to severe Masters, and Mistresses, rather then live happily under the Wing of Tender and Indulgent Parents? So long as you are at home, as you are Bound in some things, so in many things you are wholly Free; as the word *Liberi* (or Children) denotes; in *contra-distinction*, to the Quality of *Servants*. You are now, of a *Free Woman*, about to make your self a *Voluntary Slave*. A Condition Christianity has long since cast out of the World; saving only some obscure footsteps of it, and in some few places. But there is now found out (under pretence of Religion) a new sort of *Servitute*, which I find practised in the *Monasteries*. You must do nothing but by a *Rule*; and then all that *you Lose*,

they Get. Set but one ſtep out of the Way, and ye're lugg'd back again, like a Criminal that would have Poyſon'd his Father: And to make the Slavery yet more evident, ye change the Habit that your Parents gave ye; and (after the Old Example of Slaves, bought and ſold in the Market) ye change the very Name that was given you in Baptiſm. *Peter* is called *Francis*, and (*John* for the purpoſe) is called *Dominicus*, or *Thomas*. *Peter* gives his Name firſt up to *Chriſt*; and when he gives up his name to *Dominicus*, he's call'd *Thomas*. If a Servant taken in *War* do but ſo much as *caſt off* the Garment that his *Maſter* gave him, it is look'd as a *Renouncing* of his *Maſter*; and yet we applaud him that lays down the *Body* of *Chriſt* (who is the *Maſter* of us all) and takes up *another Habit* that *Chriſt* never gave him. And if he ſhould after That, preſume to change the Other, his Puniſhment is a Thouſand times heavier then for throwing away the Livery of his Heavenly Maſter, which is the Innocency of his mind. *Ca.* But they ſay 'tis a *Meritorious Work* for a Body to enter into this *Voluntary Confinement*, *Eu.* That's a *Phariſaical Doctrine*: St. *Paul* teaches us otherwiſe; *and will not have him that's called Free, to make himſelf a Servant, but rather endeavour that he may be more Free.* And that which makes the Servitude yet More Unhappy, is, that you muſt *ſerve many Maſters*; and thoſe moſt commonly *Fools* too, and *Debauche's*: Beſides that they are both New, and uncertain. But ſay (I beſeech ye) by what Law are you diſcharg'd from the Power of your Parents? *Ca.* Why truly by none at all. *Eu.* What if you ſhould buy, or ſell your Fathers Eſtate? *Ca.* I do not hold it Lawful. *Eu.* What Right have ye then to diſpoſe of your Parents Child, to I know not whom? His Child; which is the Deareſt, and moſt appropriate part

part of his poſſeſſion. *Ca.* The Laws of Nature may be diſpens'd withal, (I ſuppoſe) in the Buſineſs of Religion. *Eu.* The great Point of *Religion* lies in our *Baptiſm*: But the matter in queſtion Here, is only the changing of a *Garment*; or of ſuch a Courſe of Life; which, in it ſelf, is neither good nor evil. And now conſider how many valuable Priviledges ye loſe, together with your Liberty: If ye have a mind to Read, Pray, or Sing; you may go into your Chamber when you will, and take as much, or as little on't as you pleaſe. When ye have enough of Privacy, you may go to Church, and hear Prayers, Sermons, Anthems; you may pick your Company among grave Matrons, and ſober Virgins; and ſuch as you may be the better for. And you may learn from Men too, where ye find any that are endow'd with Excellent Qualities; and you are at Liberty to place a more Particular Eſteem upon ſuch as affectionately, and conſcienciouſly Preach the Goſpel. But there's none of this Freedom when ye come once into a Cloyſter. *Ca.* In the mean time I ſhall be no Nun. *Eu.* Away with this Nicety of *Names*; and weigh the *Thing* it ſelf. They make their boaſt of *Obedience*; and why ſhould not You value your ſelf too upon *Obeying* your *Parents*, your *Biſhop*, and your *Paſtor*, whom God commands ye to Obey? Do they Profeſs *Poverty*? And ſo may you too; ſo long as all is in your Parents hands. 'Tis true, the Virgins of former times were commended by holy Men for their Liberality toward the Poor: But they could never have given any thing, if they had poſſeſs'd nothing; Nor is the Reputation of your *Chaſtity* ever the leſs, for living with your Parents. And what is there more now Here? A *Vail*, a *Linnen Stole*, and certain *Coremonies* that ſerve but little to the Advancement of Piety; and

make

make us never the more acceptable in the ſight of God; who only regards the Purity of the Mind. *Ca.* All this is News to me. *Eu.* But Truth too. If you cannot diſpoſe of ſo much as a Rag, or an Inch of Ground, ſo long as you are under the Government of your Parents; what Right can you pretend to, for the Diſpoſing of your ſelf into the Service of Another? *Ca.* The Authority of a Parent cannot interpoſe betwixt the Child, and a Religious Life. *Eu.* Did you not profeſs your ſelf a Chriſtian in your Baptiſm? *Ca.* I did ſo. *Eu.* And are not they Religious that conform to the Precepts of Chriſt? *Ca.* They are ſo. *Eu.* What new Religion is that then; which pretends to fruſtrate what *the Law of Nature* has *Eſtabliſhed?* What the *Old Law taught*, what *the Evangelical Law has approv'd*, and what *the Apoſtles Doctrine hath confirm'd?* This is a Device that never Deſcended from *Heaven*, but was hatch'd by a *Monk* in his *Cell.* And at This rate, ſome of them undertake to juſtifie a Marriage betwixt a Boy, and a Girl, tho' without the Privity, and againſt the conſent of their Parents; If the contract be (as they Phraſe it) in Words of the *Preſent Tenſe.* And yet that Poſition is neither according to the *Dictate* of *Nature*, the *Law* of *Moſes*, or the *Doctrine* of *Chriſt*, and his *Apoſtles.* *Ca.* But may not I eſpouſe my ſelf to Chriſt, without the Good-will of my Parents? *Eu.* You have already eſpouſed him; and ſo we have All. Where's the Woman (I pray'e) that Marries the ſame Man Twice? The Queſtion here is only concerning *Place*, *Garments*, and *Ceremonies*; which are not things to Leave *Chriſt* for. *Ca.* But I am told that in this Caſe 'tis Sanctity, even to Contemn our Parents. *Eu.* Your Doctors ſhould do well to ſhew you a Text for't; but if they cannot do this

this, give 'em a Beer-Glaſs of *Burgundy*, and they'll ſhew their Parts upon it. It is Piety indeed to flee from *Wicked Parents*, to *Chriſt* ; but from *Honeſt Parents* to *Monkery*, that is) as it proves too often) from Good to Ill ; That's but a perverſe kind of Holineſs. In antient times he that was converted from *Paganiſm* to *Chriſtianity*, paid yet as great a Reverence, even to his *Idolatrous Parents*, (matter of Religion apart) as was poſſible. *Ca.* You are then againſt the main Inſtitution of a *Monaſtical Life*. *Eu.* No, by no means : but as I will not perſwade any body againſt it, that is already engaged in this Condition of Life ; ſo I would moſt undoubtedly caution all young Women, (eſpecially thoſe of Generous Natures) not to precipitate themſelves into this Gulph, from whence there is no returning. And the rather, becauſe their Modeſty is more in danger in a Cloyſter, than out of it : beſide that they may diſcharge their Duties of Devotion, as well at home, as there. *Ca.* You have ſaid all (I believe) that can be ſaid upon this Point, and my Affections, and Reſolutions ſtand Firm. *Eu.* If I cannot ſucceed to my Wiſh, remember however, what *Eubulus* told ye before-hand. In the mean time, out of the Love I bear ye, I wiſh *Your Inclinations* may ſucceed better than *My Counſels*.

THE

THE PENITENT VIRGIN.

COL. VIII.

A Virgin Seduc'd into a **Cloyſter,** ***finds her*** **Error;** **Repents** ***of it***; ***and*** **in twelve days gets off again.**

EUBULUS, CATHARINA.

Eu. HEAVEN grant I may never have a worſe Porter to let me in. *Ca.* Nor I a worſe Gueſt to open the Door to. *Eu.* But fare ye well. *Ca.* What's the matter? Do ye take Leave before ye Salute? *Eu.* I did not come hither to ſee you Blubber. What ſhould make this Woman fall a Crying as ſoon as ever ſhe ſees me? *Ca.* Why in ſuch haſte? Stay a little. Pray'e ſtay. I'll put on my beſt looks, and we'll be merry together. *Eu.* What ſort of Cattle have we got here? *Ca.* That's the *Patriarch* of the *Colledge*: Reſt your ſelf a while; you muſt not go away. They have taken their Doſe of *Fuddle*; and when he's gone, we'll diſcourſe as we

we uſe to do. *Eu.* Well, I'll be good natur'd; and harken to You, tho' you would not to me.

Now we are alone, you muſt tell me the whole Hiſtory, for I would fain have it from your own Mouth. *Ca.* I find now by experience, that of all my Friends, (which I took for Wiſe Men too) your advice, (tho' the youngeſt of all) was the beſt. *Eu.* How came you to get your Parents conſent at laſt? *Ca.* Betwixt the reſtleſs *Sollicitations* of the *Monks* and *Nuns*, and *my Own Importunities*, and *Tears*, my Mother at length relented, and gave way; but my Father was not yet to be wrought upon. In the End, being ply'd with ſeveral Engines, he was prevail'd upon to yield, as a Man abſolutely oppreſt, and overcome. The Reſolution was taken in their Cups, and they Preach'd no leſs then Damnation to him, if he refuſed Chriſt his Spouſe. *Eu.* A Pack of Flagitious Fools! But what then? *Ca.* I was kept cloſe at home for three days, and ſeveral of the *Convent* (which they call *Convertites*) were conſtantly with me; mightily encouraging me to perſiſt in my holy purpoſe, and as narrowly watching me, leſt any of my Friends or Kindred ſhould come at me, and make me change my Mind. In the *Interim*, my Habits were making ready, and other Neceſſaries for the Solemnity. *Eu.* And did not your Mind miſgive you yet? *Ca.* No, not at all. And yet I had ſo horrid a Fright, that I had rather die Ten times over, than be in that Condition again. *Eu.* What might that be? *Ca.* It is not to be utter'd. *Eu.* Come, Tell me frankly; I am your Friend. *Ca.* Will ye keep Counſel? *Eu.* Yes, yes; without Conditions: and I hope you know me better than to doubt it. *Ca.* I had a moſt dreadful Apparition. *Eu.* Your *Evil Genius* (it may be) that puſh'd ye forward into Diſobedience. *Ca.* Nay,

I am

I am fully perſwaded that it was no other. *Eu.* In the ſhape I ſuppoſe that we uſe to paint it? With a *crooked Beak*, *long Horns*, *Harpyes Claws*, and *a ſwinging Tail*. *Ca.* You may laugh as you will, but I had rather ſink into the Earth than ſee the Fellow on't. *Eu.* And were your Women-Sollicitreſſes then with you? *Ca.* No. And I would not ſo much as open my Mouth to 'em of it, tho' they ſifted me moſt particulary; for you muſt know, they found me almoſt dead with the ſurprize. *Eu.* Shall I tell you now what it was? *Ca.* Do, if you can. *Eu.* Theſe Women had abſolutely bewitch'd you; or rather conjur'd your Brains out of your Noddle. But did you hold out for all this? *Ca.* Yes, yes; for they told me, that many were thus troubled upon the *Firſt Conſecration* of themſelves to *Chriſt*; but that if they got the better of the Devil that bout, he'd let 'em alone for ever after, *Eu.* You were conducted with great Pomp, and State, (I preſume) were you not? *Ca.* Yes, yes; they put on all my Fineries, let down my Hair, and dreſs'd me, juſt as if't had been for my Wedding. *Eu.* To a Logger-headed Monk. Hem! Hem! This Villanous Cough——*Ca.* I was brought by fair Day-light from my Fathers Houſe to the Colledge, and a world of people gaping at me. *Eu.* Theſe Hoarſon Jack-puddings, how they Coakes, and Wheadle the little people! How many days did you continue in that holy Colledge forſooth? *Ca.* Part of the *Twelfth-day*. *Eu.* But what was it that brought ye off again? *Ca.* It was ſomething very conſiderable, but I muſt not tell ye what. When I had been there *ſix days*, I got my Mother to me; I begg'd, and beſought her as ſhe lov'd my Life, to help me out again: but ſhe would not hear on't; and bad me hold to my Reſolution: Upon this, I ſent to my Father, and he chid me too. He told me,

me, That I had made him maſter his affection, and that he would now make me overcome mine. When I ſaw that this would do no good, I told them both, that I would ſubmit to Die, to pleaſe 'em, which would certainly be my Fate, if I ſtaid there any longer; and hereupon they took me home. *Eu.* 'Twas well you bethought your ſelf before you were in for good and all. But ſtill ye ſay nothing of what it was that brought ye about ſo on the ſuddain. *Ca.* I never told it any Mortal yet, nor will I tell it you. *Eu.* What if I ſhould Gueſs? *Ca.* You'll never hit it, I'm ſure? Or if ye ſhould, y'are never the nearer: for I'ilnot own it to ye. *Eu.* Leave me then to my Conjectures: But in the mean time, what a Charge have you been at? *Ca.* Above 400 Crowns. *Eu.* Oh! Theſe Guttling Nuptials! But ſince the Money's gone, 'tis well that you your ſelf are ſafe: hereafter hearken to good Advice. *Ca.* So I will. *The burnt Child dreads the Fire.*

THE

THE

RICH BEGGERS.

COL. IX.

A Pleaſant and Profitable Colloquy, betwixt a German Hoſt, *and* Two Franciſcans: *The true* Character *of an* Ignorant Country-Paſtor; *with an Excellent Diſcourſe concerning* Religious Habits; *The* Original, *the* Intent, *and* Uſe *of them.*

CONRADUS, BERNARDINUS, PASTOR, PANDOCHEUS, UXOR.

Co. BUT ſtill I ſay a *Paſtor* ſhould be *Hoſpitable*. *Paſ.* I am a Paſtor of *Sheep*, not of *Wolves*. *Co.* And yet though you hate a *Wolfe*, 'tis poſſible you may love a *Wench*; ——— they begin with a Letter.

paſ. Paſtor ſum Ovium; *Non amo* * Lupos. Co. *At non perindè fortaſſis odiſti* *Lupas.*

But why ſo croſs, (if a body may ask ye) a[s] not to admit a poor *Franciſcan* ſo much as under your Roof? and we ſhall not trouble you neither for a Supper. *Paſ.* Becauſe I'll have no Spies upon me; for if you ſee but a Hen or a Chick, ſtirring in a bodies Houſe, (you know my meaning) the whole Town is ſure to hear on't to morrow in the Pulpit. *Co.* We are not all ſuch Blabs. *Paſ.* Be what you will; if St. *Peter* himſelf ſhould come to me in that Habit, I would not believe him. *Co.* If that be your Reſolution, do but tell us where we may be elſe. *Paſ.* There's a *Publique Inn* here in the Town. *Co.* What's the *Sign?* Paſ. *The Dogs-head in the Porridge-pot.* You'll ſee't to the life, in the *Kitchin*, and a *Wolf* at the *Bar*. *Co.* 'Tis an Ill-boding Sign. *Paſ.* You may e'en make your beſt on't. *Be.* If we were at this *Paſtor*'s allowance, he would ſtarve us. *Co.* If he feeds his *Sheep* no better, he'll have but *hungry Mutton*. *Be.* Well, we muſt make the beſt of a bad Game. What ſhall's do? *Co.* What ſhould we do? ſet a good face on't. *Be.* There's little to be gotten by modeſty in a caſe of Neceſſity. *Co.* Very right. Come, we have St. *Francis* to befriend us. *Be.* Let's take our Fortune then. *Co.* And never ſtay for *Mine Hoſt's* Anſwer at the door, but preſs directly into the Stove, and when we are once in, let him get us out again if he can. *Be.* Would you have us ſo Impudent? *Co.* 'Tis better however then to lie abroad and freeze in the Street. In the *Interim* put your *Scruple* in your Pocket to day, and tak't out again to morrow. *Be.* In truth the Caſe requires it. *Pan.* What Animals have we here? *Co. We are the Servants of the Lord* (my good Friend) *and the Sons of* St. *Francis*. *Pan.* I don't know what delight the *Lord* may take in ſuch Servants, but I

ſhould take none, I aſſure ye, in having any of them about *Me*, *Be.* What's your Reaſon for't? *Pan.* Becauſe your are ſuch *Termagants* at *eating* and *drinking*; but when you ſhould do any *work*; you can find neither *hands*, nor *feet.* Hear me a word; *you Sons of St Francis.* You uſe to tell us in the Pulpit, that *St Francis* was a *Virgin*; How comes he by ſo many *Children*, then? *Co.* We are the *Children* of his *Spirit*, not of his *Fleſh.* *Pan.* He's a very unlucky *Father* then; for your *Minds* are e'en the worſt part of ye; and to ſay the truth on't, your *Bodies* are better then is convenient; eſpecially for us that have *Wives* and *Children.* *Co.* You may ſuſpect us perhaps to be of thoſe that degenerate from their Founders Inſtitutions; but we, on the contrary, are ſtrict obſervers of them. *Pan.* And I'll obſerve you too, for fear of the worſt; for it is a mortal Averſion I have for that ſort of Cattle. *Co.* What's your quarrel to us? *Pan.* Becauſe you're ſure to carry your *Teeth* in your *Heads*, and the Devil a Penny of *Mony* in your *Pockets.* Oh! how I abominate ſuch Gueſts! *Co.* But ſtill we take pains for you. *Pan.* Shall I ſhew ye now the pains ye take? *Co.* Do ſo. *Pan.* See the hithermoſt Picture there, on your left Hand. There's a *Fox preaching*, and a Gooſe behind him with his neck under a *Cowl*; and there again; there's a *Wolf* giving *abſolution* with a piece of a *Sheeps skin* hanging out under his *Gown*; And once again, there's an *Ape* in a *Franciſcans habit*, miniſtring to a *Sick* man, with the *Croſs* in *one hand*, and his *Patients Purſe*, in the *Other.* *Co.* We cannot deny but that ſometimes *Wolves*, *Foxes*, and *Apes*, nay *Hogs*, *Dogs*, *Horſes*, *Lions.* and *Baſilisks*, may lurk under a *Franciſcans Garment*; and you cannot deny neither, but that it covers many a Good man. A *Gown* neither

makes

makes a man *better*, nor *worſe*; nor is it reaſonable to judge of a man by his Cloaths; for by that rule a body might pick a quarrel with the Coat you ſometimes wear, becauſe it covers *Thieves*, *Murtherers*, *Conjurers*, and *Whoremaſters*. *Pan.* If you'ld but pay your Reckonings, I could diſpence with your *Habits*. *Co.* We'll pray for you. *Pan.* And ſo will I for you; and there's one for t'other. *Co.* But there are ſome people that you muſt not take Mony of. *Pan.* How comes it that you make a Conſcience of touching any? *Co.* Becauſe it does not ſtand with our Profeſſion. *Pan.* And it ſtands as little with mine to give you your Dinner for Nothing. *Co.* But we are ty'd up by a Rule. *Pan.* So am I by the clean contrary. *Co.* Where ſhall a Body find your Rule? *Pan.* In theſe two Verſes.

Hoſpes, in hac Mensâ, fuerint cum Viſcera Tenſa,
Surgere ne properes, ni prius annumeres.

'Tis the Rule of this Table; Eat as long as y'are able;
But then pay your Score: There's no ſtirring before.

Co. We'll be no charge to you. *Pan.* Then you'll be no profit neither. *Co.* Your Charity upon Earth will be rewarded in Heaven. *Pan.* Thoſe words, Butter no Parſnips. *Co.* Any Corner of your Stove will content us, and we'll trouble no body. *Pan.* My Stove will hold no ſuch company. *Co.* Muſt we be thrown out thus? What if we ſhould be worried this night by *Wolves*? *Pan.* Neither *Wolves*, nor *Dogs*, prey upon their *own kind*. *Co.* This were barbarous, even to *Turks*. Conſider us as you pleaſe, we are ſtill *Men*. *Pan.* I have loſt my hearing.

Co. You can indulge your ſelf, and go from your Stove to a warm Bed; how can you have the heart to expoſe us to be kill'd with *Cold*, even if the *Beaſts* ſhould ſpare us? *Pan.* Did not *Adam* live ſo in *Paradice*? *Co.* He did ſo; but *Innocent*. *Pan.* And ſo am I *Innocent*. *Co.* Within a Syllable of it. But have a Care you be not excluded a better place hereafter, for ſhutting us out here. *Pan.* Good words I beſeech ye. *Ux.* Prethee, my dear, make 'em ſome amends for thy ſeverity, and let 'em ſtay here to night; they are Good men, and thou'lt thrive the better for't. *Pan.* Here's your Reconciler! I'm afraid you're agreed upon the Matter; Oh! how I hate to hear a Woman call any body *a Good man* (eſpecially in *French*.) *Ux.* Well, well, you know there's nothing of That. But think with your ſelf how often you have offended God, by Dicing, Drinking, Brawling, Quarrelling? This Charity may perhaps make your Peace: and do not drive thoſe out of your Houſe, now you're well, whoſe aſſiſtance you would be glad of upon your Death-Bed. Never let it be ſaid that you harbour Buffons, and ſhut your doors upon ſuch men as theſe. *Pan.* Pray'e be gone into the Kitchin about your buſineſs, and let's have no more Preaching here. *Ux.* It ſhall be done. *Be.* The man ſweetens methinks; ſee, he takes his Shirt; and I hope all will be well yet, *Co.* And they're laying the Cloth for the Children: 'Tis happy for us there came no other Gueſts; for we ſhould have been ſent packing elſe. *Be.* 'Tis well we brought Wine, and Lamb with us from the next Village; for if a lock of Hay would have ſav'd a mans life, 'tis not here to be had. *Co.* Now the Children are plac'd, let's take part of the Table with 'em, there's room enough. *Pan.* 'Tis long of you, my Maſters, that I have never a Gueſt to day, but thoſe that I had

better

better be without. *Co.* If it be a thing that rarely happens, impute it to us. *Pan.* Nay it falls out oftner then I wiſh it did. *Co.* Never trouble your ſelf, Chriſt lives, and will not forſake thoſe that ſerve him. *Pan.* You paſs in the World for *Evangelical men.* The Goſpel, ye know, forbids carrying about Bread and Satchels. But your Sleeves, I perceive, ſerve for Wallets: and you do not only carry Bread about ye, but Wine and Fleſh, the beſt that is to be gotten too. *Co.* Take part with us if you pleaſe. *Pan. My Wine is Hog-waſh* to't. *Co.* Take ſome of the Fleſh too, there's enough for us. *Pan.* O bleſſed Beggars! my Wife provided me nothing to day but *Collworts* and a little *ruſty Bacon.* *Co.* If you pleaſe let's joyn our ſtocks, for 'tis all one to us what we Eat. *Pan.* Why don't you carry *Cabbage-Stalks* about with you then, and *Dead Drink?* *Co.* They would needs force this upon us at a place where we dined to day. *Pan.* Did your Dinner coſt you nothing? *Co.* No, not any thing; nay we had thanks both for what we had there, and for what we brought away. *Pan.* Whence come ye? *Co.* From *Baſil.* *Pan.* What, ſo far? *Co.* 'Tis as we tell you. *Pan.* You're a ſtrange kind of people ſure, that can travel thus without *Horſe*, *Money*, *Servants*, *Arms*, or *Proviſions.* *Co.* You ſee in us ſome footſteps of the *Evangelical life.* *Pan.* Or the life of Rogues rather; that wander up and down with their Budgets. *Co.* Such as *We are*, the *Apoſtles were*, and (with Reverence) our Saviour himſelf. *Pan.* Can you tell Fortunes? *Co.* Nothing leſs. *Pan.* Why, how do you live then? *Co.* By his Bounty that has promis'd to provide for us. *Pan.* And who is that? *Co.* He that has ſaid, *Take you no care, but all things ſhall be added to you.* *Pan.* But that Promiſe extends only to thoſe that

ſeek the Kingdom of Heaven. *Co.* And that do we, with all our might. *Pan.* The *Apoſtles* were famous for *Miracles*: they cur'd the *Sick*; and 'tis no wonder then how they liv'd any where; but you can do no ſuch thing. *Co.* We could, if we were like the Apoſtles, and if the matter requir'd a Miracle. But the power of Miracles was only temporary to convince Unbelievers. There's nothing needful now but a Holy Life: Beſide, that it is many times better to be ſick, then to be well; to die, then to live. *Pan.* What do you do then? *Co.* The beſt we can; every man according to the Tallent that God has given him. We comfort, exhort, admoniſh, reprove, as we ſee Occaſion: Nay, ſometimes we preach too, where we find Paſtors that are Dumb; and where we can do no good, we make it our Care to do no hurt, either by our Words, or Examples. *Pan.* To morrow is a *Holy-day*; I would you would give us a *Sermon* here. *Co.* What *Holy-day*? Pan. *St. Antony's.* *Co.* He was a good man; but how came he to have a *Holy day*? *Pan.* I'll tell ye; we have a world of *Swineherds* hereabouts (for there's a huge Wood hard by here, for Acorns) and the people have an opinion that *St. Antony* takes charge of the *Hogs*; and therefore they worſhip him, for fear he ſhould hurt 'em. *Co.* I would they would worſhip him affectionately as they ſhould do. *Pan.* In what manner? *Co.* Whoſoever follows his example, does his Duty. *Pan.* We ſhall have ſuch Drinking, Dancing, Playing, Scolding, and Boxing here to morrow! *Co.* Like the *Pagans Bacchanals.* But theſe people are more ſottiſh than the *Hogs* they keep; and I wonder that *Antony* does not puniſh 'em for it. What kind of Paſtor have ye? Neither a *Mute* I hope, nor a *Wicked* one. *Pan.* Let every one ſpeak as he finds, he's a good *Paſtor* to me;

for

for here he topes it the whole live-long day; and no man brings me either more, or better Cuſtomers. 'Twas ten to one he would have been here now. *Co.* He's not a man for our turn. *Pan.* What's that? Do you know him then? *Co.* We would fain have taken up a Lodging with him, but he bad us *begone*, and chac'd us away like ſo many Wolves. *Pan.* Very, very good. Now I underſtand the buſineſs; 'Tis *You* that kept him *away*, becauſe he knew you would be here. *Co.* Is he not Mute? *Pan.* Mute do you ſay? he's free enough of his Tongue in the Stove; and he has a Voice that makes the Church ring again, but I never heard him in a Pulpit. In ſhort, I preſume he has made you ſenſible that he wants no Tongue. *Co.* Is he a learned Divine? *Pan.* So he tells the World himſelf; but he's under an Oath perhaps never to make any other diſcovery of it. In one word, the *People* and the *Paſtor* are well agreed; and the *Diſh* (as we ſay) *wears its own cover.* *Co.* Do you think he would give a man leave to preach in his Place? *Pan.* I dare undertake he ſhall, provided that there be no flurting at him, as 'tis a common practice to do. *Co.* 'Tis an ill cuſtom. If I diſlike any thing, I tell the *Paſtor* of it privately; the reſt belongs to the *Biſhop.* *Pan.* We have but few of thoſe Birds in our Country, tho' truely you ſeem to be good men enough your ſelves.

Pray'e what's the meaning of ſuch Variety of Habits? for ſome people judge amiſs of you for your Cloaths. *Co.* What reaſon for that? *Pan.* I cannot tell you the reaſon, but I know the thing to be true. *Pan.* Some think the better of us for our Habits, and ſome the worſe. Now though they both do amiſs, the former is the more generous Miſtake. *Pan.* So let it be; but where's the benefit of all thoſe

diſtinctions? *Co.* What's your opinion of them? *Pan.* Truely I ſee no advantage at all; but in *War*, and *Proceſſion*; for in the *latter* there are perſonated *Saints*, *Jews*, *Ethniques*, that muſt be diſcriminated in their diverſity of Dreſs. And in *War* the variety is good for the ranging of ſeveral Troops under ſeveral Colours, to avoid Confuſion. *Co.* You ſpeak to the point; and ſo is this a *Military Garment*; ſome under *one Leader*, ſome under *another*; but we are all under *one General*, that is *Chriſt*. But there are three things to be conſider'd in a Garmen. *Pan.* What are thoſe? *Co. Neceſſity*; *Uſe*, and *Decency*. Why do we *Eat*? *Pan.* To keep our ſelves from *Starving*. *Co.* Why do *we cover our Bodies*, but to keep us *warm*? *Pan.* It cannot be deny'd. *Co.* And in that point, *my Garment* is better than *yours*; for it covers the *Head*, the *Neck*, and the *Shoulders*, where we are moſt in danger. Now for our *Uſe*, we muſt have Variety of *Faſhions*, and of *Stuffs*; A *ſhort Coat* for a *Horſeman*, a *longer* when we lie *ſtill*: We are *Thin Clad in Summer*, *Thick* in *Winter*. There are thoſe at *Rome* that change their Cloths twice a day. They take a fur'd Coat in the morning, a ſingle one at noon, and toward night one that's a little warmer. But every man is not furniſht with this Variety: Nor is there any faſhion that better anſwers ſeveral purpoſes than this of ours. *Pan.* Make that out. *Co.* If the *Wind*, or the *Sun* trouble us, we put on our *Cowle*. In *hot weather* out of the Sun we throw it *behind* us; when we ſit ſtill we let the Gown fall about our *Heels*; if we *walk* we *hold*, or tuck it *up*. *Pan.* He was no Fool, I perceive, that invented it. *Co.* Beſide that, it goes a great way in a happy Life, the wonting of our ſelves to be Content with a Little: For if we once laſh out into ſenſuality and pleaſure, there

there will be no end. But can you ſhew me any other Garment that is ſo commodious in ſo many Reſpects? *Pan.* Truely I cannot. *Co.* Conſider now the *Decency* of it. Tell me honeſtly, if you ſhould put on your *Wives Cloaths*, would not every body ſay you were *Phantaſtical*? *Pan.* Nay, *Mad* perhaps. *Co.* And what if your Wife ſhould put on *yours*; what would you ſay to't? *Pan.* I ſhould not ſay much perhaps, but I ſhould bang her handſomly. *Co.* What does it ſignifie now what Garment a body uſes? *Pan.* Oh! yes; in this caſe it is very material. *Co.* Beyond Controverſie; for the very *Pagans* will not allow a man to wear a Womans Cloaths, or a Woman a Mans. *Pan.* And they are in the right for't, *Co.* 'Tis well. Put the Caſe now that a man of *fourſcore* ſhould dreſs himſelf like a boy of *fifteen*, or a boy of *fifteen* like a man of *fourſcore*; would not all the World condemn it? Or the ſame thing in a *Woman* and a *Girl*. *Pan.* No queſtion of it. *Co.* Or if a *Layman* ſhould go like a *Prieſt*, or a *Prieſt* like a *Layman*? *Pan.* It were a great *Indecorum* on both ſides. *Co.* Or if a *Private man* ſhould put on the Habit of a *Prince*, or a *particular Prieſt* that of a *Biſhop*? *Pan.* It were a great Indecency. *Co.* What if a *Citizen* ſhould ſit in his *Shop* with his *Sword*, *Buff Coat*, and a *Feather in's Cap*? *Pan.* He would be pointed at. *Co.* What if an *Engliſh Enſign* ſhould put a *white Croſs* in's Colours; a *Swiſs* a *Red one*; or a *French man*, a *Black one*? *Pan.* 'T would be very fooliſhly done. *Co.* Why do you wonder ſo much then at our Habit? *Pan.* I am not now to learn the difference betwixt a private Man and a Prince, or a Man and a Woman: But as to the difference betwixt *a Monk* and *no Monk* I am utterly Ignorant. *Co.* What difference is there betwixt a *Rich man* and a *Poor*? Pan. *Fortune.*

Co.

Co. And yet it would be very odd if a Begger ſhould Cloath himſelf like a *Lord*. *Pan.* True, as Lords go now adays. *Co.* What's the difference betwixt a *Fool* and a *Wiſe man*? *Pan.* A little more then betwixt a *Rich man* and a *Begger*? *Co.* *Fools*, you ſee, are dreſt up after another manner then *Wiſe men*. *Pan.* How well it becomes you, I know, not; but *your Habit* wants very little more of a *Fools-Coat*; than *Ears* and *Bells* to't. *Co.* That's the difference; and we are no other than the Worlds Fools, if we be what we profeſs. *Pan.* I cannot ſay what you are: but this I know, that there are of theſe *Idiots* with their *Ears* and *Bells*, that have more *Brains* in their heads than many of our ſquare Caps with their *Furrs*, *Hoods*, and other Enſigns of *Authority*. Wherefore it ſeems a madneſs to me, to think any man the *Wiſer* for his *Habit*. I ſaw once an Errant *Tony*, with a *Gown* to his *Heels*, a *Doctors Cap*, and the *Countenance* of a very Grave *School Divine*; he diſputed Publiquely; ſeveral Princes made much of him; and he took the *Right hand* of all *other Fools*, himſelf being the moſt eminent of the Kind. *Co.* What would you be at now? Would you have a *Prince* that makes ſport with a *Fool* change Cloaths with him? *Pan.* If your Propoſition be true, that the *mind* of a man may be judg'd by his *Habit*; perhaps it might do well enough. *Co.* You preſs this upon me, but I am ſtill of opinion that there is very good reaſon for allowing of *Fools Diſtinct Habits*. *Pan.* And what may that reaſon be? *Co.* For fear any body ſhould hurt 'em, if they miſ-behave themſelves. *Pan.* What if I ſhould ſay on the contrary, that their Habit does rather provoke people to do 'em miſchief; inſomuch that of Fools they come to be mad men; and why ſhall not a Bull, or a Dog, or a Boar, that kills a man or a Child, eſcape unpuniſht; as well as a Fool?

But

But the thing that I ask you, is, the reaſon of *your diſtinct Habits* from *others?* Why ſhould not a *Baker* as well be diſtinguiſht from a *Fiſherman*, a *Shoemaker* from a *Taylor*, an a *Apothecary*, from a *Vintner*, a *Coachman* from a *Waterman*? You that are *Prieſts*, why ſhould you not be Cloath'd like *other Prieſts*? If you are *Layiks*, why do you differ from *us?* *Co.* In antient time, *Monks* were only the *purer Sort* of the *Layity*; and there was no other difference betwixt a *Monk* and *another Layik*, then betwixt an *honeſt*, *frugal* man, that maintains his Family by his *Induſtry*, and a *Ruffling Hector*, that lives upon the High way. In time, the Biſhop of *Rome* beſtow'd honour upon *us*; and we gave ſome Reputation to the Habit our ſelves; which is not ſimply either *Layik* or *Sacerdotal*; but ſuch as it is, I could name you ſome *Cardinals*, and *Popes*, that have not been aſham'd of it. *Pan.* But as to the *Decorum* of it, whence comes That? *Co.* Some time from the very Nature of the thing; other while, from cuſtom, and opinions. If a man ſhould wear a *Buffles-skin* with the *Horns* upon his *Head*, and the *Tail* dragging *after him*, would not all the World laugh at him? *Pan.* I believe they would. *Co.* And again, if a man ſhould cover himſelf to the middle, and all the reſt naked? *Pan.* Moſt abſurd. *Co.* The very *Pagans* Cenſure men for wearing their Cloaths ſo thin, that it were an *Indecency* even in a *Woman*. It is *modeſter* to be *ſtark naked*, as we found you in the *Stove*, then to be only *cover'd* with a *Tranſparent Garment*. *Pan.* The whole buſineſs of *Habits*, I phanſie, depends upon *Cuſtom* and *Opinion*. *Co.* Why ſo? *Pan.* I had ſome Travellers at my houſe t'other day, that had been up and down the World, as they told me, in places that we have no account of in the very Maps; and particularly upon an Iſland

of

of a very Temperate Air, where it was accounted diſhonourable to cover their Nakedneſs. *Co.* They liv'd like Beaſts perhaps. *Pan.* No, but on the contrary, they were a people of great Humanity. Their Government was Monarchical; and they went out with their Prince every morning to work, for about an hour a day. *Co.* What was their work? *Pan.* The plucking up of Roots, which they uſe inſtead of Wheat, and find it much more pleaſant and wholeſome. After one hour, every man goes about his own buſineſs, or does what he has a mind to. They bring up their Children with great Piety; puniſhing all Crimes ſeverely, but eſpecially Adultery. *Co.* What's the Puniſhment? *Pan.* The Women, you muſt know, they ſpare, for 'tis permitted to the Sex; but if a Man be taken in't, they expoſe him in publick, with the part offending cover'd. *Co.* A ſad puniſhment indeed! *Pan.* And ſo it is to them, as cuſtom has made it. *Co.* When I conſider the force of perſwaſion, I could half believe it: for if a man would make a Thief, or a Murtherer exemplary, would it not be a ſufficient Puniſhment to cut of the hind Lappet of his Shirt, clap a Wholfs skin upon his Buttocks, put him on party-coloured Stockins, cut the fore-part of his Doublet into the faſhion of a Net, leave his breaſt and his Shoulders bare, turn up one part of his Beard, leave another part at length, and ſhave the reſt; cut off his hair, clap a Cap upon his Crown with a hundred holes in't, and a huge Plume of Feathers, and then bring him in this Dreſs, into publick? Would not this be a greater reproach, then a fools Cap to him with long ears, and gingling baubles? And yet we find thoſe that accompt this an Ornament, tho' nothing can be a greater Madneſs; nay, we ſee Souldiers every day in this Trim, that are well

well enough pleas'd with themſelves. *Pan.* Yes; and there are ſome honeſt Citizens, would ſtrain hard to get into this Mode. *Co.* But now if a Man ſhould dreſs himſelf up with Birds Feathers, like an *Indian*, would not the very Children think him Mad? *Pan.* Directly Mad. *Co.* And yet that which we admire, does ſtill ſavour of a greater Madneſs. Now as it is true, that nothing is ſo ridiculous, but Cuſtom may bear it out; ſo it muſt be allow'd, that there is a Certain *decorum* which all Wiſe-men will approve of: And ſomewhat again in *Garments*, that is Miſ-becoming, and agreed by all the World, to be ſo. What can be more ridiculous than a *Burthenſome Gown* with a *Long Train*; as if the *Quality* of the *Woman* were to be meaſur'd by the *Length* of her *Tail*? Nay, and ſome *Cardinals* are not aſham'd to imitate it: And yet ſo prevalent a thing is *Cuſtom*, that there's no changing of a Faſhion ſo received. *Pan.* So much for *Cuſtom.* But tell me now, whether you think it better for *Monks* to wear *different Habits*, or *not*? *Co.* I take it to be more agreeable to Chriſtian Simplicity, not to pronounce upon any Man for's Habit, provided it be ſober, and deſcent. *Pan.* Why do not you caſt away your *Cowls* then? *Co.* Why did not the Apoſtles preſently eat of all ſorts of Meats? *Pan.* I know not; and do you tell me. *Co.* Becauſe an Invincible Cuſtom hindre'd it. For whatſoever is deep rooted in the Minds of Men, and by long uſe confirmed, and turn'd as it were into Nature, can never be taken away on the ſudden, without the hazard of the Publick Peace: but it muſt be remov'd by Degrees, as the Horſe Tail was pluck'd off by ſingle Hairs. *Pan.* I could bear this, if the *Monks* were but all *Habited alike*: But ſo many diverſities will never down with me. *Co.* You muſt impute

impute this evil to *Cuſtom*, as well as all others. *St. Benedict's Habit* is no new one, but the ſame that he us'd with his Diſciples, that were plain, and honeſt men. No more is St. *Francis's*, but it was the Faſhion of poor *Country Fellows*. Now ſome of their Succeſſors, have, by New additions, made the matter a little Superſtitious. How many old Women have we at this day that ſtick to the mode they were brought up in, which is every jot as different from what is us'd now, as your Habit is from mine? *Pan.* There are indeed many ſuch Women. *Co.* Therefore when you ſee this Habit, you ſee but the Reliques of Paſt times. *Pan.* But has your Habit no Holineſs in it? *Co.* None at all. *Pan.* There are ſome of you make their boaſts that they were of *Divine Direction* from the *Holy Virgin*. *Co.* Thoſe Stories were but Dreams. *Pan.* One Man has a Phanſie that he ſhall never recover a Fit of *Sickneſs*, unleſs he Cloth himſelf in a *Dominicans Habit*; Another will not be Bury'd, but in a *Franciſcans*. *Co.* They that tell you theſe things, are either Cheats, or Fools, and they that believe 'em, are Superſtitious. God Almighty knows a Knave as well in a *Franciſcans Habit*, as in a *Buff-Coat*. *Pan.* The Birds of the Air have not that Variety of Feathers which you have of Habits. *Co.* What can be better than to imitate Nature, unleſs to out-do it? *Pan.* I would you had as many ſorts of Books too. *Co.* But there's much to be ſaid for the Variety alſo. Has not the *Spaniard*, *one Faſhion*, the *Italian*, *another*, the *French*, *Germans*, *Greeks*, *Turks*, *Saracens*, their ſeveral Faſhions alſo? *Pan.* They have ſo. *Co.* And then in the ſame Country again, what Variety of Garments, among Perſons of the ſame Sex, Age, and Degree? How different is that of the *Venetian* from the *Florentine*; and of *Both*, from the

Roman:

Roman: And this in *Italy* alone? *Pan.* I'm convinc'd of it. *Co.* And from whom comes our Variety? *Dominicus* took *his Habit* from the *Honeſt Husbandmen* in that part of *Spain* where he liv'd. *Benedictus*, his, from that part of *Italy* where he liv'd. *Franciſcus* from the *Husbandmen* of ſeveral places; and ſo for the reſt. *Pan.* So that for ought I find, you are never the *holyer* for your *Cowles*, if you be not ſo for your Lives. *Co.* Nay, we have more to anſwer for than you have, if by our lewd Lives we give Scandal to the Simple. *Pan.* But is there any hope of *Us* then, that have neither *Patron*, nor *Habit*, nor *Rule* nor *Profeſſion*? *Co.* Yes; You have *Hope*, but have a care you do not loſe it. Go ask your Godfathers, what Profeſſion you made in *Baptiſm*; and what Order you were initiated into. What ſignifies a *Humane Rule*, to him that's under the *Rule* of the *Goſpel*? Or any *other Patron*, to *him* whoſe Patron is *Jeſus Chriſt*? Did you profeſs nothing when you were Marri'd? Bethink your ſelf, what you owe to your ſelf, to your Children, your Family, and you will find a heavier Charge upon you as a *Chriſtian*, than as a Diſciple of Saint *Francis*. *Pan. Do you believe that any Innkeepers go to Heaven?* *Co.* Why not? *Pan.* There are many things ſaid and done in this Houſe, that are not according to the *Goſpel*. *Co.* As what? *Pan.* One *Fuddles*, another talks *Bawdy*, a third *Brawls*, a fourth *Detracts*, and I know not what beſide. *Co.* Theſe things muſt be avoided as much as may be: And however, you are not for your Profits ſake to Countenance, or to draw on this Wickedneſs. *Pan.* And ſometimes I do not deal fairly with my Gueſts. *Co.* How's That? *Pan.* When I find them grow *hot*, I give them a good deal of *Water* with their *Wine*. *Co.* That's more Pardonable yet, then ſtumming

ming of it. *Pan* Tell me truly, how many days have you been now upon your Journey? *Co.* Almoſt a Month. *Pan* Who looks to ye in the mean time? *Co.* Are not they well look'd to, that have a *Wife, Children, Parents,* and *Kindred*? *Pan.* Abundantly. *Co.* You have but *one Wife, one Father, one Houſe*; We have *a hundred*: You, but a *few Children.* a *few Kindred*; We *Innumerable. Pan.* How comes that about? *Co.* Becauſe the Alliances of the Spirit are more Numerous than thoſe of the Fleſh; Chriſt has promis'd it, and all his Promiſes are made good. *Pan.* I have not met with better Company: Let me die, if I had not rather *Talk* with *Thee*, than *Drink* with *our Paſtor.* Lets hear you Preach to morrow; and when you come this way next, let this be your Lodging. *Co.* But what if you have other Gueſts? *Pan.* They ſhall be welcome too, if they be like you. *Co.* Better, I hope. *Pan.* But among ſo many Wicked Men, how ſhall I know a Good One? *Co.* One word in your Ear, I'll tell you. *Pan.* Say then. *Co.*——*Pan.* I'll remember it, and do't.

THE

THE

Soldier and the Carthuſian.

COL. X.

The Life of a Soldier of Fortune; *and of a* Pious Carthuſian: *With a Diſcourſe upon* Habits.

The Soldier and the Carthuſian.

So. MOrrow, Brother. *Ca.* My dear Couſin, God have ye in his keeping. *So.* Troth, I had much ado to know you. *Ca.* What? ſuch an Alteration in two years? *So.* No. But your New *Dreſs*, and that *bald Crown*, make you look like quite another ſort of Creature. *Ca.* You'd hardly know your *Own Wife*, perhaps, in a *New Gown*. *So.* In ſuch a one as yours, truly, I think I ſhould not. *Ca.* And yet I remember you perfectly well ſtill; though you have chang'd *Habit*, *Face*, *Body*, and all. How come you to be ſo ſet out with Colours? Never had any Bird ſuch a Variety of Feathers. You have nothing about you that's either *Natural*, or in *Faſhion*. Was

ever any Mans *Hair* Cut so Phantastically? Half a *Beard*, and the Crop of your Upper Lip grown so straggling, as if one Hair were afraid of another: A Man would think ye had chang'd Whiskers with a Cat. Your *Face* so cover'd with *Scars* too, that a Body would swear the *Common Hangman had set his Mark* upon ye. *So.* No, no, Father, these are the Marks of Honour: but pray'e tell me, are there no *Surgeons or Physicians in this Quarter?* *Ca.* Why do you ask? *So.* Because your Brains should have been taken out, and wash'd, before you plung'd your self into this Slavery. *Ca.* You take me for a *Mad Man* then. *So.* As any thing in *Bedlam*; you would never have leapt into your *Grave* before your time else; when you might have lived handsomly in a better *World*. *Ca.* So that I'm no longer a *Man of your World*. *So.* By *Jove*, I take it so. *Ca.* And what's your Reason for't? *So.* Because you are Coop'd up, and cannot go where you will. Nay, your very *Habit* is *prodigious*: Your *Shaving*, as *Extravagant*; and then perpetually to *Eat* nothing but *Fish*, makes ye all stink like *Otters*: Your very *Flesh* is *Fish* too. *Ca.* If men were turn'd into what they Eat, your *Bacon-Eating Chops* would have been *Swines-Flesh* many a fair day ago. *So.* But you have enough of your Bargain, I suppose, by this; for I meet very few in your Condition, that are not sick on't sooner. *Ca.* 'Tis one thing for a Man to cast himself into a *Retreat*, as if it were into a *Well*; and another thing to do it *considerately*, and by *Degrees*, as I have done; upon a thorough search of my Own Heart, and a due Contemplation of Humane Life: For at the Age of Eight and Twenty a Man may be supposed wise enough to know his Own Mind. As to the *Place*; what is the *Place* of any Mans abode, compar'd with the World? And any

Place

Place is large enough, ſo long as it wants nothing for the Commodity of Life. How many are there that never ſtirr'd out of the City where they were born; and yet reſt well enough contented within that Compaſs? But yet you'll ſay, If they were confin'd to't, it would give 'em a longing to go out. This is a common Fancy, which I am clear of. This Place is the whole World to me; and this Map here, ſhews me the Globe of the Earth; which I can travel over in a Thought, with more Security and Delight, than he that ſails to the *Indies* for *Spice*, and *Pearl*. *So.* That ye ſay comes near the matter. *Ca.* Why ſhould not I *ſhave my Head*, as well as you *clip yours*? If you do the One for *Commodities ſake*, if there were nothing elſe in't, I would do the Other, for my *Health*. How many Noble *Venetians* ſhave their Heads all over? And then for our *Habit*, where's the Prodigy of it? Our *Garments* are for *two Ends*; Either to Defend us from *Heat* and *Cold*, or to *cover our Nakedneſs*: And does not this Garment now anſwer both theſe Ends? If the *Colour* offend you; why ſhould not that become all Chriſtians, which is given to us in *Baptiſm*? It is ſaid alſo, *Take a White Garment*; ſo that this Colour does but mind me of what I promis'd in that Sacrament, the perpetual ſtudy of Innocency: And then if by *Solitude* you mean only a withdrawing from the Croud; you may reproach with This Solitude the *Ancient Prophets*, the *Ethnick Philoſophers*, and many other Perſons that have applied themſelves to the Gaining of a good Mind, as well as Us. Nay, *Poets*, *Aſtrologers*, and other *Eminent Artiſts*, whenſoever they have any thing in hand that is extraordinary, do commonly betake themſelves to a *Retreat*. But why ſhould this kind of Life be call'd a *Solitude*, when one ſingle Friend

is a moſt delightful Contradiction to it? I have here almoſt twenty Companions, to all Sociable, and Honeſt Purpoſes; Viſits more than I deſire; and indeed more than are expedient. *So.* But you cannot have theſe always to talk with. *Ca.* Nor would I, if I could: For Converſation is the Pleaſanter for being ſometime interrupted. *So.* I fancy ſo too; for I never reliſh *Fleſh* ſo well, as I do after a *Strict Lent*. *Ca.* Neither am I without Companions, when you take me moſt to be alone; and for *Delight* and *Entertainment*, worth a Thouſand of your *Drolls*, and *Buffoons*. *So.* Where are they? *Ca.* Look you; here are the *four Evangeliſts*. In this Book, I can confer with him that accompanied the two Diſciples in their way to *Emaus*, and with his Heavenly Diſcourſe, made them forget the trouble of their Journey: With Him that made their Hearts burn within them, and inflam'd them with a Divine Ardor of receeiving his bleſſed Words. In this little Study I converſe with *Paul*, *Iſaiah*, and the reſt of the Prophets: *Chryſoſtome*, *Baſil*, *Auſtin*, *Jerome*, *Cyprian*, with a World of other *Learned*, and *Eloquent Doctors*. Where have you ſuch Company *Abroad* as this? Or what do you talk of *Solitude*, to a Man that has always *This Society*? *So.* But theſe People will ſignifie nothing to me, that do not underſtand 'em. *Ca.* Now for our *Diet*; As to the *Quantity*, Nature contents her ſelf with a little; and for the *Quality* of it, *a Belly full's a Belly full*; no matter what it is. Your Palate calls for *Partridge*, *Pheaſant*, *Capon*; and a piece of *Stock-Fiſh* ſatisfies mine: and yet I am perſwaded my Body is as good Fleſh and Blood as yours. *So.* If you had a Wife, as I have, perhaps 'twould take off ſome of your Mettle. *Ca.* But however, we are at Eaſe, let our *Meat* be never ſo *plain*, or never ſo

little.

little. *So.* In the mean time, ye live like *Jews.* *Ca.* You are too quick; if we cannot come up to Chriſtianity, we do at leaſt aim at it. *So.* You place too much *Holineſs* in *Meats*, *Formularies*, and other *Ceremonies*, neglecting *the more weighty Duties of the Goſpel.* *Ca.* Let others anſwer for themſelves; but for my own part, I place no ſort of Confidence in thoſe things; but only in *Chriſt*, and in the Sanctity of the *Mind.* *So.* Why do ye obſerve theſe things then? *Ca.* For the preſerving of *Peace*, and the avoiding of *Scandal.* There's little trouble in ſuch a *Conformity*; and I would not offend my Brother for ſo ſmall a matter. Let the *Garment* be what it will, Men are yet ſo Nice, that agreement, or diſagreement even in the ſmalleſt Matters, has a ſtrange Influence upon the Publick Peace. The *ſhaving* of the *Head*, or the *colour* of the *Habit*, gives me no Title (of it ſelf) to *Gods Favour*, and *Protection*: And yet if I ſhould let my *Hair grow*, or change my *Gown* for a *Buff-coat*, would not the People take me for a *Phantaſtical Coxcomb*? I have now told you My ſenſe; and pray'e let me have Yours, in requital. You ask't me e'en now, If there were no Phyſicians in this Quarter, when I put my ſelf into a Cloyſter: Where were they, I beſeech you, when you left your young Wife, and pretty Children at Home, to Enrol your ſelf a Souldier? *A Mercenary Bravo, to cut the Throats of your Fellow Chriſtians* for *Wages?* And your buſineſs did not lye among *Poppyes*, and *Buſhes* neither, but with *Pikes* and *Gun-ſhot*; where, over and above the miſerable Trade of Cutting their Throats for Money that never did you Hurt, you expoſe your Self, Body, and Soul, to Eternal Damnation. But here's none of this in a Cloyſter. *So.* Is it not Lawful then to Kill an Enemy? *Ca.* Yes, and Pious too, if it be in the defence of your Coun-

try, your Wife, and Children, your Parents and Friends, your Religion, Liberties, and the Publick Peace. But what is This to a *Souldier of Fortune*? If you had been knockt on the Head in this ſervice, I would not have given a Nut-ſhell to redeem the very Soul of you. *So.* No? *Ca.* As I am honeſt I would not. Speak your Conſcience: Is it not better to be under the Command of a *Good Man*, whom we call our *Prior*; one that ſummons us to *Prayers*, *Holy Lectures*, the hearing of ſaving *Doctrine*, and the Glorifying of *God*, than to be ſubject to ſome *Barbarous Officer*, that Poſts you away upon *Marches* at *Midnight*, ſends you at his Pleaſure hither and thither, backward and forward; expoſes you to Shot, great and ſmall, and aſſigns you your *Station*, where upon Neceſſity you muſt either *Kill* or be *Kill'd*? *So.* And all this is ſhort yet. *Ca.* In caſe of any *Tranſgreſſion*, *here*, upon the Point of *Diſcipline*, the Puniſhment is only *Admonition*, or ſome ſuch ſlight Buſineſs. But in *War*, you muſt either *hang* for't, (if you cannot *compound* for *Beheading*) or run the *Gantlope*. *So.* All this is too true. *Ca.* And what have ye got now by all your great Adventures? Not much, if a Man may judg by your *Patch'd Breeches*. *So.* Nay, my own Stock is gone long ſince, and a good deal of other Peoples Money too: So that my buſineſs here is only to entreat you for a *Viaticum*. *Ca.* I would you had come hither before you embark'd your ſelf in this Lewd Employment. But how come you to be ſo *Bare*? *So.* So *Bare*, do ye ſay? Why all's gone in *Wenches*, *Dice*, and *Tipple*. My *Pay*, my *Plunders*, and all the Advantages I made by *Rapine*, *Theft*, and *Sacrilege*. *Ca.* Miſerable Creature! And all this while, your Wife, and your poor Children left to the wide World, to grieve themſelves to Death; the Woman, that you promiſ'd

miſs'd to forſake Father and Mother for. And ſtill you call this *Living*, which was but wallowing in your Iniquities. *So.* The thing that Egg'd me on was, that I ſinn'd in ſo much Company. *Ca.* Will your Wife know you again, do you think? *So.* Why not? *Ca.* Your Scars have made you the Picture of quite another Man. What a Trench have you got here in your Forehead, as if you had had a Horn cut out? *So.* But if you knew the buſineſs, you'd ſay I came off well with a Scar. *Ca.* What was the matter? *So.* There was an Engine brake, and a Splinter of it ſtruck me there. *Ca.* And that long Scar upon your *Cheek*? *So.* This I received in a *Battle*. *Ca.* What Battle? In the Field? *So.* No, It was a *Battle at Dice*, upon a quarrel about the Caſt. *Ca.* Your Chin too looks as if 'twere ſtuck with Rubies. *So.* That's a ſmall matter. *Ca.* Some Blow with a *French Faggot-ſtick*, (as they ſay.) *So.* Right: It was my *Third Clap*, and it had like to have been my Laſt. *Ca.* But you walk too, as if your Back were broke, like a Man of a hundred years old; what makes you go double ſo, as if you were a Mowing? *So.* 'Tis a kind of a *Convulſive Diſtemper*. *Ca.* A Wonderful *Metamorphoſis*! From a *Horſeman*, to a *Centaure*, and from a *Centaure*, to an *Inſect*; a Kind of *Creeper*. *So.* The Fortune of the War. *Ca.* Or the Madneſs of your Mind. But what *Spoils* have you brought home for your Wife and Children? The *Leproſie*, I ſee; for that Scab is only a Spice on't, and only privileg'd from the Peſt-Houſe, becauſe 'tis a Diſeaſe in Faſhion: For which very reaſon, it ſhould be the rather avoided. This is now to be rubb'd upon the Face of your Poor Wife; to whom, inſtead of an *Induſtrious Husband*, you have only brought back *Innumerable Diſeaſes*, and a *Living Carkaſs*. *So.* Pray'e give over

Chiding of me; for I'm miserable enough without it. *Ca.* Nay, This is the least part of your Calamity, for your *Soul* is yet fouler than your *Body*; more *Putrid* and *Ulcer'd*; and yet more dangerously wounded. *So.* It is more Unclean, I do confess, than a Publick *Jakes*. *Ca.* But to God and his Angels it is still more Offensive. *So.* If you have done wrangling, pray'e think of some Relief to help me on in my Journey. *Ca.* I have nothing my self to give you, but I'll speak to the *Prior*. *So.* But if any thing should be allow'd me, will you receive it for me? There are so many rubs in the way in Cases of this Nature. *Ca.* Others may do as they please, but I have no Hands, either to give Money, or to take it: We'll talk more on't after Dinner, for 'tis now time to sit down.

THE

THE
Apotheosis of CAPNIO;
OR,
The Franciscan's *Vision.*

COL. XI.

A Pleasant Relation of John Reuchlin's *Ghost appearing to a* Franciscan *in a Dream; and St.* Jerome's *coming to him, and Cloathing him, to take him up into Heaven: With several Comical Circumstances that past upon the Way, betwixt his* Death, *and his* Canonization *or* Ascension.

POMPILIUS, BRASSICANUS.

Po. WHERE have you been, with your *Spatter-Lashes? Br.* At *Tubingua. Po.* Have ye any News there? *Br.* 'Tis a wonderful thing that the World should run so strangely a madding after News. I heard a *Camel* in a Pulpit at *Louvain*, charge his Auditory upon their Salvation, to have nothing to do with any thing that was *New*. *Po.* Thou

Thou mean'ſt a *Carmelite*; but it was a Conceit indeed fit for a *Camel:* Or if it were a *Man*, by my Conſent, he ſhould never change his Shoos, his Linnen, or his Breeches; and I would have him dieted with Souce, Muſty Drink, and Rotten Eggs. *Br.* But yet for all this, you muſt know that the Good Man had rather have his Porrige Freſh, than Stale. *Po.* Prethee come to the Point; and tell me what News. *Br.* Nay, I have News in my Budget too; but *News*, he ſays, is a *wicked thing*. *Po.* Well; but that which is *New*, will come to be *Old*. Now if all *Old* things be *Good*, and all *New* things *Bad*; that which is *Good* at preſent, will hereafter be *Bad*; and that which is now *Bad*, will hereafter be *Good*. *Br.* According to the Doctrine of the *Camel*, it muſt be ſo; and a *young wicked Fool*, will come to be an *old good One*. *Po.* But prethee let's have the News whatever it is. *Br.* The famous *Triple-Tongued Phœnix* of Erudition, *John Reuchlin*, is departed this Life. *Po.* For certain? *Br.* Nay, it is too certain. *Po.* And where's the hurt on't, for a Man to leave an Immortal Memory of his Name, and Reputation behind him, and ſo paſs from this miſerable World, to the Seats of the Bleſſed? *Br.* How do you know that to be the Caſe? *Po.* It cannot be otherwiſe, if his Death was anſwerable to his Life. *Br.* And you'd be more and more of that Opinion, if you knew as much as I. *Po.* What's that, I pray? *Br.* No, no; I muſt not tell ye. *Po.* Why not? *Br.* Becauſe he that told me the thing, made me promiſe Secrecy. *Po.* Truſt me, upon the ſame Condition; and upon my honeſt Word, I'll keep your Counſel. *Br.* That ſame *Honeſt Word* has ſo oft deceived me. But yet I'll venture't; eſpecially, being a matter of ſuch a quality, that it is fit all good Men ſhould know it. There

is

is a certain *Franciſcan* at *Tubinga*, (a Man of ſingular Holineſs, in every Bodies Opinion but his own.) *Po.* The greateſt Argument in the World of true Piety! *Br.* If I ſhould tell you his Name, you'd ſay as much; for you know the Man. *Po.* Shall I gueſs at him? *Br.* Do ſo. *Po.* Hold your Ear then. *Br.* Why? Here's no Body within hearing. *Po.* But however for faſhion ſake. *Br.* The very Man. *Po.* Nay, ye may ſwear it; for if he ſays it, 'tis as true as Goſpel. *Br.* Mind me then, and I'll give ye the naked Truth of the Story. My Friend *Reuchlin* had a dangerous Fit of Sickneſs; but not without ſome hope of Recovery neither. What Pity 'tis that ſo admirable a Man ſhould ever grow Old, Sicken, or Dye! One Morning I made my *Franciſcan* a Viſit, to put off ſome trouble of thoughts, by diverting my ſelf in his Company; for when my Friend was Sick, (do ye ſee?) I was Sick; and I lov'd him as my own Father. *Po.* As if ever any honeſt Man would have done otherwiſe! *Br.* My *Franciſcan* bad me chear up; for *Reuchlin* (ſays he) is well. What? (ſaid I) Is he well again ſo ſoon? For but two days ago the Doctors deſpair'd of him. Then ſatisfy your ſelf, ſays he, for he's ſo well, that he ſhall never be Sick again. The Tears ſtood in my Eyes, and my *Franciſcan* taking notice of it, Pray'e be patient, (ſays he) till I have told you all. I have not ſeen the Man this week, but I pray for him every day that goes over my head. This very Morning, after *Mattins*, I threw my ſelf upon my Bed, and fell into a gentle, pleaſant Slumber. *Po.* My mind gives me already there will come ſome good on't. *Br.* And yours is no *ill Genius*. Methought I was ſtanding by a little Bridge that led into a Meadow, ſo wonderfully Fine, what with the Emrald Verdure, and freſhneſs of the Trees and Graſs; the Infinite

Beauty,

Beauty, and variety of Flowers, and the Fragrancy of all together, that all the Fields on this side the River lookt dead, blasted and withered, in Comparison. In the *Interim*, while I was wholly taken up with this Prospect, who should come by (in a lucky hour) but *Reuchlin?* And as he pass'd, he gave me (in *Hebrew*) his Blessing. He was gotten above half over the Bridge, before I was aware; and as I was about to run up to him, he lookt back, and bade me stand off. *Your time* (says he) *is not yet come; but five Years hence you are to follow me. In the mean while, be you a Witness, and a Spectator of what's done.* I put in a word here, and ask'd him, if *Reuchlin* was *Cloth'd* or *Naked*; *Alone*, or in *Company*. He had nothing upon him (says he) but *one Garment*, and that was *White*, and *Shining*, like Damask; and a very *pretty Boy* behind him, with *Wings*, which I took for his *good Genius*. *Po.* Then he had no *evil Genius* with him? *Br.* Yes; the *Franciscan* told me, he thought he had; for there followed him a good way off, certain *Birds* that were Black all over, saving, that when they spread their Wings, they seemed to have a mixture of Feathers that were betwixt *White* and *Carnation*. By their *Colour* and *Cry*, one might have taken them for *Pyes*; but that they were sixteen times as big; and about the Size of *Vultures*. They had *Combs* upon their *Heads*, and a kind of *Gorbelly'd Kites*, with *Crooked Beaks*, and *Tallons*. If there had been but three of them, I should have taken them for *Harpyes*. *Po.* And what did these Devils do? *Br.* They kept their distance, Chattering, and Squalling at the *Heroick Reuchlin*, and would certainly have set upon him if they durst. *Po.* Why, what hinder'd 'em? *Br. Reuchlin's* turning upon 'em, and making the Sign of the Cross at 'em.

Be gone, ſays he, *ye curſed Fiends, to a place that's fitter for you. You have work enough to do among Mortals, but you have no Commiſſion to meddle with me, that am now liſted in the Roll of Immortality.* The words were no ſooner out of his Mouth, ſays my *Franciſcan*, but theſe filthy Birds took their Flight, and left ſuch a Stink behind them, that a Cloſe-ſtool would have been Orange-flower-water to it; and he ſwore, that he would rather go to Hell, than even ſnuff up ſuch a Perfume again. *Po.* A Curſe upon theſe Peſts! *Br.* But hear what the *Franciſcan* told me more. While I was muſing upon this, St. *Jerome* (ſays he) was gotten cloſe to the Bridge; and ſaluted *Reuchlin*, in theſe very Words, *God ſave thee my moſt Holy Companion. I am commanded to conduct thee to the bleſſed Souls above, as a Reward from the Divine Bounty, of thy moſt pious Labours.* With that, he took out a Garment, and put it upon *Reuchlin.* Tell me then, (ſaid I) in what Habit or Shape St. *Jerome* appear'd? Was he ſo old as they Paint him? Did he wear a *Cowl*, or a *Hat*; and the Dreſs of a *Cardinal?* Or had he a Lyon for his Companion? Nothing of all this (ſaid he) but his Perſon was Comely, and his Age was only ſuch, as carried Dignity with it, without the Offence of any ſort of Sluttery. But what need had he there of a Lyon by his ſide, as he is commonly Painted? His Gown came down to his Heels, as Tranſparent as Chriſtal, and of the ſame Faſhion with that he gave to *Reuchlin.* It was painted over with *Tongues* of *three ſeveral Colours*; in imitation of the *Ruby*, the *Emerald*, and the *Saphyre.* And beſide the clearneſs of it, the Order made it exceeding graceful. *Po.* An intimation, I ſuppoſe, of the three Tongues that they profeſs'd. *Br.* No doubt on't; for upon the very Borders of his Garments, were the *Characters* of *theſe three Languages*, in many

ny Colours. *Po.* Had *Jerome* no *Company* with him? *Br.* No *Company*, do ye say? The whole Field swarm'd with *Myriads* of *Angels*, that flew in the Air as thick as Atomes: (Pardon the meanness of the Comparison) If they had not been as clear as the Glass, there would have been no Heaven nor Earth to be seen. *Po.* How glad am I now for poor *Reuchlin*! But what followed? *Br. Jerome*, says he, for Respects sake, giving *Reuchlin* the Right hand, and embracing him; carry'd him into the Meadow, and so up to the top of a Hill that was in the middle of it, where they kiss'd and hugg'd one another again. And now the *Heavens* open'd to a prodigious wideness, and there appear'd a Glory so unutterable, as made every thing else that pass'd for wonderful before, to look Mean and Sordid. *Po.* Cannot you give us some Representation of it? *Br.* No, How should I without seeing it? But he that did see it, assures me, that the Tongue of Man is not able to express the very Dream of it. And further, that he would dye a thousand Deaths to see it over again, tho it were but for one moment. *Po.* Very good. And how then? *Br.* Out of this *Overture*, there was let down a great *Pillar of Fire*, which was both *Transparent*, and very agreeable. By the means of this *Pillar*, *Two Holy Souls* embraced one another, ascended to *Heaven*; a Quire of Angels all the while accompanying them, with so charming a Melody, that the *Franciscan* says, he is not able to think of the Delight of it, without weeping. And after this, there followed an incomparable *Perfume*. His Sleep (or rather the Vision) was no sooner over, but he started up like a Mad-man, and call'd for his Bridge, and his Meadow, without either speaking or thinking of any thing else; and there was no perswading of him to believe that he was any longer in his Cell.

The

The Seniors of the *Convent*, when they found the Story to be no Fable (for 'tis clear, that *Reuchlin* dy'd at the very inſtant of this appearance to the Holy Man) they unanimouſly gave Thanks to God, that abundantly rewards good Men for their good Deeds. *Po.* What have we more to do then, but to enter this Holy Man's Name in the *Kalender* of our *Saints?* *Br.* I ſhould have taken care for that, tho the *Franciſcan* had ſeen nothing of all this: And in Golden Letters too, I'll aſſure ye, next to St. *Jerome* himſelf. *Po.* And let me dye, if I don't put him in my Book ſo too. *Br.* And then I'll ſet him in Gold, in my little Chappel, among the choiceſt of my Saints. *Po.* If I had a Fortune to my Mind, I'd have him in Diamonds. *Br.* He ſhall ſtand in my Library the very next to St. *Jerome*. *Po.* And I'll have him ſo in mine too. *Br.* We live in an ungrateful World, or elſe all People would do the ſame thing too, that love Learning and Languages; eſpecially, the Holy Tongues. *Po.* Truly it is no more than he deſerves. But does it not a little ſtick in your Stomach, that he's not yet *Canoniz'd* by the Authority of the Biſhop of *Rome?* *Br.* I pray'e who *Canoniz'd* (for that's the word) who *Canoniz'd* St. *Jerome*, *Paul*, the *Virgin Mother?* Tell me, whoſe Memory is more Sacred among all good Men, thoſe that by their eminent Piety, and the Monuments of their *Learning*, and good *Life*, have entituled themſelves to the Veneration of Poſterity; or *Catherina Senenſis* (for the purpoſe) that was *Sainted* by *Pius* 2. in favour of the *Order* and *City?* *Po.* You ſay true. That's the right Worſhip that's paid voluntarily to the Merits of the Dead; whoſe benefits will never be forgotten. *Br.* And can you then deplore the Death of this Man? If long Life be a Bleſſing, he enjoy'd it; he left immortal Monuments of his Virtue:

tue; and by his good Works, consecrated himself to Eternity. He's now in Heaven, above the reach of misfortune, and conversing with St. *Jerome*. *Po.* But he suffer'd a great deal, tho' in this Life. *Br.* And yet St. *Jerome* suffer'd more? 'Tis a Blessing to be persecuted by wicked Men, for being Good. *Po.* I confess it; and St. *Jerome* suffered many Indignities from wicked Men for his Virtues. *Br.* That which *Satan* did formerly, by the *Scribes* and *Pharisees* against our *Saviour*, he continues still to do by *Pharisees* against *Good Men*, that have deserved well from the World by their Studies. He does now reap the Fruit of the Seed that was Sow'd. In the mean time it will be our part to preserve his memory Sacred, to glorify him, and to address to him in some such manner as follows. *Holy Soul! be Propitious to Languages, and to those that Cultivate and Refine them. Favour Holy Tongues, and destroy Evil Tongues, that are infected with the Poyson of Hell.* *Po.* I'll do't my self, and perswade all my Friends to do't. I make no question, but we shall find those that will employ their interest to get some little Form of Prayer, according to Custom; to perpetuate the Honour and Memory of this blessed *Hero*. *Br.* Do you mean that which they call a *Collect*? *Po.* Yes. *Br.* I have one ready, that I provided before his Death. *Po.* I pray'e let's hear it. *Br. O God that art the Lover of Mankind, and by thy chosen Servant* John Reuchlin, *hast renewed to Mankind the Gift of Tongues, by which thy Holy Spirit from above, did formerly enable the Apostles for the Preaching of the Gospel: Grant that all People may in all Tongues, Preach the Glory of thy Son, to the confounding of the Tongues of the false Apostles, who being in Confederacy, to uphold the wicked Tower of* Babel, *endeavour to obscure thy Glory, by advancing their own; when to thee alone is due all Glory,* &c. *Po.* A

most

moſt Elegant and Holy Prayer! And it ſhall be my daily one. How happy was this Occaſion to me, that brought me to the knowledg of ſo Edifying, and ſo Delightful a Story? *Br.* May that Joy laſt long too; and ſo Farewel.

M THE

THE FUNERAL.

COL. XII.

In the differing Ends *of* Belearicus *and* Montius, *here is ſet forth the* Vanity, Pomp *and* Superſtition *of the* Funerals *of ſome Rich and Worldly Men: With the Practices of too many of the* Monks *upon them in their Extremities. As alſo, how a* Good Chriſtian *ought to demean himſelf when he comes to Dye.*

MARCOLPHUS, PHÆDRUS.

Ma. WHY, how go Matters, *Phædrus?* Thou look'ſt methinks, as if thou hadſt been eaten, and ſpew'd up again. *Ph.* Why ſo, I beſeech ye? *Ma.* So ſad, ſo ſowre, ſo ghaſtly, ſo forlorn a Wight: Thou haſt not one bit of *Phædrus* about thee. *Phæd.* What can you expect better, from one that has been ſo many days among the *Sick*, the *Dying*, and the *Dead?* You might as well wonder to ſee a *Black-Smith*, or a *Chimney-Sweeper*

Sweeper with a *dirty Face.* Well, *Marcolphus!* Two ſuch Loſſes are enough to put any Man out of Humour. *Ma.* Have you buri'd any of your Friends then? *Ph.* You knew *George Balearicus.* *Ma.* Only his *Name*, but I never ſaw his *Face.* *Ph.* He's one, and *Cornelius Montius* the other; (my very particular Friend) but he, I ſuppoſe, was wholly a Stranger to you. *Ma.* It was never my Fortune yet to ſee any Man breathe his laſt. *Ph.* But it has been mine too often, if I might have had my wiſh. *Ma.* Pray'e tell me, is Death ſo Terrible as they make it? *Ph.* The *Way* to't, is worſe than the *Thing it ſelf*; for the *Apprehenſion* is the greateſt part of the *Evil.* Beſide, that our Reſignation to the Will of God makes all the Bitterneſs, as well of Sickneſs, as of Death, caſy to us. There can be no great Senſe of any thing in the Inſtant of the Souls leaving the Body. For before it comes to that point, the Faculty it ſelf is become Dull and Stupid; and commonly laid aſleep. *Ma.* What do we feel when we're Born? *Ph.* The *Mother* feels ſomething however, if we do not. *Ma.* Why would not Providence let us go out of the World as ſmoothly as we came into't? *Ph.* Our Birth is made painful to the Mother, to make the Child dearer to her; and Death is made formidable to Mankind, to deter us from laying violent Hands upon our Selves; for if ſo many make away themſelves as the caſe ſtands already, what would they do, if the dread of Death were taken away? If a Servant, or a Child were but corrected; a Family-quarrel ſtarted, a Sum of Money loſt, or any thing elſe went Croſs, Men would preſently repair to Halters, Swords, Rivers, Precipices, Poyſons, for their Relief. It is the *Terror* of *Death*, that makes us ſet the greater value upon *Life*; eſpecially, conſidering that there's no

Redemption; for the Dead are out of the reach of the Doctor. Now ſo it is, that we do not all either come into the World, or go out of it alike. Some dye ſooner, others later; ſome one way, ſome another: A Lethargy takes a Man away without any Senſe of Death; as if he were Stung with an Aſp, he goes off in's Sleep. Or be it as it will, There is no Death ſo Tormenting, but that a Man may overcome it with Reſolution. *Ma.* Pray'e tell me, which of your two Friends bore his Fate the moſt like a Chriſtian? *Ph.* Why truely, in my Opinion, *George* dy'd the more like *a Man of Honour*. *Ma.* Is there any Senſe of *Ambition* then, when we come to that Point? *Ph.* I never ſaw two People make ſuch different Ends. If you'll give it the Hearing, I'll tell you the Story, and leave you to judge which was likeſt a Chriſtian. *Ma.* Let's have it, I beſeech ye, for I have the greateſt mind in the World to hear't. *Ph.* I'll begin with my Friend *George*.

So ſoon as ever it could be certainly known that his Hour was drawing on; the *Phyſitians* that had attended him throughout his Sickneſs, gave to underſtand the Pains they had taken, and that there was matter of Money in the Caſe; but not a Word of the Deſpair they had of his Life. *Ma.* How many *Phyſitians* might there be? *Ph.* Sometimes *Ten*; ſometimes *Twelve*; but never under *Six*. *Ma.* Enow in all Conſcience to have done the Buſineſs of a Man in perfect Health. *Ph.* Their Money was no ſooner paid, but they privately hinted to ſome of his near Relations, that his Death was at hand, and advis'd them to take the beſt Care they could for the good of his Soul, for his Body was paſt hope. This was handſomely intimated by ſome of his particular Friends to *George* himſelf, deſiring him, that he

he would remit the Buſineſs of his *Life* to *Providence*, and turn his Thoughts now toward the Comforts of another *World*. Upon this News, *George* caſt many a ſoure Look at the Phyſitians, taking it very heinouſly, that they ſhould now leave him in his diſtreſs. They told him, that *Phyſitians* were but *Men*, not *Gods*; and that they had done as much as *Art* could do to ſave him; but there was no remedy againſt *Fate*; and ſo they went into the next Chamber. *Ma.* What did they ſtay for after they were paid? *Ph.* They were not yet agreed upon the *Diſeaſe*. One would have it to be a *Dropſy*; another, an *Apoſtheme* in the *Guts*; *Every Man* of them would needs have it a ſeveral *Diſeaſe*; and this diſpute they were very hot upon, throughout his whole Sickneſs. *Ma.* The Patient had a bleſſed time on't all this while! *Ph.* For the deciding of this Controverſy, *Firſt*, They deſir'd by his Wife that the Body might be open'd; which would be for his Honour, a thing uſual among Perſons of Quality. *Secondly*, they ſuggeſted how beneficial it might be to others, which he would have the Comfort of, by increaſing the Bulk of his *Merits*, and then they promis'd him *Thirty Maſſes* at *their own Charge*, for the good of his *Soul*. There was much ado to bring him to't; but at laſt, by *Importunities* and *fair Words*, the thing was obtain'd; and ſo the whole Conſultation was diſſolv'd; for Phyſitians, whoſe Buſineſs it is to preſerve Life, do not think it convenient to be preſent, either at their Patients Death, or Funeral. By and by, *Bernardinus* was ſent for to take his *Confeſſion*: a *Reverend Man*, ye know, and *Warden* of the *Franciſcans*. His *Confeſſion* was no ſooner over, but there was a whole *Houſe-full* of the *four Orders of Begging Fryers*. *Ma.* What, ſo *many Vultures* to *one Carkaſs*? *Ph.* And

now, the *Pariſh-Prieſt* was call'd to give him *Extreme Unction*, and the *Sacrament* of the *Euchariſt*. *Ma.* Religious People! *Ph.* But there had like to have been a bloody Fray, betwixt the *Prieſt*, and the *Monks*. *Ma.* What? At the *Patients Bed-ſide!* *Ph.* Nay, and *Chriſt* himſelf *looking on* too. *Ma.* Upon what occaſion? *Ph.* The *Pariſh-Prieſt*, ſo ſoon as ever he found that *George* had *Confeſſed* to a *Franciſcan*, did Point-blank refuſe to give him, either the *Sacrament* of *Unction*, or the *Euchariſt*; or ſo much as the *Common Rights* of *Burial*; unleſs he heard his *Confeſſion* with his own *Ears*. He was to be accomptable for his Flock *himſelf*, he ſaid; And how could he anſwer for any Man, without knowing the *Secrets* of his *Conſcience?* *Ma.* And don't you think he was in the right? *Ph.* They did not think ſo, for they all fell upon him, eſpecially, *Bernardinus*, and *Vincentius* the *Dominican*. *Ma.* What did they urge? *Ph.* They told the *Curate*, he was an *Aſs*, and fitter for a *Hogdriver*, than a *Paſtor*, and ratled him to ſome tune. I am a *Batchelor of Divinity*, (ſays *Vincentius*) and ſhortly to be *Licens'd*, and take my *Degree* of *Doctor*; and ſhall ſuch a *Dunce* as thou art, that can hardly read a Letter in the Book, be peeping into the *Secrets* of a Mans *Conſcience?* If you have ſuch an Itch of *Curioſity*, you had beſt enquire into the *Privacies* of your *Concubine*, and your *Baſtards* at *Home*. I could ſay more, but I am aſham'd of the Story. *Ma.* And did he ſay nothing to all this? *Ph.* Nothing, do ye ſay? Never was any Man ſo nettled. I'll make a *Better Batchelor* than you are, ſays he, of a *Bean-Stalk*. I pray, what were your *Maſters*, *Dominicus* and *Franciſcus?* Where did they ever learn *Ariſtotle's Philoſophy*; the *Arguments* of *Thomas*, or the *Speculations* of *Scotus?* Where did they take their Degree of

Batchelors?

Batchelors? Ye crept into a *Believing World*, a Company of poor, humble Wretches of ye, (tho ſome, I muſt confeſs, were Devout and Learned.) Ye neſtled at firſt, in *Fields* and *Villages*, and ſo by Degrees, tranſplanted your ſelves into *Opulent Cities*, and none but the beſt part of them neither, would content ye. Your buſineſs lay then only in Places that could not maintain a *Paſtor*; but now, forſooth, none but great Mens Houſes will ſerve your turn. You value your ſelves much upon the Title of *Prieſts*, but all your *Priviledges* are not worth a Ruſh, unleſs in the *Abſence* of the *Biſhop*, *Paſtor*, or his *Curate*. Not a Man of you ſhall come into my *Pulpit*, I aſſure ye, ſo long as I am *Paſtor*. 'Tis true, I am no *Batchelor*; no more was St. *Martin*, and yet he diſcharg'd the Office of a *Biſhop*. If I have not ſo much Learning as I ſhould, I'll never come a begging to you for't. The World is grown Wiſer now adays, than to think that the *Holineſs* of *Dominicus* and *Franciſcus*, is entail'd upon the *Habit*. You 're much concern'd what I do in my own Houſe: 'Tis the common talk of the People what you do in your Cells; and at what rate you behave your ſelves, with your *Holy Virgins*; and how many *Illuſtrious Palaces* ye have turn'd into *direct Bawdy-Houſes*. *Marcolphus*, you muſt excuſe me for the reſt, for it is too foul to be told: But in truth, he handled the Reverend Fathers without *Mittens:* And there would have been no end on't, if *George* had not held up his hand, in token that he had ſomething to ſay. With much ado, the Storm was laid at laſt, and they gave the Patient the Hearing. *Peace* (ſays he) *be among ye: I'll Confeſs my ſelf over again to my* Pariſh-Prieſt: *and ſee all the Charge of Ringing, of my Funeral Rites, Burial and Monument, paid ye before ye go out of the Houſe; and take ſuch Order, that*

ye ſhall have no Cauſe to Complain. *Ma.* I hope the *Pariſh-Prieſt* was pleaſed with this. *Ph.* He was pacifi'd in ſome meaſure; only ſomething he mutter'd about *Confeſſion*; but he remitted it at laſt, and told them that there was no need of troubling either the Prieſt, or the Patient, with the ſame things again; but if he had Confeſs'd to me in time (ſays he) he would have made his Will perhaps upon better Conſiderations. But now we muſt e'en take it as it is; and if it be not as it ſhould be, it muſt be at your door. This Equity of the Sick Man's gall'd the Monks to the very Heart, to think that any part of the Booty ſhould go to the Prieſt of the Pariſh. But upon my Interceſſion Matters were Compos'd; and the Pariſh-Prieſt gave the Sick Man the Unction and the Euchariſt, receiv'd his Money, and ſo went his way. *Ma.* And now all was well again, was it not? *Ph.* So far from it, that this Tempeſt was no ſooner Laid, but a worſe follow'd. *Ma.* Upon what Ground, I pray thee? *Ph.* To the four Orders of Beggers, that were gotten into the Houſe, there was now join'd with them a Fifth one, of Croſs-bearers, which put the other Mendicants into a direct Tumult againſt the Fifth Order, as Illegitimate and Spurious. *Where did you ever ſee* (ſays one of them) *a Waggon with Five Wheels? Or with what Face will any Man pretend to reckon more Mendicant Orders, than there were Evangeliſts?* At *this rate, you may e'en as well call in All the Beggers to ye from the Bridges and Croſs-ways.* *Ma.* What ſaid the *Croſs-bearers* to this? *Ph.* They ask'd how the *Waggon* of the *Church* went, before there was any Order of *Mendicants at all?* And ſo after that, when there was but *One Order*; and then again, when there were *Three:* For the *Number* of the *Evangeliſts* (ſay they) has no more Affinity with *our Order,*

Order, than with the *Dye*, for having *four Angles*. Who brought the *Auguſtines*, or the *Carmelites* into *That Order?* Or when did *Auguſtine*, or *Elias Beg?* (whom they make to be the *Principals* of their *Order.*) This, and a great deal more, they thunder'd out; but being over-power'd with Numbers, they were forc'd to give way; but not without Threatning a Revenge. *Ma.* I hope all was quiet now. *Ph.* No, no; for *This Confederacy* againſt the *Fifth Order*, was come almoſt to *Daggers drawing*; The *Franciſcan*, and *Dominican* would not allow the *Auguſtines* and *Carmelites* to be *True Mendicants*; but only *Baſtard*, and *Suppoſititious.* The Brawl went ſo High, that every Body expected it would have come to *Blows.* *Ma.* And was the *Sick Man* forc'd to *ſuffer* all This? *Ph.* They were not in his *Bed-Chamber*, now, ye muſt know; but in a Court that join'd to't: Which was all one, for he heard every word that was ſpoken; there was no whiſpering, believe me, but they very fairly exercis'd their Lungs: beſide, that in a Fit of Sickneſs, Men are commonly Quicker of Hearing than Ordinary. *Ma.* But what was the End of This Diſpute? *Ph.* The Patient ſent them word by his Wife, that if they would but be quiet a little, and hold their Tongues, all things ſhould be ſet right: and therefore deſir'd, that for the preſent, the *Auguſtines*, and *Carmelites* would Depart, and they ſhould be no Loſers by it: for they ſhould have the ſame Proportion of Meat ſent them home, which the reſt had that ſtaid. He gave direction, to have all the *Five Orders* aſſiſt at his *Funeral*; and for an *Equal Dividend* of *Money*, to every one of them: But to have taken them all to a *Common Table*, would have endanger'd a *Tumult.* *Ma.* The Man underſtood *Oeconomy*, I perceive, that had the Skill, even at his Death,

Death, to atone ſo many Differences. *Ph.* Alas! he had been an *Officer* a long time in the *Army*, where he was us'd to *Mutinies*. *Ma.* Had he any *Great Eſtate?* *Ph.* A very *Great* one. *Ma.* But *Ill gotten*, as commonly, by *Rapine*, *Sacrilege*, and *Extortions*. *Ph.* After the Soldiers Method; and I will not ſwear for Him neither, that he was one jot better than his Neighbours. But ſtill, if I do not miſtake the Man, he made his Fortune, rather by his *Wit*, than by *Downright Violence*. *Ma.* How ſo? *Ph.* He had very great Skill in *Arithmetick*. *Ma.* And what of that? *Ph.* Why he would reckon 30000 *Soldiers*, when there were but 7000: and Thoſe not paid neither. *Ma.* Truly a Compendious way of *Arithmetick!* *Ph.* And then he was a Great Maſter of his Trade; for he had a way of getting *Monthly Contributions* on *Both Sides*: from his *Enemies*, that he might *ſpare* them; and from his *Friends*, as an *Allowance* for them to deal with the *Enemy*. *Ma.* Well, well, I know the Common way of Soldiers; but make an end of your Story. *Ph. Bernardinus*, and *Vincentius*, with ſome of their Fellows, continu'd with the *Sick Man*; and the Reſt had their Proviſions ſent them. *Ma.* But how did they agree among Themſelves that ſtaid upon Duty? *Ph.* Not perfectly well: For I heard ſome Grumbling among 'em about the *Prerogative* of their *Bulls*; but they were fain to diſſemble the Matter, that they might go the better on with their Work.

The *Will* is now produc'd; and *Covenants* enter'd into before *Witneſſes*, according to what they had agreed upon betweem *Themſelves*. *Ma.* I ſhould be glad to hear what That was. *Ph.* I'll tell ye in ſhort: For the Whole Bus'neſs would be a Long Hiſtory. He leaves a *Widow* of *Thirty Eight Years*

of

of Age; a *Sincere* and a *Virtuous Woman*. He leaves *Two Sons*, the *one* of *Eighteen*, the *other* of *Fifteen*; and *Two Daughters*, *both under Age*. He provided by his *Teſtament*, that ſince his Wife would not confine her ſelf to a *Cloyſter*, ſhe ſhould put on the *Habit* of a *Beghin*, (which is a middle Order, betwixt *Layick* and *Religious*.) The *Elder Son*, becauſe he could not be prevail'd upon to turn *Monk* ——— *Ma. There's no catching Old Birds with Chaff. Ph.* He was immediately after his *Father's Funeral*, to ride Poſt to *Rome*; where being made a *Prieſt*, before his time, by the *Pope's Diſpenſation*, he ſhould for *One Year* ſay *Maſs* every day in the *Lateran Church*, for his *Father's Soul*; and *every Friday* creep upon his *Knees*, up the *Holy Steps* there. *Ma.* And did he take this Task upon himſelf, *willingly? Ph.* With as much *Submiſſion* as an *Aſs* bears his *Burthen*. His *Younger Son* was Dedicated to St. *Francis*; His *Elder Daughter* to St. *Clare*; and the *Younger* to *Catharina Senenſis*. This was all could be obtain'd: For it was *George's* Purpoſe (to lay the Greater Obligation upon God Almighty) to diſpoſe of the *Five Survivors* into the *Five Orders* of *Mendicants*; and it was hard preſs'd too: but his *Wife*, and his *Eldeſt Son* were not to be wrought upon by any Terms, fair or foul. *Ma.* Why, this is a kind of *Diſinheriting*. *Ph.* The *Whole Eſtate* was ſo *Divided*, that the *Funeral Charges* being Firſt taken out, *One Twelfth part of it* was to go to his *Wife*: *One Half* of *That* for her *Maintenance*, and the *Other* to the *Stock* of the place where ſhe diſpos'd of her ſelf. *Another Twelfth Part* to go to the *Elder Son*; with a *Viaticum*, and as much *Money* as would purchaſe him a *Diſpenſation*, and *Maintain* him at *Rome*: Provided always, that if he ſhould *change his Mind*, and *refuſe* to be Initiated into *Holy Orders*;

Orders; his *Portion* to be divided betwixt the *Franciſcans*, and *Dominicans*. And That, I fear, will be the End on't: for he had a ſtrange Abhorrence to That Courſe of Life. *Two Twelfth Parts* are to go to the *Monaſtery* that receives his *Younger Son*; and *Two more*, to *Thoſe* that ſhould entertain his *Daughters*; but upon Condition, that if They refuſe to *profeſs* Themſelves, *All the Money* ſhould go *Whole*, to the *Cloyſter*. *Another Twelfth Part*, to *Bernardinus*, and as much to *Vincentius*. *Half a Share* to the *Carthuſians*; *for the Good Works of the Whole Order*; One *Remaining Part and Half*, to be divided among ſuch *Poor* as *Bernardinus*, and *Vincentius* ſhould judge worthy of the Charity. *Ma.* It would have been more *Lawyer-like* to have ſaid *Quos*, *vel Quas*, inſtead of *Quos* only, as I find. *Ph.* The *Teſtament* was read; and the *Stipulation* ran in *Theſe Words*: *George Balearicus*; *Now whilſt thou art in Life, and ſound Senſe, doſt thou approve of This Teſtament, which has been made Long ſince by thy Direction and Appointment?* I approve it. *Is this Thy Laſt, and Unchangeable Will?* It is. *And Doſt thou Conſtitute Me, and this Batchelor* Vincentius, *the Executors of This thy Laſt Will?* I do ſo. And then he was Commanded to *Subſcribe*. *Ma.* How could he *Write* when he was *Dying? Ph. Bernardinus* Guided his Hand. *Ma.* What did he Subſcribe? *Ph. Whoſoever ſhall preſume to Violate This Teſtament, may St.* Francis *and St.* Dominick *Confound him*. *Ma.* But what if they had brought an *Action, Teſtamenti Inofficioſi? Ph. That Action* will not hold, in things Dedicated to *God*; Nor will any Man run the hazard of a *Suit* with him. When This was Over, the *Wife*, and *Children* give the *Sick Man* their *Right Hands*, and ſwear Obſervance to his Directions.

After

After This, they fell to treat about the *Funeral Pomp*; and there was a Squabble There too; but it was carried at laſt, that there ſhould be preſent, *Nine*, out of *every one* of the *Five Orders*, for the Honour of the *Five Volumes* of *Moſes*, and the *Nine Quire* of *Angels*; *Every Order* to carry its *proper Croſs*, and ſing the *Funeral Songs*. To theſe, beſide the Kindred, there ſhould be *Thirty Torch-bearers*, all in *Mourning*, and in Memory of the *Thirty Pieces* of *Silver* that our *Saviour* was *ſold* for; and for Reſpect ſake, *Twelve Mourners* to accompany Them; as a *Number* Sacred to the *Apoſtolical Order*. Behind the *Bier* follow'd *George's Horſe*, all in *Mourning*; with his *Head* ty'd down to his *Knee*, as if he were Looking upon the *Ground* for his *Maſter*. The *Pall* being hung round with *Eſcutcheons*, and ſo were the *Garments* both of the *Bearers*, and *Mourners*. The *Body* it ſelf was to be laid at the *Right Hand* of the *High Altar*, in a *Marble Tomb*, ſome *Four Foot* from the *Ground*; and *He himſelf* at his *Length*, upon the Top on't. His *Image* cut in the *Pureſt Marble*, and in *Armour* from *Head to Foot*: To His *Helmet*, *a Creſt*; which was the Neck of an *Onocrotalus*; a *Shield* upon his *Left Arm*, charged with *Three Bores Heads*, Or, in a *Field Argent*; a *Sword* by his ſide, with a *Golden Hilt*, and a *Belt* Embroidered with *Gold*, and *Pearl*: *Golden Spurs*, and *All*, *Gold*, for he was *Eques Auratus*. He had a *Leopard* at his Feet, and an *Inſcription* worthy of ſo great a Man. His *Heart* was to be laid in the *Chappel* of St. *Francis*, and his *Bowels* bequeath'd to the *Pariſh*, to be Honourably Interr'd in our *Ladies Chappel*. *Ma.* This was a *Noble Funeral*, but a *Dear one*. Now at *Venice* a *Cobler* ſhould have as much *Honour* done him, and with little or no *charge* at all. The *Company* gives him a handſom *Coffin*; and they have *Six hundred*

dred Monks, all in their *Habits*, many times, to attend *One Body*. *Ph.* I have ſeen it my ſelf, and cannot but laugh at the Vanity of thoſe poor People. The *Fullers* and *Tanners* march in the *Van*, the *Coblers* bring up the *Rear*, and the *Monks* march in the *Body*. This Mixture made it look like a *Chimæra*; and *George* had This Caution too, that the *Franciſcans*, and *Dominicans* ſhould draw *Lots*, who ſhould go *Firſt*; and after *Them*, the *Reſt*, for fear of a *Tumult*, or Quarrelling for *Place*. The *Pariſh-Prieſt* and his *Clerks* went *Laſt*: for the *Monks* would never indure it otherwiſe. *Ma. George* had Skill, I find, in *Marſhalling* of a *Ceremony*, as well as of an *Army*. *Ph.* And it was provided, that the *Funeral Service*, which was to be perform'd by the *Pariſh-Prieſt*, ſhould proceed in *Muſick*, for the Greater *Honour* of the *Defunct*. While theſe things were a doing, the *Patient* was ſeiz'd with a *Convulſion*, which was a Certain Token that his Diſſolution was at hand: So that they were now come to the *Laſt Act*. *Ma.* Why, is not all done yet? *Ph.* No; For now the *Popes Bull* is to be read, wherein he is promiſed a Total *Pardon* of All his *Sins*, and an *Exemption* from the Fear of *Purgatory*; with a *Juſtification*, over and above, of his *Whole Eſtate*. *Ma.* What? Of an *Eſtate* gotten by *Violence*? *Ph.* Gotten by the *Law*, and *Fortune* of the *War*: But it happen'd that a Brother of his Wives, one *Philip*, a *Civilian*, was by at the reading of the *Bull*; and took notice of One Paſſage in it, that was not as it ſhould be, which made him Jealous of *Foul Play*. *Ma.* This came very Unſeaſonable; Or if there had been any *Error*, it might have been *diſſembled*, and the *Sick Man never the worſe for't*. *Ph.* You ſay very well; and I aſſure ye it wrought upon *George* ſo, that it had like to have caſt him into an *Abſolute Deſpair*.

Deſpair. And *here*, *Vincentius* ſhew'd himſelf *a Man indeed*; *Courage*, George, (ſays he) *for I have an Authority to Correct, or to ſupply all Errors, or Omiſſions in this Caſe: ſo that if this Bull ſhould deceive thee, my Soul ſhall ſtand ingag'd for thine, that thine ſhall go to Heaven, or mine be Damn'd.* *Ma.* But will God accept of This way now of *Changing Souls?* Or if he does, is the *Pawn* of *Vincentius*'s *Soul* a ſufficient *Security?* What if *Vincentius*'s *Soul* ſhould go to the *Devil*, whether he *Changes* it, or *no?* *Ph.* I only tell ye Matter of Fact. *Vincentius* Enter'd formally into *This Obligation*, and *George* ſeem'd to be much *Comforted* with it. By and by the *Covenants* are *read*, by which, the *Whole Society promiſe* to *Transfer* to *George* the *Benefits* of the *Works* of *All the Five Orders.* *Ma.* I ſhould be afraid that ſuch a weight ſhould ſink me to *Hell.* *Ph.* I ſpeak of their *Good Works* only; for they *help* a *Soul* in mounting to *Heaven*, as *Feathers* help a *Bird.* *Ma.* But who ſhall have their *Evil Works* then? *Ph.* The *Dutch Soldiers of Fortune.* *Ma.* By what Right? *Ph.* By *Goſpel-Right*; for *To him that* Has, *ſhall be* Given. And then they read over, how many *Maſſes* and *Pſalms* were to accompany the Soul of the *Deceaſed*; which indeed were *Innumerable.* His *Confeſſion* was *Repeated*, after This; and they gave him their *Benediction.* *Ma.* And ſo he Dy'd. *Ph.* Not yet. They laid a *Mat* upon the *Ground*, which was *Roll'd up* at One End into the Form of a *Pillow.* *Ma.* And what was This to do? *Ph.* They threw *Aſhes* upon it; but thin ſpread; and There they laid the *Sick Man*'s *Body*; and then they *Conſecrated* a *Franciſcans Coat*, with *Certain Prayers*, and *Holy Water*, and Caſt That over him; they laid his *Coul* under his *Head*, (for there was no putting of it on) and his *Pardon* with it. *Ma.* A New way of leaving the World. *Ph.*

But

But they affirm, that the *Devil* has no *Power* over Thoſe that Die in This manner; for they do but follow St. *Martin*, St. *Francis*, and *Others*, that have gone This way before. *Ma.* But *Their Lives* were *Religious*, as well as their *Ends.* But go on. *Ph.* They then preſented the *Sick Man* with a *Crucifix*, and a *Wax Candle.* Upon holding Out the *Crucifix*; *I thought my ſelf ſafe*, ſays George, *under the Protection of my Buckler, in War; and now This is the Buckler that I ſhall oppoſe to my Enemies:* ſo he kiſt it, and laid it to his *Left Side*; and for the *Holy Taper*, *I was ever held to be a good Pike-man in the Field, and now I ſhall make uſe of This Lance againſt the Enemy of Souls. Ma.* Spoken like a Man of War. *Ph.* Theſe were the laſt Words he ſpake: for Death preſently Ty'd up his Tongue, and he fell into an Agony. *Bernardinus* kept cloſe to him, in his *Extremity*, upon the *Right Hand*, and *Vincentius* upon the *Left*; and they had both of them their *Pipes* open: the *One* ſhew'd him the *Image* of St. *Francis*, the *Other* that of St. *Dominick*, while the reſt were up and down in the Bed-Chamber, mumbling over certain *Pſalms* to a moſt *Lamentable Tune*; *Bernardinus*, *Bawling* in his *Right Ear*, and *Vincentius*, in his *Left. Ma.* What did they ſay? *Ph. Bernardinus* ſpake to this Purpoſe: *George Balearicus, If thou doſt now approve of all that is here done, lean thy Head toward thy Right Shoulder.* And ſo he did. *Vincentius*, on the other ſide, *Have a good Heart*, George, (ſays he) *thou haſt St.* Francis *and St.* Dominick *for thy Defenders; fear nothing, but think of the Merits that are beſtow'd upon thee; The Validity of thy Pardon, and that I have engag'd My Soul for Thine, if there ſhould be any Danger. If thou Underſtand'ſt all This, and approveſt of it, lean thy head toward Thy Left Shoulder*; and ſo he did. After this, they cry'd

out

out as loud as before, *If thou art ſenſible of All This, ſqueeze my Hand*; and he did ſo: So that betwixt the *turning* of his *Head*, and the *ſqueezing* of his *Hand*, there paſt almoſt *Three Hours*. When *George* began to *Yawn*, *Bernardinus* ſtood up, and pronounc'd his *Abſolution*; but he could not go through with it, before *George*'s *Soul* was out of his *Body*. This was about *Midnight*; and in the *Morning*, they went about the *Anatomy*. *Ma.* What did he Die of? *Ph.* Well remembred, for I had like to have forgot it. There was a piece of *Lead* that ſtuck to the *Diaphragma*. *Ma.* How came That? *Ph.* With a *Muſquet Shot*, as his Wife told me; and the Phyſicians conjectur'd that ſome part of the *Melted Lead* was yet in his *Body*. By and by, they put the *Diſſected Corps*, as well as they could, into a *Franciſcans Habit*; and after Dinner they Bury'd him in Pomp, as it was Order'd. *Ma.* I never heard of more Buſtle about a Man's Dying, or of a more *Pompous Funeral*: But I ſuppoſe you would not have This publickly to be known. *Ph.* Why not? *Ma.* 'Tis not good to provoke a Neſt of Hornets. *Ph.* There's no danger; for if This be *Well* done, the more *Publick*, the *Better*: But if it be *Ill*, All good Men will thank me for the diſcovery of it; and for making the *Impoſtors Themſelves*, perhaps, aſham'd of what they have done; and Cautious how they do the ſame thing again. Beſide that it may poſſibly preſerve the Simple from falling any more into the like miſtakes. For I have been told by ſeveral Learned and Pious Men, that the *Superſtition*, and *Wickedneſs* of ſome *few*, brings a *Scandal* upon the *Whole Order*. *Ma.* This is well and bravely ſaid.

But I would fain know what became of *Cornelius*. *Ph.* Why Truly he *Dy'd*, as he *Liv'd*, *without troubling*

any Body: He had an *Anniverſary Feaver* that took him every Year at ſuch a Certain time; but being Worſe now than Ordinary, either by reaſon of his *Age*, (for he was above *Threeſcore*) or ſome other *Infirmity*, finding that his Fatal Day was drawing on; he went to Church, upon a *Sunday* ſome four days before his Death, and there *Confeſs'd* himſelf to his *Pariſh-Prieſt*; heard *Publick Service*, and *Sermon*; receiv'd the *Euchariſt*; and ſo return'd to his *Own Houſe*. *Ma.* Had he no *Phyſicians?* *Ph.* Only One, who was an Excellent Man, both in his *Morals*, and in his *Profeſſion*, (one *James Caſtrutius.*) *Ma.* I know the Man; a very worthy Perſon. *Ph.* He told him, that he ſhould be ready to ſerve him in any thing as a Friend; but that his buſineſs lay rather with *God*, than with the *Doctors*. *Cornelius* took This Sentence as Chearfully, as if he had aſſur'd him of his Recovery. Wherefore, tho he had always been very Charitable, according to his Power, yet he then enlarg'd himſelf, and beſtow'd upon the Needy all that he could poſſibly ſpare from the Neceſſities of his Wife and Children: And not upon Thoſe that take a *Pride* in a *ſeeming Poverty*; (thoſe are an *Ambitious ſort* of *Beggers*, that are every where to be met withal:) But upon thoſe good Men, that oppoſe a *Laborious Induſtry* to an *Innocent Poverty*. I deſir'd him, that he would reſt himſelf, and rather take a *Prieſt* to entertain him, than ſpend his Waſted Body with more Labour than it would bear. His Anſwer was, That it had been His Practice, rather to Eaſe his Friends where he could, by *Doing* good Offices, than make himſelf Troubleſome by *Receiving* them; and that he would now *Die* as he had *Liv'd*. He would not lie down till the *Laſt Day*, and *part* of the *Laſt Night* of his *Life*. In the *Interim*, he was forced to ſupport his Weak Body with a Stick;

a Stick; Or elſe he would ſit in a Chair, but very rarely came into his Naked Bed: Only he kept himſelf in his Clothes, with his Head upright. In This time, either he was giving Orders for the Relief of the Poor, and of the Neighbourhood, (eſpecially ſuch as were known to him) or elſe he would be Reading of thoſe Scriptures that might fortifie him in his Faith toward God; and ſhew the Infinite Love of God to Mankind. When he was not able to Read himſelf, he had ſome Friend to Read to him; and he would frequently, and with wonderful Affection encourage his Family to Mutual Love, and Concord, and to the Exerciſe of True Piety; comforting his Friends with great Tenderneſs, and perſwading them not to be over-ſollicitous for his Death. He gave it often in Charge to his Family, to ſee all his Debts paid. *Ma.* Had he made no *Will*? *Ph.* Yes, long ſince; he had diſpatch'd That Affair in his beſt Health: for he was us'd to ſay, That what a Man does at his *Laſt Gaſp*, is rather a *Dotage*, than a *Teſtament*. *Ma.* Did he give any thing to *Religious Houſes*, or *Poor People*? *Ph.* No, not a *Croſs*. I have given already (ſays he) in my Life-time what I was able to give; and now, as I leave the Poſſeſſion of what I have to my Family, they ſhall e'en have the Diſpoſing of it too; and I truſt that they will yet employ it better than I my ſelf have done. *Ma.* Did he ſend for no *Holy Man* about him, as *George* did? *Ph.* Not a Man of 'em. There was only his own Family, and two Intimate Friends about him. *Ma.* What did he mean by That? *Ph.* He was not willing, he ſaid, to trouble more People when he went out of the World, than he did when he came in to't. *Ma.* When comes the End of This Story? *Ph.* You ſhall hear preſently: *Thurſday* came, and finding himſelf extreamly weak, he

kept his Bed. The *Pariſh-Prieſt* was then call'd, gave him *Extreme Unction*, and the *Holy Communion*; but he made *no Confeſſion*, for he had *no Scruple*, he ſaid, that ſtuck upon him. The *Prieſt* began then to diſcourſe of the *Pomp*, *Place*, and *Manner* of his *Burial*. *Bury me* (ſays he) *as you would bury the meaneſt Chriſtian: Nor do I concern my ſelf where ye lay my Body; for the Laſt Judgment will find it out in One place, as well as in Another; and for the Pomp of my Funeral, I heed it not.* When he came to mention the *Ringing of Bells*, the ſaying of *Maſſes*, the Buſineſs of *Pardons*, and Purchaſing a *Communion of Merits*; *My good Paſtor* (ſays he) *I ſhall find my ſelf never the worſe, if never a Bell be rung; and One Funeral Office will abundantly content me: but if there be any thing elſe, which the publick Cuſtom of the Church has made neceſſary, and that cannot well be Omitted, without giving a ſcandal to the Weak; In that caſe, I remit my ſelf to your Pleaſure: Nor am I at all deſirous, either to buy any Man's Prayers, or to rob any Man of his Merits; Thoſe of Chriſt I take to be ſufficient, and I wiſh only, that I my ſelf may be the better for the Prayers, and Merits of the Whole Church, if I Live, and Die, but a true Member of it. All my hope is in theſe two Aſſurances. The One is, That my Sins are aboliſhed, and nail'd to the Croſs by my Bleſſed Saviour, who is our Chief Shepherd. The Other is, that which Chriſt hath ſigned, and ſealed with his Holy Blood; By which we are made ſure of Eternal Salvation, if we place all our Truſt in Him. Far be it from me to inſiſt upon* Merits, *and* Pardons; *as if I would provoke my God to enter into Judgment with his Servant, in whoſe ſight no Fleſh living ſhall be Juſtifi'd. His Mercy is boundleſs, and unſpeakable, and thither it is that I muſt appeal, from his Juſtice.* The *Pariſh-Prieſt*, upon theſe words,

words, Departed; and *Cornelius*, with great *Joy* and *Chearfulneſs*, (as one Tranſported with the hope of a better Life) cauſed ſome Texts to be read, to confirm him in the hope of a Reſurrection; and ſet before him the Rewards of Immortality. As That out of the Prophet *Iſaiah*, concerning the deferring of the Death of *Hezekias*, together with the *Hymn*; and then the 1 *Cor.* 15. The Death of *Lazarus*, out of St. *John*; but eſpecially, the Hiſtory of *Chriſt's Paſſion*, out of the *Goſpels*. With what affection did he take in all theſe Scriptures! Sighing at ſome Paſſages; Cloſing his Hands, as in Thankfulneſs, at Others: One while rapt, and Overjoy'd at ſome Paſſages, and at Others, ſending up his Soul in ſhort Ejaculations. After Dinner, when he had ſlept a little, he cauſed to be read the *Twelfth of* St. *John*, to the End of the Story. And here the Man ſeem'd to be Transfigur'd, and poſſeſs'd with a New-Spirit. Toward Evening, he call'd his Wife and Children; and raiſing himſelf as well as he could, he thus beſpake them.

My deareſt Wife, the ſame God that joyn'd us, doth now part us; but only in our Bodies, and That too, but for a ſhort time. That Care, Kindneſs, and Piety, that thou haſt hitherto divided betwixt my ſelf, and the tender Pledges of our Mutual Love, thou art now to transfer wholly to Them: Nor canſt thou do any thing more acceptable to God, or to me, than to Educate, Cheriſh, and Inſtruct thoſe whom Providence has beſtow'd upon us, as the Fruit of our Conjunction, that they may be found worthy of Chriſt. Double thy

Piety towards them, and reckon upon my ſhare too, as tranſlated unto Thee. If thou doſt This, (as I am confident thou wilt) thy Children are not to be accounted Orphans.

If ever thou ſhouldſt Marry again ——— With that his Wife guſh'd out into Tears, and as ſhe was about to forſwear the thing, *Cornelius* thus interpoſed: *My deareſt Siſter in Chriſt; If our Lord* Jeſus *ſhall vouchſafe to thee ſuch a Reſolution, and ſtrength of Spirit, be not wanting to thy ſelf in the Cheriſhing of ſo Divine a Grace; for it will be more Commodious, as well to thy ſelf, as to thy Children; but if thy Infirmity ſhall move thee another way, know, that My Death has freed thee from the Bond of Wedlock, but not from That Truſt, which in both our Names, thou oweſt in Common to the Care of our Children. As to the Point of Marriage, make uſe of the Freedom which God has given thee. This only let me intreat, and admoniſh thee, make ſuch a Choice of a Husband, and ſo diſcharge thy ſelf towards him, in the Condition of a Wife, that either by his Own Goodneſs, or for Thy Convenience, he may be kind to our Children. Have a Care then of Tying up thy ſelf by any Vow: Keep thy ſelf free to God, and to our Iſſue; and bring them up in ſuch a frame of Piety and Virtue, and take ſuch care of them, that they may not fix upon*

upon any Course of Life, till by Age, and the use of things, they shall come to understand what is fittest for them.

Turning then to his Children, he exhorted them to the Study of Virtue; Obedience to their Mother; and Mutual Friendship and Affection among themselves. He then kist his Wife, pray'd for his Children; and making the Sign of the Cross, recommended them to the Mercy of Christ. After This, looking upon all that were present; *Yet before to Morrow-morning*, (says he) *the Lord that sanctified the Morning, by Reviving upon it, will descend, out of his Infinite Mercy, to call this poor Soul of mine out of the Sepulchre of my Body, and the Darkness of This Mortality, into his Heavenly Light. I will not have ye tire your selves in your Tender Age with Unprofitable Watching; only let One wake with me, to read to me, and let the rest sleep by Turns.* When he had past the Night; about Four in the *Morning*, the whole Family being present, he caused that *Psalm* to be read, which our Saviour, praying, recited upon the Cross. When That was done, he call'd for a *Taper*, and a *Cross*; and taking the *Taper*, *The Lord* (says he) *is my Light, and my Salvation, whom shall I fear?* And then, kissing the *Cross*; *The Lord* (says he) *is the Defender of my Life, of whom then shall I be afraid?* By and by, with his hands upon his breast, and the Gesture of One Praying, and with his Eyes lifted up to Heaven, *Lord Jesus* (says he) *receive my Spirit.* And immediately he closed his Eyes, as if he were only about to sleep; and so, with a Gentle Breath, he deliver'd up his Spirit, as if he had only slumber'd, and not expir'd. *Ma.* The least painful Death that ever I heard of. *Ph.* His

Life was as Calm as his Death. These two Men were both of 'em My Friends; and perhaps I am not so good a Judge which of them Dy'd the likeſt a Chriſtian: But you that are Unbyaſs'd, may perhaps make a better Judgment. *Ma.* I'll think of it; and give you my Opinion at Leiſure.

THE

THE EXORCISM: OR, *The APPARRITION.*

COL. XIII.

A Dragon *in the Air; with the Relation of an Artificial and Famous* Impoſture.

THOMAS, ANSELMUS.

Th. YOU have found a Purchaſe ſure, that ye Laugh to your ſelf thus: What's the beſt News? *Anſ.* Nay, you are not far from the Marque. *Th.* If there be any thing that's Good, let your Friend take part with ye. *Anſ.* And welcome too; for I have been wiſhing a good while for ſome Body that would be Merry with me for Company. *Th.* Let's have it then. *Anſ.* I was told e'en now the pleaſanteſt Story; and if I did not know the Place, the Perſons, and every Circumſtance, as well

well as I know you, I ſhall Swear 'twere a *Sham: Th.* You have ſet me a longing to hear it. *Anſ.* Do not you know *Pool*, *Fawn*'s Son-in-Law? *Th.* Perfectly well. *Anſ.* He's both the *Contriver* of it, and the Chief *Actor* in the *Play*. *Th.* I am apt enough to believe that; for he's a Man to do any Part to the Life. *Anſ.* 'Tis Right: Do you not know a Farm that he has a little way from *London?* *Th.* Oh! Very well. He and I have crackt many a Bottle together there. *Anſ.* There's a way, you know, betwixt two ſtreight Rows of Trees. *Th.* A matter of *Two Flight ſhot* from the Houſe, upon the left Hand. *Anſ.* That's it. One ſide of the way has a dry Ditch, that's over-grown with Brambles; and then there's a little Bridge, that leads into an open Field. *Th.* I remember it. *Anſ.* There went a Report among the Country People, of a *Spirit* that walkt there; and of hideous *Howlings* that were heard about that Bridge, which made them conclude it to be the Soul of ſome Body that was miſerably Tormented. *Th.* Who was't that rais'd this Report? *Anſ.* Who but *Pool*; that made this the *Prologue* to his *Comedy?* *Th.* What put it in his Head, I wonder, to invent ſuch a *Flam?* *Anſ.* I know nothing more than the Humour of the Man; for he loves to make himſelf Sport with ſilly People. I'll tell you a late Whimſy of his, of the ſame kind. We were a good many of us, Riding to *Richmond*, and ſome in the Company that you would allow to be no Fools. The Day was ſo Clear, that there was not a Cloud to be ſeen. *Pool*, looking wiſhly up into the Air, fell on the ſudden to *Croſſing* of himſelf, and with a ſtrange Amazement in his Countenance; *Lord* (ſays he to himſelf) *what do I ſee!* They that rod next him, asking him what it was that he ſaw; he *Croſs'd* himſelf, *more and more.*

In

In Mercy (ſays he) *deliver us from this Prodigy.* They ſtill preſſing him more earneſtly, to ſay what was the matter. Then *Pool* fixing his Eyes, and pointing toward ſuch a Quarter of the Heaven, *That Monſtrous Dragon* (ſays he) *with Fiery Horns*; (Don't you ſee him?) *and look how his Tail is turn'd up into a kind of a Circle.* Upon their denial, that they ſaw any thing; and his urging them to look ſteadily juſt where he pointed; one of them, at laſt, for the Credit of his Eyes, yielded that he ſaw it too; and ſo one after another, they all ſaw it; for they were aſham'd not to ſee any thing that was ſo plain to be ſeen. In ſhort, the Rumour of this *Portentous Apparition* was in three days all over *England*; and it is wonderful, how they had amplifi'd the Story; and ſome were making Expoſitions upon the meaning of this horrid Portent. But in the mean time, the Inventor of it had the Satisfaction of ſeeing the Succeſs of his Project. *Th.* I know the humour of the Man to a hair. But to the *Ghoſt* again. *Anſ.* While that Story was a foot, there comes very opportunely to *Pool*, one *Fawn*, a *Prieſt*; (one of thoſe which they call in *Latin*, *Regulars*) a *Pariſh-Prieſt* of a Village there in the Neighbourhood.) This Man took upon him to underſtand more than his Fellows in Holy Matters. *Th.* Oh! I gueſs where abouts ye are. *Pool* has found out one now to bear a part in the Play. *Anſ.* They were a Talking at Supper of this Report of the *Spectrum*, at the Table; and when *Pool* found that *Fawn* had not only heard of it, but believed it, he fell to entreating the Man, that as he was a Holy, and a Learned Perſon, he would do his beſt toward the Relieving of a poor Soul out of that terrible Affliction. And if you make any doubt of the Truth on't, ſays he, ſift out the Matter; and do but walk about

about *Ten* a Clock, towards that little Bridge, and there you shall hear such Cries and Groanings, as would grieve your Heart; but I would advise ye, however, for your own Security, to take some Company that you like, along with you. *Th.* Well, and what then? *Ans.* After Supper, out goes *Pool*, a Hunting, or about his usual Sports; and when it grew Duskish, out went *Fawn*, and was at last, a Witness of those grievous Lamentations. *Pool* had hid himself thereabouts in a *Bramble-Bush*, and perform'd his part incomparably well. His Instrument was an *Earthen Pot*, that through the Hollow of it, gave a most mournful Sound. *Th.* This Story, for ought I see, out-does *Menanders Phasma*. *Ans.* You'll say more when you have heard it out. Away goes *Fawn* home in great Impatience, to tell what he heard; while *Pool*, by a shorter Cut, gets home before him. There does *Fawn* tell *Pool* all that past, with something of his own too, to make the matter more wonderful. *Th.* Well, but could *Pool* hold his Countenance all this while? *Ans. He hold his Countenance?* Why, he carries his Heart in his Hand; and you would have sworn that the whole Action had been in earnest. In the End, *Fawn*, upon the pressing Importunity of *Pool*, resolv'd to venture upon an *Exorcism*; and Slept not one wink that Night, his Thoughts were so taken up with the Consideration of his own Safety; for he was most wretchedly afraid. In the first place, he got together the most powerful *Exorcisms* that he could find; to which, he added some new ones, as by the *Bowels* of such a *Saint*, the *Bones* of St. *Winnifrede*; and after this, he makes choice of a Place in the Field, near the Thicket of Bushes, whence the Noise came. He draws ye a Circle, a very large one, with several *Crosses* in it, and a phantastical Variety of

of *Characters*; and all this was perform'd in a *set Form of Words*. He had there alſo, a great Veſſel, full of *Holy Water*, and the *Holy Stole* (as they call it) about his Neck; upon which hung the beginning of the Goſpel of St. *John*. He had in his Pockets, a little Piece of *Wax*, which the Biſhop of *Rome* us'd to Conſecrate once a Year, commonly call'd an *Agnus Dei*. With theſe Arms in time paſt, they defended themſelves againſt *Evil Spirits*, till the *Cowl* of St. *Francis* was found to be more Formidable. All theſe things were provided, for fear the *Fiend* ſhould fall foul upon the *Exorciſt*. And all this was not enough neither to make him truſt himſelf alone in the Circle; but he concluded to take ſome other Prieſt along with him, to keep him Company. This gave *Pool* an Apprehenſion; that by the joyning of ſome Cunning Fellow with him, the whole Plot might come to be diſcovered. So that he took a *Pariſh-Prieſt* thereabouts, whom he acquainted before-hand with the whole Deſign; (and it behoved him ſo to do) Beſides, that he was as fit as any Man for ſuch an Adventure. The next day, when every thing was ready, and in order; about *Ten a Clock*, *Fawn* and the *Pariſh-Prieſt* enter the Circle. *Pool*, that was gone before, *Yels* and *Howls* in the *Brambles*. *Fawn* gives a *God-ſpeed* to the *Exorciſm*. In the mean time, *Pool* ſteals away in the Dark to the next Village, and from thence, brings another Perſon to Act his Part; for there went a great many of them to the Play. *Th.* Well, and what are they to do? *Anſ.* They mount themſelves upon *Black Horſes*, and privately carry *Fire* along with them. When they came near, they ſhew'd the *Fire* to fright *Fawn* out of the Circle. *Th. Pool* took a great deal of Pains, I ſee, to carry on the Work. *Anſ.* His Phancy lies that way; but there fell

fell out an accident that had like to have ſpoil'd the Jeſt. *Th.* How ſo? *Anſ.* The ſudden Flaſhing of the *Fire*, ſo ſtartled the *Horſes*, that the Riders could hardly keep the Jades upon their Legs, or themſelves in the Saddle. And here's an end of the firſt Act.

Upon *Fawns* Return, *Pool* askt him very Innocently what he had done, as knowing nothing at all of the Matter; and then *Fawn* up with his Story, and tells him of two dreadful *Cacodemons* that appear'd to him upon *Black Horſes*, their Eyes Sparkling with Fire, and Flames coming out of their Noſtrils; and what attempts they made to paſs the Circle, but that by the Power and Efficacy of his Words, they were driven away with a Vengeance. This Encounter put *Fawn* into Courage; ſo that the next day, with great Solemnity, he returned to his Circle. And when he had a long time, with much Vehemence, provok'd the Spirit; *Pool* with his *Companion*, ſhew'd himſelf again upon their *Black Horſes*, and preſt on with a moſt *Outragious Outcry*, as if they were fully determin'd to Storm the Circle. *Th.* Had they no *Fire?* *Anſ.* None at all; for that did not ſucceed well: But you ſhall now hear of another Device. They had a long *Rope*, which they drew gently over the Ground; and then hurrying from one place to another, as if they had been frighted away by *Fawn*'s *Exorciſms*, up went the Heels by and by of both the Prieſts, and down come they upon the Ground, with a great Veſſel of *Holy Water*; the *Prieſts* and their *Holy Water*, both together. *Th.* And this was t'other Prieſts Reward, for playing of his Part. *Anſ.* It was ſo; and yet he would have endur'd a great deal more, rather than quit the Deſign.

After

After this Encounter, *Fawn* upon his Return, makes a mighty Buſineſs to *Pool*, of the Danger he had been in, and how valiantly he had defeated *both the Devils* with his *Charms*: And he was by this time, abſolutely perſwaded, that all the Devils in Hell had not the Power to force his Circle, or the Confidence ſo much as to attempt it. *Th.* This ſame *Fawn*, I perceive, is next door to a Fool. *Anſ.* Oh! you have heard nothing yet, to ſpeak of. When the *Comedy* was thus far advanc'd, in very good time came *Pool*'s *Son in Law*. He's a pleaſant Droll, ye know; the Young-man that married *Pool*'s *Eldeſt Daughter*. *Th.* I know him very well, and no man fitter for ſuch an Exploit. *Anſ.* Fitter ſaiſt thou? Why, I will undertake he ſhall leave his Dinner at any time, for ſuch a Comedy. His Father in Law acquaints him with the whole Buſineſs, and who but he to Act a *Ghoſt*. He undertakes his Part; has every thing provided, and wraps up himſelf in a Sheet, like a Corps, with a live Coal in a Shell that ſhew'd through the Linnen, as if ſomething were a burning. About Night he goes to the Place where the Scene of the Story lay. There were heard moſt doleful *Mones*, and *Fawn* in the mean time, lets fly all his *Exorciſms*. By and by, a good way off in the Buſhes appears the *Ghoſt*, ſhewing *Fire* by Fits, and Groaning moſt rufully. While *Fawn* was beſeeching him to ſay, who he was, immediately out leaps *Pool*, in his *Devils Habit*, from the Thicket; and Roaring and Raging, *This Soul*, ſays he, *is mine, and you have no Power over it*; and with that, he runs up preſently to the very Edge of the Circle, as if he were about to fall violently upon the *Exorciſt*. After which, he loſes Ground, and Retreats, as if he had been either beaten off by the Words of the Exorciſm, or by the Virtue of the

Holy

Holy Water, which was thrown upon him in great abundance. At laſt, when the Spirit's Protector was driven away, *Fawn* enters into a Dialogue with the *Ghoſt*; which, after much Intreaty and Importunity, confeſt it ſelf to be the Soul of a Chriſtian; and being askt the Name; my Name (ſays the Ghoſt) is *Fawn*. Why, then (ſays *Fawn*) we are both of a Name; and the very Thought of delivering his *Nameſake*, made him lay the Matter more to heart. *Fawn* put ſo many *Queſtions*, that the *Ghoſt* began to fear, that a longer Diſcourſe might make ſome Diſcovery, and ſo withdrew himſelf, upon Pretence that his Hour was come, that he was not permitted to Talk any longer, and that he was now compell'd to go away, whither it pleaſed the Devil to carry him; but yet promis'd to return again the next day, at ſome lawful Hour. They meet again at *Pool*'s Houſe, who was the Maſter of the Shew; and there the *Exorciſt* talks of his Atchievement; and tho in many ny things he help'd the Matter, he believ'd himſelf yet in all he ſaid; ſo heartily was he affected to the Buſineſs in hand. It was now manifeſt that it was the Soul of a Chriſtian that was faln under the Power of ſome unmerciful Devil; and in the moſt cruel Torments; ſo that their Endeavour is now wholly bent that way. There happen'd one pleaſant kind of a Ridiculous Paſſage in this *Exorciſm*. *Th.* I prethee what was that? *Anſ.* When *Fawn* had call'd up the *Ghoſt*; *Pool*, that acted the *Devil*, leap'd directly at him, as if without any more ado, he would break into the Circle. *Fawn* fought with him a great while with *Exorciſms*; and whole *Tubs* of *Holy Water*; and at laſt, the Devil cry'd out, *He did not value all that, any more than the Dirt under his Feet; You, Sirrah*, (ſays he) *have had to do with a Wench, and you are my own. Many a true Word has been ſpoken*

in

in jeaſt: For ſo it proved, for the *Exorciſt* finding himſelf touch'd with that Word, retir'd preſently to the very *Centre* of the *Circle*, and mumbled ſomething, I know not what, in the other Prieſt's Ear. *Pool* finding that, withdrew, that he might not hear more than did belong to him. *Th.* A very Modeſt and Religious Devil. *Anſ.* Very right. Now the Action, you know, might have been blam'd, if he had not obſerv'd a *Decorum.* But yet he overheard the Prieſt appointing him Satisfaction. *Th.* And what was the Satisfaction? *Anſ.* That he ſhould ſay the *Lords Prayer three times over*; from whence he gather'd, that he *had tranſgreſs'd thrice that Night.* *Th.* A moſt Irregular *Regular.* *Anſ.* Alas, they are but Men, and this is but Humane Frailty. *Th.* But what follow'd next? *Anſ.* *Fawn* advances now, with more Courage and Fierceneſs, up to the very Line of the Circle, and provok'd the Devil of his own accord: But the Devil's heart now fail'd him, and he fled Back. *You have deceiv'd me*, ſays he; *what a Fool was I, for giving you that Caution!* Many are of Opinion, that what you once Confeſs to a Prieſt, is immediately ſtruck out of the Devils memory, ſo that he ſhall never twit you in the Teeth for't. *Th.* A very Ridiculous Conceipt! *Anſ.* But to draw toward a Concluſion. This way of *Colloquy* with the *Ghoſt*, continu'd for ſome days; and it came to this at laſt, that the *Exorciſt* asking if there were any way to deliver the Soul from Torment? The *Ghoſt* anſwer'd him, That it might be done, by reſtoring the Ill-gotten-Money, which he had left behind him. What (ſays *Fawn*) if it were put into the Hands of your *People*, to diſpoſe of for *Pious Uſes?* His Reply was, That it might do very well that way; which was a great Conſolation to the *Exorciſt*, and made him very diligently enquire

to what Value it might amount. The *Ghoſt* told him, that it was a mighty *Sum*, and a thing that might prove very Good and Commodious. He told him the very place too (but a huge way off) where this Treaſure was buried under Ground. *Th.* Well, and to what Uſes? *Anſ. Three Perſons* were to undertake a *Pilgrimage: One* of them to the *Threſhold* of St. *Peter*; *another*, to *James* of *Compoſtella*; and the *Third*, to Kiſs the *Comb* of our *Saviour*, which is at *Tryers:* And then a great number of *Services* and *Maſſes* were to be perform'd by ſeveral *Monaſteries*; and for the reſt, he ſhould diſpoſe of them as he pleas'd. Now *Fawn*'s heart was wholly fixt upon the *Treaſure*; which he had in a manner ſwallow'd already. *Th.* That's a Common Diſeaſe, tho perpetually caſt in the *Prieſts Diſh*, upon all Occaſions. *Anſ.* There was nothing omitted, that concern'd the buſineſs of Money; and when that was done, the *Exorciſt* (being put upon't by *Pool*) fell to queſtion the *Ghoſt*, about *Curious Arts*, *Chymiſtry* and *Magick*. But the *Ghoſt* put him off for the preſent, with ſome ſlight Anſwer; only giving him the hopes of large Diſcoveries, ſo ſoon as ever he ſhould get clear of the *Devils Clutches*. And here's the end of the *Third Act*.

In the *Fourth*. *Fawn* began every where to talk high, and promiſe ſtrange things, and to brag at the Table, and in all Companies, what a Glorious Work he had in Hand, for the Good of the *Monaſteries*, and he was elevated now into another manner of Stile and Behaviour. He went to the place where the Treaſure was hid, and found the Marks, but durſt not venture to dig for't; for the *Ghoſt* had put into his Head, that it would be extreme dangerous to touch the Money, before the *Maſſes* were ſaid. By this time, there were a great many Cunning

ning Snaps that had the Plot in the Wind; but yet he was ſtill making Proclamation every where of his Folly, tho divers of his Friends, and his *Abbot*, particularly, caution'd him againſt it: and adviſ'd him, That having a long time had the Reputation of a Sober Man, he ſhould not take ſo much Pains now to Convince the World of the contrary. But his Mind was ſo poſſeſs'd with the Phanſy of the thing, that all the Counſel in Nature could not leſſen his Belief of it. All his *Diſcourſes*, nay, his very *Dreams*, were of *Spectres* and *Devils*: The very Habit of his Soul was got into his Face; ſo Pale, Shrivled, and Dejected, that he was rather a *Sprite*, than a *Man*. In one Word, he had certainly run ſtark Mad, if it had not been ſeaſonably prevented. *Th.* Now this is to be the laſt *Act* of the *Comedy*. *Anſ.* It ſhall be ſo.

Pool and his *Son-in-Law*, hammer'd out this Piece betwixt them. They Counterfeited an *Epiſtle*, written in a *Strange Antick Character*, and upon ſuch a ſort of Paper, as your *Guilders* uſe for their *Leaf-Gold*; a kind of a *Saffron-colour'd Paper* you know. The *Form* of the *Epiſtle* was *This*.

FAwn, *That has been long a* Captive, *now* Free; *To* Fawn *his Gracious* Deliverer; Greeting. *It is not needful, (my Dear* Fawn*) that thou ſhouldſt Macerate thy ſelf any longer upon this Affair; Heaven has regarded the Pious Intentions of thy Mind; and in Reward of thy Merit, I am deliver'd from my Puniſhment, and live now happily among the Angels. Thou haſt a Place provided for thee with St.* Auguſtin, *which is the next Range to the Quire of the* Apoſtles. *When thou com'ſt hither, I'll give thee* publick Thanks; *in the mean time,* Live as Merrily as thou canſt.

From the Empyreal Heaven, *the Ides of* September, 1498. *under the Seal of my own Ring.*

This Epiſtle was laid privately under the *Altar*, where *Fawn* was to *Officiate*; and there was one labour'd, upon the Concluſion of the Office, to advertiſe him of the thing, as found by Chance: And the good Man carries the Letter now about him; ſhews it, as a Holy Thing, and makes it an Article of his *Faith*, that it was brought from *Heaven* by an *Angel*. *Th.* This is no *Freeing* the Man of his *Madneſs*, but only *Changing* the *Sort* of it. *Anſ.* Why, truly ſo it is; for it is only a more Agreeable *Phrenzy*. *Th.* I never was very Credulous in the Common Tales of *Apparitions*, but I ſhall be leſs hereafter than ever I was; for I am afraid that

that many of thoſe Relations that we hear of, were only *Artifice* and *Impoſture*, deliver'd over to the World for *Truths* by *eaſy Believers*, like our *Fawn*. *An.* And I am very much inclin'd to think as you do, of the greater Part of them.

THE HORSE-COURSER.

COL. XIV.

A Horſe-Courſer puts a Jade upon a Gentleman; and the Gentleman Couſens the Horſe-Courſer again with his own Jade.

AULUS, PHÆDRUS.

Aul. GOodly, goodly! The Gravity of *Phædrus*! How he ſtands gaping into the Air? I'll put him out of his Dumps. What's the News with you to day? *Ph.* And why that Queſtion always? *Aul.* Becauſe that ſowre Look of yours has more of *Cato* in it, than of *Phædrus*. *Ph.* Never wonder at that, Friend, for I am juſt now come from *Confeſſion*. *Aul.* My Wonder's over, then. But tell me now upon your Honeſt Word; have you confeſs'd *all your Sins?* *Ph.* All that I thought of, but *One*, upon my Honeſty. *Aul.* And what made ye reſerve that *One?* *Ph.* Becauſe it is a Sin that I am loth to part with. *Aul.* Some pleaſant Sin, I ſuppoſe.

Ph.

Ph. Nay, I am not ſure that it is a *Sin* neither. But if you will, I'll tell you what it is. *Aul.* With all my Heart. *Ph.* Our *Horſe-Courſers*, you know, are Deviliſh Cheats. *Aul.* Yes, yes. I know more of them, than I wiſh I did; for they have fetch'd me over many, and many a time. *Ph.* I had an Occaſion lately, that put me upon a long Journey; and I was in great Haſte; ſo I went to one of the Honeſteſt, as I thought, of the whole Gang; and one for whom I had formerly done ſome good Offices. I told him, that I was call'd away upon urgent Buſineſs, and that I wanted a ſtrong, able Gelding for my Journey. And I deſired him, as ever he would do any thing for me, to furniſh me with a Horſe for my Turn. *Depend upon me*, ſays he, *and I will uſe you, as if you were my own Brother.* *Aul.* Perhaps he would have Couſen'd him too. *Ph.* He leads me into the Stable, and bids me take my Choice. At laſt I pitch'd upon one that I lik'd better than the reſt. *Well, Sir*, (ſays he) *I ſee you underſtand a Horſe; I know not how many People have been at me for this Nag; but I reſolv'd to keep him rather for a Particular Friend, than to put him off to a Chance-Cuſtomer.* All this he Swore too; and ſo we agreed upon the Price; the Money was paid; and up got I into the Saddle. Upon the firſt ſetting out, my Steed falls a Prancing, and ſhews all his Tricks; he was Fat and Fair, and there was no Ground would hold him. But by that time I had been ſome half an hour upon the way, he tyr'd with me, ſo downright, that neither Switch nor Spur could get him one Step further. I had heard ſufficiently of the Tricks of theſe Merchants, and how common a thing it was for them to make a Jade look Fair to the Eye, and not be worth one Penny yet, for Service. So ſoon as I found that I was

caught: *Come* (ſaid I to my ſelf) *if I live to come back again, I may chance to ſhew this Fellow yet a Trick for his Trick.* *Aul.* But what became of you in the mean time? *A Horſe-man Unhors'd? Ph.* I conſulted with Neceſſity, and turn'd into the next Village, where I left my Horſe privately with an Acquaintance I had there, and hired another in his Stead. I purſu'd my Journey; return'd, deliver'd up my hired Horſe, and finding my own Jade in as good Caſe as I left him, I mounted him again, and ſo back to my Horſe-Courſer; deſiring that he might ſtand in his Stable till I call'd for him. He askt me how he perform'd his Journey; and I ſwore as ſolemnly to him, as he had done to me, that I never came upon the Back of a better Nag; and ſo eaſy too, that me thought he carry'd me in the Air; beſide, that he was not one bit the Leaner for his Journey. The Man was ſo far perſwaded of the Truth of what I ſaid, that he began to think within himſelf, that this Horſe was better than he took him for. Before we parted, he askt me if I would put him off again; which I refus'd at firſt; for in caſe of any occaſion for ſuch another Journey, I could never expect to get the fellow of him. Not that I would not Sell my very ſelf, or any thing elſe, for *Money*, if I could but have enough for't. *Aul.* This was playing with a Man at his own Weapon. *Ph.* Briefly, he would not let me go, till I had ſet a Price upon him. I rated him at a great deal more than he coſt me, and ſo I went my way. By and by, I gave an Acquaintance of mine ſome Inſtructions how to behave himſelf, and made him a Confident of my Deſign. Away he goes to the Houſe, calls for the *Horſe-Courſer*; and tells him he wants a Nag, but it muſt be a hardy one, for he was upon a long Journey, and earneſt Buſineſs. The

Oſtler

Oſtler ſhews him the Stables, and ſtill commended the Worſt, but ſaid nothing at all of the Horſe he had ſold to me, upon an Opinion that he was as good as I reported him. I had given my Friend a Deſcription of that Horſe, and told him his very *Standing*; and ſo he enquired, if that Horſe (pointing to mine) were to be ſold. The *Horſe-Courſer* went on commending Other Nags in the Stable; without any Anſwer to That Queſtion. But when he found that the Gentleman would have That Horſe or none, the Horſe-Courſer fell to reaſoning the matter with himſelf. *I was clearly miſtaken* (ſays he) *in this Horſe; but this Gentleman underſtands him better than I did:* So that upon the Gentleman's Preſſing, whether he would ſell him or no; Well, ſays the Man, he may be ſold, but 'tis at a Swingeing Price; and ſo he made his Demand. *Why this*, ſays the Other, *is no great Price, in a Caſe of Importance*; and ſo they came at laſt to an Agreement, the Gentleman giving a *Ducate*, *Earneſt*, to bind the Bargain. (The *Horſe-Courſer* ſet his Price much higher than I had rated him, to make ſure of a Conſiderable Profit.) The Purchaſer gives the Oſtler a Groat, and bids him feed his Horſe well, till he came back by and by to fetch him. So ſoon as ever I heard that the Bargain was ſtruck, away go I immediately, Booted and Spurr'd, to the *Horſe-Courſer*, and call my ſelf out of Breath for my Horſe. Out comes the Maſter, and asks what I would have? I bade him preſently make ready my Horſe, for I muſt be gone immediately upon Extraordinary Buſineſs. *But* (ſays he) *you bade me take Care of your Horſe for ſome few days.* That's true, ſaid I, but I'm ſurpriz'd with an Occaſion wherein the King is concern'd, and there muſt be no delay. *You may take your Choice*, ſays the

the Other, *out of my Stables; but your Own is not to be had.* How ſo, ſaid I? He tells me that he is ſold. Heaven forbid, ſaid I; pretending to be in a great Paſſion; for as the Caſe ſtands, I would not part with him to any Man for four times his Price. And ſo fell to wrangling about him, as if he had undone me; and in the Concluſion, he grew a little Teſty too. *There's no need* (ſays he) *of Ill Language, you ſet a price upon your Horſe, and I ſold him; and if I pay you your Money, you can do nothing to me: We are Govern'd here by Law; and you cann't compel me to bring your Horſe again.* When I had clamour'd a good while, that he ſhould either produce the Horſe, or the Man that bought him, the Man at laſt, in a rage, throws down the Money: The Horſe coſt me *Fifteen Crowns*, and I ſold him for *Twenty*, he himſelf valu'd him at Two and Thirty; and ſo computed with himſelf that he had better make That Profit of him, than reſtore him. Away go I, like one in ſorrow, and not at all pacifi'd with the receipt of the Money; The Man deſiring me not to take it Ill, and he would make me an amends ſome other way. This was the *Cheater Cheated.* His Horſe is an Errant Jade; he looks for the Man to fetch the Horſe, that gave him the Earneſt, but that will never be. *Au.* But in the *Interim*, did he never Expoſtulate the Matter with you? *Ph.* With whar Face, or Colour, could he do That? I have met him over and over ſince. He only complain'd that the Buyer never came to take him away: but I have often reaſon'd the Matter with him, and told him 'twas a Juſt Judgment upon him for ſelling away my Horſe. This was a Fraud ſo well plac'd, in my Opinion, that I could not ſo much as confeſs it for a Fault. *An.* If it had been my Caſe, I ſhould have been ſo far from

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Confeſſing it, as a *Sin*, that I ſhould have challeng'd a Statue for it. *Ph.* Whether you ſpeak as you think, or no, I know not; but it ſet me *agog* however, to be paying more of theſe Fellows in their Own Quoyn.

THE

THE ALCHYMIST.

COL. XV.

A Prieſt *turns* Quack, *and engages an Eminent Gentleman (who was otherwiſe a Prudent Man) in the Project of the* Philoſophers Stone. *He drills him on, to the Expence of a great deal of Money: And when he has artificially countenanced the Cheat, through ſeveral diſappointments; The Gentleman parts fairly with him, and gives him a Sum of Money to keep Counſel.*

PHILECOUS, LALUS.

Ph. *Lalus* ſhould have ſome pleaſant Crotchet in his head, by his Giggling thus to himſelf. Bleſs me, how the Man is Tickled; and what a Stir he makes with the Sign of the Croſs! I'll venture to ſpoil his ſport. How is it, my beſt Friend *Lalus*? Methinks

I read Happineſs in thy very Countenance. *La.* But I ſhall be much happier if I may tell thee what it is that pleaſes me. *Ph.* Prethee make me Happy too then as ſoon as thou canſt. *La.* Doſt thou know *Balbinus*? *Ph.* What? the Honeſt Learned Old Man? *La.* Nay, he is *all That*; but it is not for any Mortal to be wiſe at *all times*, and to *all purpoſes*. And this Excellent Perſon, after all his Eminent Qualities, has his weak Side; as well as his Neighbours: His *Beauty* is not without a *Mole*; The Man runs raving-mad, upon the Art of *Chymiſtry*. *Ph.* Believe me that which Thou call'ſt a *Mole*, is a dangerous *Diſeaſe*. *La.* Whatever it is, he has been of late ſtrangely wrought upon by Flatteries, and Fair Words, tho' he has been ſufficiently bitten formerly, by that ſort of people. *Ph.* In what manner? *La.* There was a Certain *Prieſt* that went to him, ſaluted him with great reſpect, and in this faſhion accoſted him: *You will wonder, perhaps, moſt learned* Balbinus, *at the Confidence of a Stranger, to interrupt your thoughts in the middle of your moſt Holy Studies. Balbinus*, according to his Cuſtom, Nods to him, being, you know, a Man of Few Words. *Ph.* An Argument of Prudence. *La.* But the Other, as the wiſer of the two, proceeds: *You will forgive this my Importunity*, ſays he, *when I tell you what it was that brought me hither.* Tell me in ſhort then, ſays *Balbinus*. *I will*, ſays the Other, *be as brief as poſſible. You know, moſt Excellent of Men, that the Fates of Mortals are various; and I cannot ſay whether I ſhould reckon my ſelf among the Happy, or the Miſerable; for looking upon my ſelf one way, I account my ſelf moſt Happy; and if I look Another way, I am of all Men the moſt Miſerable. Balbinus* preſſing him to contract his Buſineſs; *I ſhall have done Immediately*, ſays he, *moſt Learned* Balbinus;

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and I may the better ſhorten my diſcourſe, becauſe no Man knows more of the Affair I am about to ſpeak of, than your ſelf. Ph. You are drawing of an *Orator*, rather than of a *Chymiſt.* La. We'll come to the *Alchymiſt*, by and by. *I have been ſo happy, you muſt know, from a very Child, as always to have had a Paſſion for this Divine Study, I mean the* Chymical Study; *which is indeed, the Marrow of all Philoſophy.* At the Name of *Chymiſtry*, *Balbinus* a little rais'd himſelf, that is to ſay, in *Geſture*; but then fetching a hearty ſigh, he bade him go on; and ſo he did. *Miſerable Man that I am!* (ſays he) *for not falling into the right way.* *Balbinus* demanded of him what way he ſpake of: *You know* (ſays he) *Incomparable, as you are, (for what is there, my Learned Sir, that you do not know) You know* (I ſay) *that there are two ways in this Art; the One is called* Longation, *and the Other,* Curtation. *Now it has been my hard Lot to fall upon* Longation. *Balbinus* asking him about the difference of the ways: *Impudent that I am*, ſays he, *to ſpeak all this to a perſon that knows all theſe things, no Man Better. And therefore it is, that I have with all Humility addreſs'd to you, that you would take pity upon me, and vouchſafe to inſtruct me in the Bleſſed Way of* Curtation. *The more knowing you are, the leſs will be your trouble of Communicating your Help to me. And therefore do not conceal ſo great a Gift of God, from your poor Brother, that is ready to Die with Grief. Heaven enrich ye with higher Endowments, as you aſſiſt me in this.* When *Balbinus* ſaw no End of this Solemnity of Obteſtations, he told him flat and plain, that he underſtood nothing at all of the Buſ'neſs of *Longation*, and *Curtation*, from one end to the other; and therefore deſir'd him to explain the meaning of thoſe Two Words. *Well, Sir*, ſays he, *tho I know I am now ſpeaking to my Maſter; Since it is your Pleaſure to Com-*

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mand me, it ſhall be done. They that have ſpent their whole Life in This Divine Art, turn the Species *of things*, two ways, *the* One *is* ſhorter, *but ſomewhat more* Hazardous; *the* Other *is* longer, *but* ſafer. *I account my ſelf very Unhappy, that have hitherto labour'd in that which does not ſo well agree with My Genius; and cannot yet find out any Man to teach me the Other*, which I am ſo paſſionately in Love withal. *But at length, Providence has put it into my Mind to apply my ſelf to You, as a Perſon Conſpicuous both for Piety and Learning. Your Knowledg inſtructs Ye to grant what I deſire, and Your Piety will diſpoſe You to aid a Chriſtian Brother, whoſe Life is in Your Hand.* To make ſhort with you, when this Juggler, with this Simplicity of Diſcourſe, had clear'd himſelf from all ſuſpicion of a Deſign; and gain'd Credit for finding out one way, which was ſo Certain; *Balbinus* began to have an Itch to be Medling; and at laſt, when he could hold no longer, away with you Methods (ſays he) of *Curtation*; for ſo far am I from *Underſtanding*, that I never ſo much as heard the *Name* of it. But tell me ingenuouſly, Do you perfectly underſtand the way of *Longation? Phy, phy*, ſays he, *the Length of it makes it ſo Irkſome; but for the Knack of it, I have it at my Fingers Ends. Balbinus* askt him what time it would take? *Too much*, ſays he, *little leſs than a Year: but then 'tis infallible.* Never trouble your ſelf for That, ſays *Balbinus*; tho it ſhould take up two Years, if you can depend upon your Art. To ſhorten the Story. They came to an Agreement, and preſently fell to work privately, in the Houſe of *Balbinus*. Upon theſe Conditions, *That the One ſhould do the Work, the Other be at the Charge, and the Profit to be equally divided*; tho the Modeſt Impoſtor, of his own accord, gave *Balbinus* the Benefit that came of it.

There

There was enterchang'd an Oath of Privacy, after the manner of thoſe that are initiated into Myſterious Secrets. And now the Money is immediately laid down for *Pots*, *Glaſſes*, *Coals*, and other Proviſions for the furniſhing of a *Laboratory*; and there our *Chymiſt* has his *Wenches*, his *Gameſters*, and his *Bottles*, where he very fairly conſumes his Allowance. *Ph.* This is one way however of changing the Species of things. *Ph. Balbinus* preſſing him to fall on upon the Main Bus'neſs: Do not you underſtand (ſays he) that *what's Well begun, is half done?* 'Tis a great Work to get a good Preparation of Materials. After a time, he ſet himſelf upon the Building of a *Furnace*; and Here there muſt be *more Gold* again; which was given, only as a *Bait* for more to come; As One Fiſh is taken with Another, ſo the *Chymiſt* muſt caſt *Gold In*, before he gets *Gold Out*. In the mean while, *Balbinus* keeps Cloſe to his *Arithmetick*. *If Four Ounces* (ſays he) *brings Fifteen, what will be the Product of Two Thouſand?* When This Money was gone, and two Months ſpent, the Philoſopher pretended to be wonderfully taken up about the *Bellows*, and the *Coals*. And when *Balbinus* askt him how the Work went forward, he ſtood directly Mute: But upon Redoubling the Queſtion; Why, ſays he, as all great Works do, the main difficulty is the Entrance upon them. And then he picks a Quarrel with the *Coal: Here they have brought* Oak (ſays he) *inſtead of* Beech, *or* Hazle. And there was a *Hundred Crowns* loſt, that ſupply'd him with more *Dicing-Money*. Upon giving him *New Caſh*, he provided *New Coals*; and then fell to't again harder than before. As a Soldier that has had a Diſaſter by Miſchance, repairs it by his Virtue. When the *Laboratory* had been kept warm for ſome Months, and that they expected the Golden Fruit;

Fruit; and that there was not ſo much as one grain of Gold in the Veſſels (for the *Chymiſt* had waſted all that too) there was another obſtruction found out. The *Glaſſes* they made uſe of were not of the *Right Temper*; for as every *Block* will not make a *Mercury*, ſo every *Glaſs* will not make *Gold*. The further he was *In*, the lother he was to give it off. *Ph.* That's the right humour of Gameſters, as if they had not better loſe ſome than all. *La.* 'Tis juſt ſo. The *Chymiſt*, he ſwears that he was never cheated ſince he was born before, but now he has found out the miſtake, he'l ſee to the ſecuring of all for the future; and to the making good of this miſcarriage with Intereſt. The *Glaſſes* are *chang'd*, and the Shop now a third time new furniſh'd. The Philoſopher told him, that the Oblation of ſome Crowns to the *Virgin Mother* might probably draw a Bleſſing upon the Work; for the Art being ſacred, it needed the favour of the Saints, to carry it on with ſucceſs. This advice exceedingly pleas'd *Balbinus*, being a Man of great *Piety*, and one that never paſt a day without performing his Devotions. The *Alchymiſt* undertook the *Religious Office*; but went no further than the next Town, where the *Virgin's* Money went away in *Tipple*. Upon his Return, he ſeem'd to have great hope that all would be well, for the *Virgin*, he ſaid, was wonderfully Delighted with the *Offering*. After a long time ſpent upon the Project, and not one Crumb of Gold appearing, *Balbinus* Reaſoning the Matter with him, he proteſted that in all his days he was never thus diſappointed. That for his *Method*, it was impoſſible That ſhould deceive him; and that he could not ſo much as imagin what ſhould be the reaſon of this Failing. After they had beat their heads a long time about it, *Balbinus* bethought himſelf, & askt him if he had never miſt *Chappel* ſome day or other?

ſince this undertaking; or miſt ſaying of the *Horary Prayers* (as they call them) which might be ſufficient, perhaps, to defeat the whole Work. *You have hit the Bird in the Eye* (ſays the *Quack*) *Wretch that I am: for I do now call to mind that I have once or twice forgotten my ſelf; and that lately, riſing from Dinner, I went my way without ſaying the ſalutation of the Virgin.* Why then, ſays *Balbinus*, 'tis no wonder that this great Affair ſucceeds no better. Whereupon the *Chymiſt* engages himſelf to hear *Twelve Services* for the *Two* that he had *omitted*; and for that *one Salutation*, to become anſwerable for *Ten*. This laviſh *Alchymiſt* came to want money again; and when he had no pretext left him for the asking of more, he bethought himſelf of this Project; he went home, like a man diſtracted; and crying out with a lamentable Voice, Oh! *Balbinus, I am undone, utterly undone*; *My Life's at ſtake.* This amazed *Balbinus*; and made him extreamly impatient to know what was the matter. *Oh!* ſays the *Chymiſt*, *our deſign has taken Air, they have gotten an Inkling of it at Court, and I expect every hour to be carried away to Priſon.* This put *Balbinus* into a fit too. He turn'd as Pale as aſhes (for you know, 'tis Capital with us, for any man to practice *Chymiſtry* without the Princes Licenſe) Not (ſays he) that I apprehend my being put to death; for I ſhould be glad it were no worſe; but there is a greater Cruelty that I fear, which is (ſays he, upon *Balbinus*'s asking him the Queſtion) I ſhall be carried away into ſome remote Priſon, and be forced there to ſpend my Life in working for thoſe People I have no mind to ſerve. Is there any Death now, that a man would not rather chuſe, than ſuch a Life? The matter was then debated; and *Balbinus*, that was a man well skill'd in *Rhetorick*, caſt his thoughts every way, to ſee if it were poſſible

poſſible to avoid this Miſchief. *Cann't ye deny the Crime?* (ſays he). Not poſſibly; (ſays the other) for the thing is known at Court, and they have Infallible Proof on't; and there's no defending of the Fact, for the Law is point blank againſt it. When they had turn'd it every way, without finding any ſhift that would hold water, at laſt; *We apply our ſelves* (ſays the *Alchymiſt* that wanted preſent money) *to ſlow Counſels*, Balbinus, *when the matter requires an immediate remedy. It will not be long, before I am ſeiz'd, and carried away*; and ſeeing *Balbinus* at a ſtand; *I am as much at a loſs* (ſays he) *as you, for we have nothing now to Truſt to, but to fall like men of Honour: unleſs we ſhould make Tryal of this one Experiment, which in truth is rather Profitable than Honeſt; but Neceſſity is a hard Chapter.* Your *Purſuivants*, you know, and *Meſſengers* (ſays he) *are a ſort of People greedy of money, and ſo much the eaſier to be brib'd to ſecreſie. 'Tis againſt the ſtatute, I muſt confeſs to give Raſcals money to throw away; but yet as the Caſe ſtands I ſee no other retreat.* *Balbinus* was of that Opinion too; and laid down *Thirty Crowns* to be offer'd them for a *Gratuity*. *Ph.* This let me tell you was a wonderful Liberality in *Balbinus*. *La.* In an Honeſt Cauſe you ſhould ſooner have gotten ſo many of his Teeth. This Proviſion did the *Chymiſt* ſome ſervice; for the danger he was in was the want of Money for his *Wench*. *Ph.* 'Tis a wonder, *Balbinus* ſhould ſmoak nothing all this while. *La.* He's as quick, as any man, in all other Caſes, but ſtark blind in This. The *Furnace* goes up again with *New Money*, and only the promiſe of a Prayer to the *Virgin Mother* in favour of the Project; a whole year was now run out, and ſtill ſome Rub or other in the way, ſo that all the Expence and Labour was loſt. In the *Interim* there fell out one

moſt Ridiculous Chance. *Ph.* What was That? *La.* The *Chymiſt* held a private Converſation with a *Courtiers Lady.* The Husband grew jealous, and watch'd him; and in concluſion having intelligence that the *Prieſt* was in his *Bedchamber*, he went home unexpected, and knockt at the door. *Ph.* Why what would he do to the man? *La.* Do? Why perhaps he would do him the favour to cut his Throat, or Geld him. The Husband threaten'd his Wife to force the door, unleſs ſhe open'd it. They quak'd within, you may imagin, but conſidering of ſome preſent Reſolution, and the Caſe bearing no better, they pitched upon This. The man put off his Coat, and not without both danger and miſchief, Crept out at a narrow Window, and ſo went his way. Such ſtories as theſe, you know, are ſoon ſpread; and it quickly came to *Balbinus* himſelf, the *Chymiſt* foreſeeing as much. *Ph.* There was no ſcaping for him, now. *La.* Yes he got better off here, than out at the Window: And obſerve his Invention now. *Balbinus* made no words on't, but it might be read in his very Countenance that he was no ſtranger to the talk of the Town. The *Chymiſt* knew *Balbinus* to be a Man, at leaſt *Pious*, if not *Superſtitious*; and People of that way are eaſie enough to pardon any thing that ſubmits, let the Crime be never ſo great. Wherefore when he had done his endeavour, he fell to talk of the ſucceſs of his buſineſs, Complaining that it did not proſper as uſual, or according to his wiſh: Adding withal, that he did infinitely admire what ſhould be the reaſon of it. Upon this diſcourſe *Balbinus*, who otherwiſe ſeem'd bent upon ſilence, was a little mov'd (as he was eaſie enough ſo to be) It is no hard matter (ſays he) to gueſs why we ſucceed no better. Our ſins, our ſins lie in the way, for pure Works ſhould only paſs through

through pure Hands. At this word, the *Projector* threw himſelf upon his Knees, and beating his Breaſt, *It is True*, Balbinus, *'tis True* (ſays he with a dejected Countenance and Tone) *our ſins hinder us, but they are my ſins, not yours; for I am not aſham'd to confeſs my Uncleanneſs before you, as I would before my Father Confeſſor: The frailty of my Fleſh overcame me,* Satan *drew me into the Toil, and (Miſerable Creature that I am!) of a* Prieſt *I am become an* Adulterer; *and yet the* Offering *that you preſented to the* Virgin Mother *is not wholly loſt neither; for I had periſhed inevitably, if ſhe had not protected me; for the Husband brake open the door upon me, and the Window was too little to get out at. In the Pinch of this danger, I bethought my ſelf of the* Bleſſed Virgin; *I fell upon my Knees, and beſought her, that in token of her acceptance of the Gift ſhe would now aſſiſt me in my diſtreſs. So without any delay, I went to the Window again, my Neceſſity lying hard upon me, and I found it by* Miracle, *ſo enlarg'd, that I got through it, and made my eſcape.* *Ph.* Did *Balbinus* believe all this? *La. Believe* ſay you? Why he *pardon'd* it, and moſt religiouſly admoniſhed the Impoſtor not to be Ingrateful to the *Bleſſed Virgin*; nay there was more money laid down, upon this Jugglers Promiſe that he would not profane the Opperation, for the time to come, with any further Impurity. *Ph.* But how did all End at laſt? *La.* 'Tis a long Hiſtory, but I'le diſpatch it now in a word. When he had made ſport Enough with theſe Inventions, and wheedled *Balbinus* out of a Conſiderable ſum of Money; there came a perſon in the Concluſion, that had known this Knave from a Child: And he, eaſily imagining that he was now upon the ſame lock with *Balbinus*, as he had been elſewhere, goes privately to *Balbinus*, ſhews him what a Snake he had taken into his Boſom, and adviſes

viſes him to get quit of him as ſoon as he could; unleſs he had rather ſtay the Rifling of all his Boxes. *Ph.* And did not *Balbinus* preſently order the fellow to be laid by the Heels? *La.* By the Heels? No, he gave him money to bear his Charges away, and Conjur'd him by all that was Sacred to make no words of what had paſs'd betwixt them; and truly in my Opinion, it was wiſely done, rather to ſuppreſs the Story, than to make himſelf a Common Laughing-ſtock, and Table-talk; and to run the Riſque of a Confiſcation beſides; for the *Chymiſt* had no more skill than an *Aſs*, ſo that he was in no danger, and in ſuch a Caſe the Law would have favour'd him. If he had been charg'd with Theft, his Character would have ſav'd him from Hanging, and no body would have been at the Charge of maintaining him in Priſon. *Ph.* I ſhould pity *Balbinus*, but that he took pleaſure to be gull'd. *La.* I muſt now away to the Hall, and keep my other Fooliſh ſtories to another time. *Ph.* At your better Leiſure I ſhould be glad to hear 'em, and give you one for t'other.

THE

THE

Abbot, and the Learned WOMAN.

COL. XVI.

An Abbot *gives a Lady a Viſit; and finding* Latin *and* Greek *Books in her Chamber, gives his Reaſons againſt womens meddling with Learning. He profeſſes himſelf to be a greater lover of* Pleaſure, *than* Wiſdom: *and makes the* Ignorance *of* Monks, *to be the moſt powerful reaſon of their* Obedience.

ANTRONIUS, MAGDALIA.

An. THis Houſe methinks is ſtrangely Furniſht. *Ma.* Why? Is't not well? *An.* I don't know what you call *Well*; but 'tis not ſo proper, methinks, for a *Woman*. *Ma.* And why not I pray ye? *An.* Why what ſhould a Woman do with ſo many *Books*? *Ma.* As if you that are an *Abbot*, and a

Courtier, and have liv'd ſo long in the world, had never ſeen *Books* in a Ladies Chamber before. *An.* Yes, *French* ones I have; but here are *Greek* and *Latin*. *Ma.* Is there no Wiſdom then, but in *French*? *An.* But they are well enough however for *Court-Ladies*, that have nothing elſe to do, to paſs away their time withall. *Ma.* So that you would have only your *Court-Ladies* to be women of *Underſtanding*, and of *Pleaſure*. *An.* That's your miſtake now, to couple *Underſtanding* with *Pleaſure*: for the *One* is not for a *Woman at all*; and the *Other* is only for a *Woman of Quality*. *Ma.* But is it not every Bodies buſineſs to *Live well*? *An.* Beyond all queſtion. *Ma.* How ſhall any man live *Comfortably*, that does not live *Well*? *An.* Nay rather how ſhall any man live *Comfortably* that does? *Ma.* That is to ſay, you are for a Life that's *Eaſie*, let it be never ſo *Wicked*. *An.* I am of Opinion, I muſt confeſs, that a *Pleaſant Life* is a *Good Life*. *Ma.* But *what* is it that makes ones Life *Pleaſant*? Is it *Senſe*, or *Conſcience*? *An.* It is the *Senſe* of *Outward Enjoyments*. *Ma.* Spoken like a *Learned Abbot*, tho' but a *Dull Philoſopher*. But tell me now, what are thoſe *Enjoyments* you ſpeak of? *An. Money*, *Honour*, *Eating*, *Drinking*, *Sleeping*; and *the Liberty of doing what a man has a mind to do*. *Ma.* But what if God ſhould give you *Wiſdom*, over and above all the reſt? Would your life be ever the *Worſe* for't? *An.* Let me know firſt, what it is that you call *Wiſdom*. *Ma. Wiſdom is a Knowledge that places the Felicity of Reaſonable Nature in the Goods of the Mind*; and tells us that a man is neither the *Happier*, nor the *Better*, for the External Advantages of *Blood*, *Honour*, or *Eſtate*. *An.* If *That* be it, pray'e make the beſt of your *Wiſdom*. *Ma.* But what if I take more delight in a *Good Book*, then you do in a *Fox-Chaſe*, a *Fudling-bout*, or in the ſhaking

of

of your *Elbow*? Will you not allow me then to have a *Pleaſant Life* on't? *An.* Every one as they like, but it would not be ſo to me. *Ma.* The queſtion is not what *Does*, but what *Ought* to Pleaſe you. *An.* I ſhould be loth, I do aſſure you, to have my *Monks* over *Bookiſh*. *Ma.* And yet my Husband is never better pleas'd than at his Study. Nor do I ſee any Hurt in't, if your *Monks* would be ſo too. *An.* Marry hang 'em up as ſoon; It teaches 'em to Chop *Logique*, and makes 'em *Undutifull*. You ſhall have them *expoſtulating* preſently, appealing to *Peter*, and *Paul*, and Prating out of the *Canons* and *Decretals*. *Ma.* But I hope you would not have them do any thing that Claſhes with *Peter* and *Paul* tho'? *An. Claſh* or not *Claſh*; I do not much trouble my head about their *Doctrine*. But I do naturally hate a Fellow that will have the *laſt Word*, and *Reply* upon his *Superiour*. And betwixt Friends, I do not much care neither to have any of my People *wiſer* than their *Maſter*. *Ma.* 'Tis but your being wiſe your ſelf, and then there's no fear on't. *An.* Alas! I have no time for't. *Ma.* How ſo, I beſeech you? *An.* I'm ſo full of Buſineſs. *Ma.* Have you no time, do you ſay, to apply your ſelf to *Wiſdom*? *An.* No, not a ſingle minute. *Ma.* Pray'e, what hinders you; if a body may ask the queſtion. *An.* Why, you muſt know, we have *deviliſh long Prayers*; and by that time I have look'd over my *Charge*, my *Horſes*, my *Dogs*, and made my *Court*, I have not a Moment left me to ſpare. *Ma.* Is this the mighty Buſineſs then that keeps you from looking after Wiſdom? *An.* We have got a *Habit* of it; and *Cuſtom* you know, is a great matter? *Ma.* Put the Caſe now that it were in your power to transform *your ſelf*, and all your *Monks* into any other *Animals*; and that a body ſhould deſire you to turn *your Self* into

to

to a *Hunting-Nag*, and your whole *Flock* into *a Herd of Swine*, would you do't? *An.* No, not upon any terms. *Ma.* And yet this would ſecure you from having any of your Diſciples wiſer than your ſelf. *An.* As for my *People*; I ſhould not much ſtand upon it what ſort of *Brutes* they were, provided that I might ſtill be a Man my ſelf. *Ma.* But can you accompt him for a Man, that neither is Wiſe, nor has any Inclination ſo to be? *An.* But ſo long as I have wit enough for my own Buſineſs——*Ma.* Why ſo have the *Hoggs*. *An.* You talk like a Philoſopher in a Petticoat, methinks. *Ma.* And you, methinks, like ſomething that's far from it. But what's your quarrel all this while to the *Furniture of this Houſe*? *An.* A Spinning-wheel, or ſome Inſtrument for Good Huſwifery were more ſutable to your Sex. *Ma.* Is it not the Duty then of a Houſe-keeper to keep her Family in Order, and look to the Education of her Children? *An.* 'Tis ſo. *Ma.* And is this office to be diſcharg'd without Underſtanding? *An.* I ſuppoſe not. *Ma.* This Underſtanding do I gather from my Books. *An.* But yet I have above *Threeſcore Monks* under my Care, and not ſo much as *one Book* in my *Lodgings*. *Ma.* They are well Tutor'd the mean while. *An.* Not but that I could endure *Books* too, provided they be not *Latin*. *Ma.* And why not *Latin*? 'Tis not a *Tongue* for a *Woman*. *Ma.* Why, what's your Exception to't? *An.* 'Tis not a Language to keep a Woman Honeſt. *Ma.* Your *French Romances*, I muſt confeſs, are great Provocatives to Modeſty. *An.* Well, but there's ſomething elſe in't too. *Ma.* Out with it then. *An.* If the Women do not underſtand *Latin*, they are in leſs danger of the *Prieſts*. *Ma.* But ſo long as you take care that the *Prieſts* themſelves ſhall not underſtand *Latin*; where's the Danger? *An.* 'Tis the Opinion

of

of the Common People however, becauſe it is ſo Rare a thing for a *Woman* to underſtand *Latine*. *Ma.* Why, what do you talk to me of the *People*? that never did any thing well? Or of *Cuſtom*? that gives *Authority* to all *Wickedneſs*. We ſhould apply our ſelves to that which is good, and turn that which was unuſual, unpleaſant, and perhaps ſcandalous before, into the Contrary. *An.* I hear you. *Ma.* Is it not a laudible Quality for a *German* Lady to ſpeak *French*? *An.* It is ſo. *Ma.* And to what end? *An.* That ſhe may be converſation for thoſe that ſpeak *French*. *Ma.* And why may not I as well learn *Latin*? to fit my ſelf for the Company of ſo many Wiſe, and Learned Authors; ſo many Faithful Counſellors and Friends. *An.* But 'tis not ſo well for Women to ſpend their Brains upon Books, unleſs they had more to ſpare. *Ma.* What you have to ſpare I know not; but for my ſmall Stock, I had much rather employ it upon honeſt Studies, than in the Mumbling over of ſo many Prayers, like a Parrot, by Rote; or the Emptying of ſo many *Diſhes*, and *Beer-Glaſſes* till Morning. *An.* But *much Learning makes a man mad.* *Ma.* Your *Topers*, *Drolls*, and *Buffoons* are an Entertainment no doubt to make a body *Sober*. *An.* They make the time paſs merrily away. *Ma.* But why ſhould ſo pleaſant Company as the Authors I converſe with make me Mad then? *An.* 'Tis a common ſaying. *Ma.* But yet the Fact it ſelf tells ye otherwiſe; and that Intemperate Feaſting, Drinking, Whoring, and Inordinate Watching, is the ready way to *Bedlam*. *An.* For the whole World I would not have a *Learned Wife*. *Ma.* Nor I an *Unlearned Husband*. Knowledge is ſuch a Bleſſing, that we are both of us the Dearer one to another for't. *An.* But then there's ſo much Trouble in the getting of it; and we muſt Die at laſt too.

too. *Ma.* Tell me now, by your Favour, if you were to march off to morrow, whether had you rather die a *Fool*, or a *Wise Man*? *An.* Ay; if I could be a Wise Man without Trouble. *Ma.* Why? there's nothing in this World to be gotten without it; and when we have gotten what we can, (tho with never so much difficulty) we must leave it behind us in the Conclusion: *Wisdom* only, and *Virtue* excepted, which we shall carry the Fruit of into another World. *An.* I have often heard that *One wise Woman is two Fools.* *Ma.* Some Fools are of that Opinion. The Woman that is truly wise does not think her self so; but she that is not so, and yet Thinks her self so, is Twice a Fool. *An.* I know not how it is; but to my Fancy, a *Packsaddle* does as well upon an *Ox*, as *Learning* upon a *Woman*. *Ma.* And why not as well as a *Mitre* upon an *Ass*? But what do you think of the *Virgin Mary*? *An.* As well as is possible. *Ma.* Do you not think that she read Books? *An.* Yes; but not such Books as yours. *Ma.* What did she read then? *An.* The *Canonical Hours*. *Ma.* To what purpose? *An.* For the service of the *Benedictines*. *Ma.* Well, and do you not find others that spent their time upon Godly Books? *An.* Yes; but That way is quite out of *Fashion*. *Ma.* And so are *Learned Abbots* too. For 'tis as hard a matter now a days to find a *Scholar* amongst them, as it was formerly to find a *Blockhead*: nay, Princes themselves in times past were as Eminent for their Erudition, as for their Authority. But 'tis not yet so rare a thing neither, as you Imagine, to find Learned Women; for I could give you out of *Spain*, *Italy*, *England*, *Germany*, &c. so many Eminent Instances of our Sex, as if you do not mend your Manners, may come to take Possession of your very *Schools*, your *Pulpits*, and your *Mitres*. *An.* God forbid it should ever come

come to That. *Ma.* Nay, do you forbid it? for if you go on at the rate you begin, the People will ſooner endure *Preaching Geeſe*, than *Dumb Paſtors*. The World is come about ye ſee, and you muſt either take off the Vizour, or expect that every Man ſhall put in for his part. *An.* How came I to ſtumble upon this Woman! If you'l find a time to give me a Viſit, you may promiſe your ſelf a better Entertainment. *Ma.* And what ſhall That be? *An.* Wee'l Dance, Drink, Hunt, Play, Laugh. *Ma.* You have put me upon a laughing Pin already.

THE

Beggers Dialogue.

COL. XVII.

The Practices, *and* Cheats, *and* Impoſtures *of Crafty* Beggers: *with the* Advantages *and* Priviledges *of That* Condition *of Life.*

IRIDES, MISOPONUS.

Ir. WHat new thing have we got Here? I know the *Face*; but the *Clothes* methinks do not ſuit it. I am much miſtaken if This be not *Miſoponus*. I'le venture to ſpeak to him, as tatter'd as I am. Save thee, *Miſoponus*. *Mi.* That muſt be *Irides*. *Ir.* Save thee, *Miſoponus* once again. *Mi.* Hold your Tongue, I ſay. *Ir.* Why, what's the matter? May not a Man ſalute ye? *Mi.* Not by that *Name*. *Ir.* Your Reaſon for't. You have not chang'd your *Name*, I hope, with your *Clothes*. *Mi.* No; but I have taken up my *Old Name* again. *Ir.* What's That? *Mi. Apicius*. *Ir.* Never be aſham'd of your Old Acquaintance;

tance; it may be you have mended your Fortune ſince I ſaw you, but 'tis not long however, ſince you and I were Both of an Order. *Mi.* Do but comply with me in This, and I'le tell thee what thoul't ask me. I am not aſham'd of *Your Order*, but of the *Order* that I was firſt of *my ſelf*. *Ir.* What *Order* do ye mean? That of the *Franciſcans*? *Mi.* No, by no means my good Friend; but the Order of the *Spendthrifts*. *Ir.* You have a great many Companions ſure of that Order. *Mi.* I had a good Fortune, and laid it on to ſome tune as long as it laſted; but when that fail'd, there was no body would know *Apicius*. And then I ran away for ſhame, and betook my ſelf to *your College*; which I look't upon to be much better than Digging. *Ir.* 'Twas wiſely done. But how comes your Carcaſs to be in ſo good caſe of late? Your Change of Clothes, I do not ſo much wonder at. *Mi.* How ſo? *Ir.* Becauſe *Laverna*, (the Goddeſs of *Thieves*) makes many of her Servants Rich of a ſudden. *Mi.* You do not think I got an Eſtate by ſtealing, I hope. *Ir.* Nay by *Rapine* perhaps, which is worſe. *Mi.* No; neither by *Stealing*, nor by *Rapine*. And this I ſwear by the Goddeſs you adore; (That's *Penia*, or *Poverty*) But I'le firſt ſatisfie ye as to my Conſtitutiou of *Body*, that ſeems to you ſo wonderful. *Ir.* While you were with us you were perpetually *Scabby*. *Mi.* But I have had the kindeſt Phyſician ſince. *Ir.* Who was That? *Mi.* Even mine own ſelf; and I hope no body loves me Better. *Ir.* The firſt time that ever I took you for a *Doctor*. *Mi.* Why all that *Dreſs* was nothing but a *Cheat*; daub'd on with *Frankincenſe*, *Sulphur*, *Roſin*, *Birdlime*, and *blood-Clouts*; and when I had a mind to't, I could take it off again. *Ir.* Oh! Impoſtor! And I took thee for the very Picture of *Job* upon the *Dunghill*. *Mi.* This was only a Complyance with my

my Neceſſities, tho' Fortune ſometimes may change the very skin too. *Ir.* But now you ſpeak on't, tell me a little of your Fortune: Have you found ever a Pot of Money? *Mi.* No; but I have found out a Trade that's ſomewhat better than Yours yet. *Ir.* What Trade could you ſet up, that had nothing to Begin upon? *Mi.* An Artiſt will live any where. *Ir.* I underſtand ye. Picking of Pockets, I ſuppoſe; the Cutpurſe's Trade. *Mi.* A little Patience, I pray'e; I am turn'd *Chymiſt*. *Ir.* A very *apt Scholar*, to get That in a *Fortnight*, (for 'tis thereabouts ſince we parted) that another Man cannot learn in an Age. *Mi.* But I have found out a nearer way to't. *Ir.* What may that be? *Mi.* When I had gotten up a ſtock of about *Four Crowns*, by Begging; by great good luck, I met with an Old Companion of mine, of about my Eſtate; we drank together, and (as 'tis uſual) he up and told me the Hiſtory of his Adventures, and of an *Art* he had got. And we came at laſt to an Agreement, that *if I pay'd the Reckoning, he ſhould teach me his Art*, which he very honeſtly perform'd, and *That Art* now is my *Revenue*. *Ir.* Might not I learn it too? *Mi.* I'le teach thee it *gratis*; if it were but for old Acquaintance ſake.

The World, ye know, is full of People that run a madding after the *Philoſopher's Stone*. *Ir.* I have heard as much, and I believe it. *Mi.* I hunt for all Occaſions of Inſinuating my ſelf into ſuch Company. I talk Big; and where-ever I find an Hungry Buzzard, I throw him out a Bait. *Ir.* And how's that? *Mi.* I give him Caution, of my own accord, to have a Care how he truſts Men of That Profeſſion; for they are moſt of them Cheats, and Impoſtors; and very little better than Pickpockets to thoſe that do not underſtand them. *Ir.* This Prologue, methinks,

thinks, ſhould never do your buſineſs. *Mi.* Nay I tell him plainly that I would not be truſted my ſelf neither, any further, then a man would Truſt his Own Eyes, and Fingers. *Ir.* 'Tis a ſtrange Confidence you have in your Art. *Mi.* Nay, I will have him to look on, while the *Metamorphoſis* is a Working, and to be attentive to't: and then to take away all doubt, I bid him do the whole Work himſelf, While I'm at a diſtance; and not ſo much as a little finger in't. When the matter is *diſſolv'd*, I bid him *purge* it himſelf; or ſet ſome *Goldſmith* to do it: I tell him the Quantity it will afford; and then let him put it to as many Teſts as he pleaſes. He ſhall find the *preciſe weight*; the *Gold*, or the *Silver*, *Pure*; (for *Gold*, or *Silver*, 'tis the ſame thing to me: Only the Latter Experiment is the leſs dangerous.) *Ir.* But is there no Couſenage in all this? *Mi.* An Abſolute Cheat from one end to the other. *Ir.* I cannot find where it lies. *Mi.* I'll ſhew ye then. Firſt we agree upon the *Price*, but I touch no Money, till I have given proof of the thing it ſelf. I deliver him a certain *Powder*, as if That did the whole buſineſs. I never part with the Receipt of it, but at an Exceſſive Rate: and then I make him ſwear moſt horridly too, that for ſix Months he ſhall not impart the Secret to any thing that lives. *Ir.* But where's the *Cheat* yet? *Mi.* The whole myſtery lies in a *Coal* that I have Fitted, and Hollow'd for the purpoſe; and into That do I put as much *Silver*, as I ſay ſhall come out again. After the Infuſion of the *Powder* I ſet the Pot in ſuch a manner, that it ſhall be, in effect, *cover'd* with *Coals*; as well as *Coals Under*, and *about* it; which I tell them is a Method of Art. Among the *Coals* that lie *a Top* I put in one or more that has the *Gold*, or the *Silver*, in't. When that comes to be diſſolv'd, it runs to the

reſt, whether it be *Tin*, or *Copper*, and upon the *Separation* 'tis found, and taken out. *Ir.* A Ready way. But how will you deceive him that does the whole Buſineſs himſelf? *Mi.* When all things are done according to my Preſcription, before we begin the *Operation*, I come and look about to ſee that every thing be right, and then I find a Coal or two wanting upon the Top; and under pretence of fetching it from the Coal-heap, I privately Convey one of my own; or elſe I have it ready laid there before hand, which I can take, and no body the Wiſer. *Ir.* But what will you do, when the Tryal is made of This without ye? *Mi.* I'm out of danger, when I have the Money in my Pocket: Or I can pretend that the Pot was crackt, the Coals naught, they did not know how to Temper the Fire; and then it is one Myſtery in our Profeſſion never to ſtay long in a place. *Ir.* But will the Profit of This give a Man a Livelihood? *Mi.* Yes, and a very brave one: And if you are wiſe, you'l leave your wretched Trade of *Begging*, and turn *Quack* too. *Ir.* Now ſhould I rather hope to bring You back again to Us. *Mi.* What, to take up a Trade again, that I was weary of before? And to quit a Good one, that I have found Profitable? *Ir.* But This profeſſion of ours is made pleaſant by Cuſtome. How many are there that fall off from *St. Francis*, and *St. Benedict*? But ours is an *Order* of *Mendicants*, that never any man forſook, that was acquainted with it. Alas! You were but a few Months with us; and not come yet to Taſte the Comforts of This kind of Life. *Mi.* But I taſted enough on't tho' to know the miſery of it. *Ir.* How comes it then that our People never leave us? *Mi.* Becauſe they are naturally Wretched. *Ir.* And yet for all this Wretchedneſs, I had rather be a *Begger*, than

a

a *Prince*: and there are many Princes I doubt not, that Envy the Freedom of us Beggers. Whether it be *War*, or *Peace*, we are ſtill *ſafe*. We are neither *Preſt* for *Souldiers*, nor *Taxt*, nor put upon *Pariſh Duties*. The *Inquiſition* never concerns it ſelf with us. There's no ſcrutiny into our Manners; and if we do any thing that's Unlawful, *who'l ſue a Begger*? If we aſſault any man, 'tis a ſhame to contend with a *Begger*: whereas neither in *Peace*, nor in *War*, are Kings at Eaſe. And the Greater they are, the more have they to Fear. Men pay a Reverence to *Beggers*, as if they were Conſecrated to *God*: and make a Conſcience of it not to abuſe us. *Mi.* But then how naſty are ye in your Raggs, and Kennels? *Ir.* Thoſe things are without us, and ſignifie nothing at all to True Happineſs: and for our Rags 'tis to them we Ow our Felicity. *Mi.* If That be your Happineſs, I'm afraid ye will not enjoy it long. *Ir.* Why ſo? *Mi.* Becauſe they ſay we ſhall have a Law for every City to maintain its own Poor; and for the forcing of thoſe to Work, that are Able to do it, without wandring up and down as they did formerly. *Ir.* How comes that? *Mi.* Becauſe they find great *Rogueries* committed under pretence of *Begging*, and great *Inconveniences* to the *Publique* from your *Order*. *Ir.* Oh! they have been talking of This a long time; and when the Devil's Blind, it may be they'l bring it to paſs. *Mi.* Too ſoon perchance for your Quiet.

CYCLOPS,

OR,

The Goſpel Carrier.

COL. XVIII.

An Invective againſt Hypocrites; *and ſuch as have the* Goſpel *continually in their* Hands *or* Diſcourſes, *and do not Practiſe it in their Lives.*

POLYPHEMUS, CANNIUS.

Ca. WHY how now, *Polyphemus*, what are You Hunting for? *Po.* Do you call Him a *Huntſman*, that has neither *Dogs* nor *Lance*? *Ca.* Upon the Chace perhaps of ſome Lady of the Wood here. *Po.* Shrewdly gueſs'd, believe me; and here's the Device I have to catch Her. *Ca.* What's the Meaning of This? *Polyphemus* with a *Book* in's hand? *A Hog in Armour?* They agree as well as *Puſs* and my *Lady* [Γαλῆ κεφκωτὸν

κεχκωτὸν a *Cat* in a *Lac'd Petticoat.*] *Po.* Nay I aſſure ye here's *Vermilion*, and *Azure* upon my Book, as well as (*Crocus*) or *Saffron*. *Ca.* I do not ſpeak of *Crocus* (which is *Saffron*) but you miſtake *Crocoton* (which is a *Greek* word) for *Crocus*. Is it a Military Book that ſame? For by the *Boſſes* and *Plates* upon't, it ſeems to be Arm'd. *Po.* Look into't. *Ca.* I ſee what 'tis; and 'tis very fine, but not ſo fine as it might be tho. *Po.* Why, what wants it? *Ca.* You ſhould do well to put your Arms upon't. *Po.* What Arms? *Ca.* An *Aſſes head* looking out of a *Hogshead*. What's the *ſubject* of it, *the Art of Drinking*? *Po.* You'l ſpeak *Blaſphemy* before you're aware. *Ca.* Why ſo? Is there any thing in't that's *Sacred*? *Po.* If the *Holy Goſpel* be not *ſacred*, I pray'e what is? *Ca.* The Lord deliver us; what has *Polyphemus* to do with the *Goſpel*? *Po.* And pray'e let me ask you, what a *Chriſtian* has to do with *Chriſt*? *Ca.* Truly methinks a *Halbert* would become you a great deal better: For if any Man that did not know ye, ſhould meet ye at *Sea*, he would certainly take ye for a *Pirate*; Or in a *Wood*, for a *Highwayman*. *Po.* But the *Goſpel* teaches us not to judge of men by *Outward Appearances*. For tho' 'tis true, that many a *Knaves Head* lies under a *Cowl*, yet it falls out ſometime, that a *Modiſh Wigg*, a Pair of *Spaniſh Whiskers*, a *Stern Brow*, a *Buff-Coat* and a *Feather* in the Cap, accompany an *Evangelical Mind*. *Ca.* And why not; as well as a *Sheep* ſometimes in the *Skin* of a *Wolf*? And if we believe *Emblems*, many an *Aſs* lurks under the *Coat* of a *Lion*. *Po.* Nay I know a man my ſelf that looks as Innocent as a *ſheep*, and yet's a *Fox* in's *Heart*. I could wiſh he had as Candid Friends as he has *black Eyes*; and that he had as well the *Value* of *Gold*, as he has the *Colour* of it. *Ca.* If he that wears a *Woollen*

len Hat, muſt conſequently wear a *Sheeps Head*; what a Burthen do You march under, that carry an *Eſtrich* in your *Cap*, over and above? But he is more Monſtrous yet, that's a *Bird* in his *Head*, and an *Aſs* in his *Breaſt*. *Po.* That's too ſharp. *Ca.* But it were well if you were as much the better for your *Book*, as That's the *Gayer* for *You*: And that in exchange for *Colours*, it might furniſh you with *Good Manners*. *Po.* I'le make it my Care. *Ca.* After the Old way. *Po.* But Bitterneſs aſide, Is it a Crime, do you think, for a man to carry the *Goſpel* about with him? *Ca.* Not in the leaſt (*minimè Gentium*) *Po.* Will you ſay that I am the leaſt in the World, that am by an *Aſſes head* Taller than your ſelf. *Ca.* That's a little too much, even tho' the *Aſs* ſhould prick up his Ears. *Po.* By an *Ox-head* I dare ſay, *Ca.* That Compariſon does well enough: But I ſaid *minimè* the *Adverb*, not *minime* the *Vocative Caſe* of the *Adjective*. *Po.* Pray'e what's the Difference betwixt an Egg, and an Egg? *Ca.* And what's the Difference (ſay you) betwixt the *Middle-Finger* and the *Little-Finger*? *Po.* the *Middle* is the *Longer*. *Ca.* Moſt acute. And what's the Difference betwixt the *Ears* of an *Aſs*, and thoſe of a *Wolf*? *Po.* A *Wolf's Ears* are *ſhorter*. *Ca.* Why, there's the point. *Po.* But I am us'd to meaſure *Long*, and *ſhort* by the *Span*, and by the *Yard*, not by the *Ears*. *Ca.* Well ſaid. He that carry'd *Chriſt* was called *Chriſtopher*: ſo that inſtead of *Polyphemus*, I ſhall call you the *Goſpel-Bearer*. *Po.* Do not you account it a *Holy thing* then to carry the *Goſpel*? *Ca.* No, not at all; unleſs you'l allow me that *Aſſes* are the greateſt *Saints*. *Po.* What do you mean by That? *Ca.* Becauſe *one Aſs* will carry at leaſt *Three thouſand ſuch Books*: and I am perſuaded if you were but well hamper'd, that you would be able to carry as many your ſelf. *Po.* In

That

That ſenſe I think there's no Abſurdity to ſay an *Aſs* may be *Holy*. *Ca.* And I ſhall never envy you That Holineſs. If ye have a mind to't, I'le give ye ſome of the *Reliques* to Kiſs, of the very *Aſs* that our Saviour rode upon. *Po.* You cannot oblige me More; For *That Aſs* could not but be Conſecrated by the very *Contact*. *Ca.* But there was *Contact* too in thoſe that *ſmote our Saviour*. *Po.* But tell me ſeriouſly, is it not a Pious thing for a Man to carry the *New Teſtament* about him? *Ca.* If it be done out of *Affection*, and without *Hypocriſie*, it is Piouſly done. *Po.* Tell the *Monks* of your *Hypocriſie*; what has a *Souldier* to do with it? *Ca.* But tell me Firſt, what is the meaning of *Hypocriſie*? *Po. When a man ſeems to be One thing, and is really Another*. *Ca.* But what ſignifies the carrying of the *Goſpel* about you? Does it not intimate a *Holy Life*? *Po.* I ſuppoſe it does. *Ca.* Now where a man's *Life* is not ſutable to his *Books*, is not That *Hypocriſie*? *Po.* It may be ſo. But what is that you will allow to be carrying the *Goſpel* as we *ought*? *Ca.* Some carry it about in their *Hands*, as the *Franciſcans* do the *Rule* of *St. Francis*; and at That Rate, a *Porter*, an *Aſs*, or a *Gelding* may carry it as well as a *Chriſtian*. There are Others that carry it in their *Mouths*; and only *Talk* of *Chriſt* and the *Goſpel*; and thoſe are *Phariſees*. And there are Others that carry it in their *Hearts*: But thoſe are the *True Goſpel-Bearers*, that have it in *all Three*; their *Hands*, their *Mouth*, and their *Hearts*. *Po.* But where are thoſe? *Ca.* What do you think of thoſe that Miniſter in the Churches; that both Carry the Book, Read it to the People, and Meditate upon it? *Po.* As if any Man could carry the *Goſpel* in his *Heart*, and not be a *Holy Man*. *Ca.* Let us have no *Sophiſtry*. No Man carries the Goſpel in his Heart, that does not love it with all

his Soul; and no Man loves it as he ought to do, that does not Conform to it in his Life. *Po.* Theſe are ſubtilties out of my Reach. *Ca.* I'le be plainer then: For a Man to carry a Flaggon of Wine upon his ſhoulders, it's a Burden. *Po.* No doubt of it. *Ca.* What if a Man ſwills a ſoup of Wine in his Mouth, and throws it out again? *Po.* He's never the better for't: Tho' that's none of my way. *Ca.* But to come to your way then: what if he Gulps it down? *Po.* There's nothing more Divine. *Ca.* It warms his Body, brings his Blood into his Cheeks, and gives him a merry Countenance. *Po.* Moſt Certain. *Ca.* And ſo it is with the Goſpel. He that takes it affectionately into his Soul, finds himſelf preſently a New Man after it. *Po.* And you think perhaps, that I do not lead my Life according to my Book. *Ca.* That's a Queſtion only to be Reſolv'd by your ſelf. *Po.* I underſtand none but Military Diviſions. *Ca.* Suppoſe any Man ſhould give ye the Lie to your Face, or call you *Buffle-Head*; what would you do? *Po.* What would I do? Why I'd give him a Box o'th' Ear. *Ca.* And what if he ſhould give You another? *Po.* Why then I'd cut his Throat for't. *Ca.* And yet your Book teaches you another Leſſon, and bids you Return Good for Evil: and that if any body ſtrikes you on the Right Cheek, you ſhould offer him the Left alſo. *Po.* I have read ſome ſuch thing, but I had forgot it. *Ca.* I ſuppoſe you *Pray* often. *Po.* That's too *Phariſaical*. *Ca.* Long *Prayers* are *Phariſaical* indeed, if they be accompanied with *Oſtentation*. Now your Book tells you that you ſhould *Pray always*, but with *Intention*. *Po.* Well, but for all this I do Pray ſometimes. *Ca.* At what times? *Po.* Sometimes when I think on't: It may be once or twice a Week. *Ca.* And what's your Prayer? *Po.* The *Lord's Prayer*.

Ca. How

Ca. How often? *Po.* Only once: For the Goſpel forbids *Repetitions.* *Ca.* Can you go through the *Lord's Prayer* without thinking of any thing elſe? *Po.* I never try'd That: Is it not enough that I pronounce it? *Ca.* I cannot tell that God takes Notice of any thing in Prayer, but the Voice of the Heart. Do ye *Faſt* often? *Po.* No, never. *Ca.* And yet your *Book* recommends *Faſting*, and *Prayer.* *Po.* And I ſhould approve on't too, but my *Stomach* will not bear it. *Ca.* But St. *Paul* tells us that he's no Servant of *Jeſus Chriſt*, that ſerves his *Belly.* Do you Eat *Fleſh* every day? *Po.* Yes, when I have it. *Ca.* And yet you have a Robuſt Conſtitution that would live upon Hay with a Horſe, or the Barks of Trees. *Po.* But the Goſpel ſays that *thoſe things that go into a man, do not defile him.* *Ca.* Neither do they, if they be taken Moderately, and without giving *Scandal.* But St. *Paul* that was a Diſciple of our Saviours, would rather ſtarve than offend a Weak Brother: and he exhorts us to follow his Example of becoming all things to all men. *Po.* *Paul* is *Paul*, and *Polyphemus* is *Polyphemus.* *Ca.* But it is *Ægon*'s Duty to Feed Goats. *Po.* But I had rather *Eat* them (*malim eſſe.*) *Ca.* Had you rather *BE* a Goat, ſay ye? That's a Pleaſant Wiſh. *Po.* But I meant *Eſſe*, *pro Edere.* *Ca.* Very pretty. Do you give Liberally to the *Poor*? *Po.* I have nothing to give. *Ca.* But if you'd live ſoberly, and take pains, you might have ſomething to give. *Po.* It's a pleaſant thing for a Man to take his Eaſe. *Ca.* Do ye keep the *Commandments*? *Po.* That's a hard Task. *Ca.* Do you *repent* your ſelf of your *Sins*? *Po.* Chriſt has made Satisfaction for us. *Ca.* How can you ſay now that you love the Goſpel? *Po.* I'le tell ye, we had a certain *Franciſcan* that was perpetually thundering out of the Pulpit, againſt *Eraſmus*'s *New Teſtament*: I caught the Fellow once by himſelf,

himſelf took him by the hair with my left hand, and with my right I buffeted him ſo well favouredly that ye could ſee no Eyes he had: and was not this done now like a man that loves the Goſpel? After this, I gave him Abſolution, and knocking him over the Coxcomb three times with this Book, I made three Bunches upon his Crown, and ſo abſolv'd him in Form. *Ca.* This was *Evangelically* done, without Queſtion; and a way of Defending *one Goſpel* with *another*. *Po.* I met with another of his Fellows that was ſtill raging too againſt *Eraſmus*, without either end, or Meaſure. My *Goſpel-Zeal* mov'd me once again, I brought him on his Knees, to this *Confeſſion*, that *what he ſaid, was by the Inſtigation of the Devil*: I look'd upon him, like the Picture of *Mars*, in a *Battle*, with my *Partizan* over him, to cut off his head if he had not done it in point; and this was acted in the Preſence of a great many Witneſſes. *Ca.* I wonder the man was not frighted out of his wits. But to proceed; Do ye keep your *Body Chaſt*? *Po.* When I come to be Old, it may be I ſhall. But ſhall I tell ye the Truth, *Cannius*? *Ca.* I'm no *Prieſt*: And if you have a mind to *Confeſs* your ſelf, you may ſeek ſome body elſe. *Po.* I uſe to Confeſs to *God*, but for once, I'le do't to *You*. I am as yet (no perfect but) a very *Ordinary Chriſtian*. We have *four Goſpels*, and we, *military-Goſpellers*, propound chiefly to our ſelves theſe four Things. *Firſt*, to take Care for our *Bellies*; *Secondly*, that nothing be wanting *Below*; *Thirdly*, to put *money* in our *Pockets*; and *Laſtly*, to do what we *liſt*. When we have gain'd theſe four Points, we drink and ſing as if the Town were our own: And this is to us the Reign of Chriſt, and the life of the Goſpel. *Ca.* This is the Life of an *Epicure*, not of a *Chriſtian*. *Po.* I cannot much deny it; but the Lord is Almighty ye know, and

can

can make us Other men in an Inſtant, if he pleaſes. *Ca.* Yes, and he may make us *Swine* too; with more likelihood perhaps than Good men. *Po.* I would there were no worſe things in the World than *Hogs*, *Oxen*, *Aſſes*, and *Camels*. You ſhall find a great many People that are *Fiercer* than *Lions*, more *Ravenous* than *Wolves*, more *Luſtful* than *Sparrows*, that will *bite* worſe than *Dogs*, and *ſting* worſe than *Vipers*. *Ca.* But it is time for you now to turn from a *Brute-animal* to a *Man*. *Po.* Ye ſay well; for I find in the Prophecies of theſe times, that the World's near an end. *Ca.* There's ſo much the more reaſon to Repent betimes. *Po.* I hope Chriſt will give me his Helping hand. *Ca.* But it is your part to make your ſelf fit matter to work upon. But how does it appear that the world is ſo near an end? *Po.* Becauſe People, they ſay, are now doing juſt as they did *in the days before the Flood*; *they are Eating and Drinking*, *Marrying and giving in Marriage*; *they* Whore, they Buy, they Sell, they take to uſe, they put to uſe, they Build; Kings make War; Prieſts ſtudy to encreaſe their Revenues; Schoolmen make *Syllogiſms*; Munks run up and down the World, the Rabble Tumult, *Eraſmus* writes Colloquies: In fine, all's naught; Hunger and Thirſt, Robberies, Hoſtilities, Plagues, Seditions, and a ſcarcity of all things that are Good. And does not all this argue now that the world is near an End? *Ca.* Now of all this Maſs of Miſchief, which is your greateſt Trouble? *Po.* Gueſs. *Ca.* That the Spiders perhaps make Cobwebs in your empty Baggs. *Po.* The very Point, or let me Periſh! I have been drinking hard to day, but ſome other time when I'm ſober, we'll have another Touch at the Goſpel. *Ca.* And when ſhall I ſee ye ſober? *Po.* When I am ſo. *Ca.* And when will

will ye be ſo? *Po.* when you ſee me ſo: In the *Interim,* my dear *Cannikin,* be Happy. *Ca.* In requital, may'ſt thou long be what thou'rt call'd. *Po.* And that I may not be outdone in Courteſie; may the *Can* never fail *Cannius,* whence he has borow'd his Name.

THE

THE FALSE KNIGHT.

COL. XIX.

The Insolencies of men in Power; And the Impostures that are put upon the World, by Ignorance, *and* Impudence, *instead of* Wisdom *and* Honour.

HARPALUS, NESTORIUS.

Ha. IF you could help me Out now, I am not a man to forget a Courtesie. *Ne.* It shall be your Own Fault if I do not make ye what you would be. *Ha.* But it is not in our Power to be *born Noble*. *Ne.* What you want in *Blood*, you must supply with Virtue, and lay the Foundation of your own Nobility. *Ha.* That's such a Devilish way about. *Ne.* Away, away, you may have it at Court for a Trifle. *Ha.* But the People are so apt to laugh at a man that buyes his Honour. *Ne.* Well! And if it be so Ridiculous, why would you so fain be a Knight? *Ha.* Oh! I could shew ye Twenty reasons for That; if you could but

but put me in a way to make my self Honourable in the Opinion of the World. *Ne.* What would the *Name* signifie, without the *Thing*? *Ha.* But still if a Man has not the *Thing* it self, 'tis something however to have the *Reputation* of it. But give me your Advice at a Venture; and when ye know my Reasons, you'll say it was worth my while. *Ne.* Why then I'le tell ye. You must, First, remove your self to some place where you are not known. *Ha.* Right. *Ne.* And then get your self into the Company of Men of Quality. *Ha.* I understand ye. *Ne.* People will be apt to judge of you by the Company ye keep. *Ha.* They will so. *Ne.* But then you must be sure to have nothing about ye that's Vulgar. *Ha.* As how? *Ne.* I speak of your Cloaths, If they were *Silk* 'twere *better*; but if ye cannot go to the price of *Silk*, I would rather have them *Canvas*, than *Cloth*. *Ha.* Y'are in the Right. *Ne.* And rather than wear any thing that is *whole*, you shall cut your very *Hat* too, your *Doublet*, *Breeches*, *Shoes*; and rather than fail, if it could be handsomly done, you very *Fingers Ends*. If you meet with any Traveller that comes from *Vienna*, ask him what he thinks of the Peace with *France*? How your *Cousen* of *Furstenberg* had his Health there? And you must enquire after all the jolly Officers of your Old Acquaintance. *Ha.* It shall be done. *Ne.* And you must be sure to have a *Seal King* upon your Finger. *Ha.* Good; if my Purse would reach to't. *Ne.* You may have a *Brass Ring*, *Gilt*, with a *Doublet*, for a small matter. But then you must Charge a *Scocheon* with your *Coat of Arms*. *Ha.* And what *Bearing*? *Ne.* *Two Milking Pails*, and a *Pot of Ale*. *Ha.* Come leave your Fooling. *Ne* Were ye ever in a *Battle*? *Ha.* Alas! I never saw a Naked Sword in my whole Life. *Ne.* Did you ever cut off the Head of a *Goose*,

Goose, or a *Capon*? *Ha.* Many a time, and with the Resolution of a man of Honour too. *Ne.* Why what do ye think then of *Three Goose-caps, Or*, and a *Whinyard, Argent*? *Ha.* And what would you have the *Field*? *Ne.* What should it be but *Gules*? in token of the *Bloodshed*. *Ha.* 'Tis not amiss, for the *Blood* of a *Goose* is as *Red* as that of a *man*: But go forward. *Ne.* Wherever ye pass, let your *Coat* be hung up over the Gate of the Inn. *Ha.* And how the *Helmet*? *Ne.* That's well thought of; A *mouth gaping* from Ear to Ear. *Ha.* Your reason for That? *Ne.* First to give you Air; and then 'tis more suitable to your Dress. But what Crest? *Ha.* What say you to That? *Ne.* A *Dogs head with a pair of bangling Ears*. *Ha.* That's Common. *Ne.* Why then let him have *two Horns*; and That's Extraordinary. *Ha.* That will do well: But what *Supporters*? *Ne.* Why, for *Stags, Talbots, Dragons, Griffins*, they are all taken up already by *Kings* and *Princes*: what do ye think of *Two Harpies*? *Ha.* Nothing can mend it. *Ne.* But now for your *Title*; you must have a Care, that you do not call your self *Harpalus Comensis*; but *Harpalus à Como*; not *Norfolk-Booby* (for the Purpose) but *Booby* of *Norfolk*. The *One's Noble*, the *Other Pedantique*. *Ha.* 'Tis so. *Ne.* Is there any thing now that you can call your self the *Lord* of? *Ha.* No; not so much as a *Pig-sty*. *Ne.* Were ye born in any Eminent *City*? *Ha.* To make ye my *Confessor*, I was born in a Pitiful obscure *Village*: There must be no lying in the Case, when a man asks Counsel. *Ne.* Come, all's well enough. But is there ever a famous *mountain* near ye? *Ha.* Yes, there is. *Ne.* And is there ever a *Rock* near That? *Ha.* A very steep one. *Ne.* Why then you shall be *Harpalus of the Golden Rock*. *Ha.* But most great men I observe have their peculiar *Motto*.

As

As *Maximilian*, *Keep within Compass*; Philip; *He that will*; Charles, *Further yet*, &c. *Ne.* Why then Yours shall be *Turn every Stone*. *Ha.* Nothing more Pertinent. *Ne.* Now to confirm the World in their Esteem of you, you must have Counterfeit Letters from such and such Illustrious Persons, and there you must be treated in a Stile of *Honour*, and with bus'-ness of *Estates*, *Castles*, *Huge Revenues*, *Commands*, *Rich Matches*, &c. These Letters you must either leave behind ye, or drop them some where by chance, that they may be found, and taken notice of. *Ha.* I can do that as Easily as Drink; for I'le Imitate any mans hand alive so exactly, that he shall not know it from his Own. *Ne.* Or you may leave them in your Pockets, when you send your Breeches to the Tailors, and when he finds them, you may be sure 'twill be no secret. But then you must be extreamly troubled that you should be so Careless. *Ha.* Let me alone for Ordering my Countenance without a Visor. *Ne.* The great Skill is, to have the Matter published so, that no body smell it out. *Ha.* For that matter, I'le warrant ye. *Ne.* You must then furnish your self with *Companions*, (Or 'twil do as well, if they be Servants) that shall stand Cap in hand to ye, and make Legs to your *Worship* at every Turn. And never be Discourag'd at the Charge, for you'll find young Fellows enow that will bear This part in the Comedy, if it were but for the Humours sake, and for God a' mercy. And then you must know that there are a great many Scribling Blades here, that are strangely infected with the *Itch*, (I had like to have said the *Scab*) of *Writing*; And a Company of Hungry *Printers*, that will Venture upon Any thing for Money. You must engage these People to make Honourable Mention of your *Quality*, and *Fortune* in your *Own Country*, in their

their *Pamphlets*; and your *Name* to be ſtill ſet in *CAPITALS*. This is a Courſe that will give ye Honour, even if the Scene were laid in *Japan*; and *One Book* ſpreads more than a *hundred Talkative Tongues*. *Ha.* I am not againſt this way, but there muſt be *Servants yet maintained*. *Ne. Servants* muſt be *had*, but there's no need of *your Feeding 'em*. They have *fingers*, and when they are ſent up and down, ſomething or other will be found. There are divers Opportunities, ye know, in ſuch Caſes. *Ha.* A word to the Wiſe; I underſtand ye. *Ne.* And then there are Other Inventions. *Ha.* Pray'e let's hear 'um. *Ne.* If you do not underſtand *Cards*, and *Dice*, *Whoring*, *Drinking*, and *Squandring*, the Art of *Borrowing* and *Bubbling*, and the *French Pox* to boot, there's no body will take ye for a *Perſon of Condition*. *Ha.* Theſe are Exerciſes I have been train'd up to: but where's the *Money* that muſt carry me through? *Ne.* Hold a little, I was juſt coming to That Point. Have ye any Eſtate? *Ha.* Truly a very ſmall one. *Ne.* Well but when ye are once ſettled in the Reputation of a great man, you can never fail of finding Fools to Truſt ye. Some will be afraid, and others will be aſham'd to deny you: And there are Tricks for a man to delude his Creditors. *Ha.* I know ſomething of that too. But they are apt to be Troubleſome yet, when they find that there comes nothing but Words. *Ne.* Nay on the Contrary, no man has his Creditors more at Command, than he that ows *Money* to a *great many*. *Ha.* How ſo? *Ne.* Your *Creditor* pays ye that Obſervance, as if he himſelf were the Perſon Obliged; for fear ye ſhould take any thing Ill, and Couſen him of his Money. No man has his *Servants* in ſuch awe, as a *Debtor* has his *Creditors*: And if you pay 'um never ſo little, 'tis as kindly taken as if you Gave it. *Ha.* I have found it ſo. *Ne.* But then you

must have a care how you engage your self to *Little people*: For they care not what Tragedies they raise, for Peddling Summs; whereas men of Competent Fortunes are more Tractable: They are either restrain'd by Good nature, led on by Hope, or kept in order by Fear, for they know the danger of medling with men of Power: Or in conclusion, When ye are no longer able to stand the shock, 'tis but changing of your Quarter, and still upon earnest bus'ness removing from one place to Another: And where's the shame of all this? for a *Knight* to be in the *same Estate* with his *Imperial Majesty*. If you find your self prest by a Fellow of mean Condition, you are to bless your self at his Confidence: And yet 'tis good to be paying of something; but neither the whole Sum, nor to all your Creditors. But whatever ye do, set a good Face on't, as if ye had Money in your Pocket still, tho' the Devil a Cross. *Ha.* But what shall a man brag of that has Nothing? *Ne.* If you have laid up any thing for a Friend, let it pass for your own. But it must be taken notice of only as by Chance. And in this Case, 'tis good to borrow Money, and shew it, tho' ye pay it again the next hour. You may put *Counters* in your Pocket; and 'tis but taking a *Right Crown* or *two* out, and making the rest Chink: You may imagin——*Ha.* I understand ye. But yet at last I must necessarily sink under my Debt. *Ne.* But Knights ye know, will handle us as they please. *Ha.* 'Tis very true; and there's no Remedy. *Ne.* I would advise you to have diligent Servants about ye; or no matter if it were some of your poor Kindred: such as must be Kept however. They'l stumble now and then upon some Merchant upon the way; or find something perhaps in the Inn, in the House, or in the Boat, that wants a Keeper. Do ye conceive me? Let 'em Consider

ſider that men have not Fingers for Nothing. *Ha.* If this could be done with ſafety. *Ne.* You muſt be ſure to keep them in *handſome Liveries*, and be ſtill ſending of 'em with *Counterfeit Letters* to *This Prince*, or *That Count*. Who ſhall dare to ſuſpect Them, if any thing be miſſing; or if they ſhould ſuſpect them, who ſhall dare to own it, for fear of the Knight their Maſter? If they chance to take a Booty by force, 'tis as good as a Prize in War; for This Exerciſe is but a Prelude to war it ſelf. *Ha.* A Bleſſed Counſellor! *Ne.* Now this *Statute* of *Knighthood* muſt be ever obſerv'd, that it is Lawful for a Knight upon the Road to eaſe a Common Traveller of his Money. For what can be more Diſhonourable than for a Pitiful Fellow of *Commerce* to have *Money at Will*, and a *Knight want it* to ſupply him with Neceſſaries for *Whores*, and *Dice?* Be ſeen as much as poſſible in the Company of Great men, though you pin your ſelf upon them. You muſt put on a *Brazen face*; and eſpecially to your *Hoſt*; and let nothing put ye out of Countenance. And therefore ye ſhould do well to paſs your time in ſome Publick Place, as at the *Baths*, or *Waters*, and in the *moſt frequented Inns*. *Ha.* I was thinking of That. *Ne.* In ſuch places you will meet with many fair Opportunities. *Ha.* As how I beſeech ye? *Ne.* You'l find now and then a Purſe dropt, or the Key left in the door, or ſo; you Comprehend me. *Ha.* But--- *Ne.* What are ye afraid of? A Perſon that lives and Talks at your rate; *The Knight of the Golden Rock*, who ſhall preſume to ſuſpect Him, or however to open his Mouth againſt him, at the worſt? They'l rather caſt it upon ſome Body that went away the day before. You'l find the Family in diſorder about it, but do You behave your ſelf as a perſon wholly unconcern'd. If This Accident befalls a man

that has either Modesty, or Brains, he'll even pass it over without making any words on't; and not cast away his Credit after his Money, for looking no better to't. *Ha.* 'Tis very well said; For I suppose you know *the Count of the White Vulture*. *Ne.* Yes, yes; why not? *Ha.* I have heard of a certain *Spaniard*, a Handsom Gentile Fellow that lodg'd at his house; he carry'd away a matter of *threescore Pounds Sterling*, and the *Count* had such a Reverence for his Person, that he did not so much as open his Mouth for the matter. *Ne.* So that there's a Precedent. You may send out a Servant now and then for a *Souldier*, as ye see Occasion, and he falls in upon the Rifling of a *Church*, or a *Monastery*; and there's a *Fortune* made by the *Law of Arms*. *Ha.* This is the safest expedient we have had yet. *Ne.* Well, and there's another way now of raising Money. *Ha.* And let's have that too, I pre'thee. *Ne.* When ye find People that have Money in their Pockets, 'tis but picking a quarrel with 'em, especially if they be *Churchmen*, for they are strangely *Hated*, now a-days: One broke a jest upon ye; another fell foul upon your Family; this man spake, or t'other man wrote something to your Dishonour; and here's a ground for the denouncing of a War without Quarter, but then you must breath nothing but destruction, fire, and Sword; and That Naturally brings the Matter to a Composition. Be sure then that ye do not sink below your Dignity, and you must ask out of Reason, to bring them up to't. If you demand *Three thousand Crowns*, the Devil's in 'em if they offer ye less than *Two hundred*. *Ha.* I, and I can threaten Others with the *Law*. *Ne.* That is not so *Generous* tho'; but yet it may help in some degree. But hark ye, *Harpalus*, we have forgotten the Main point; Some *Young Wench* or Other, with a Good

Good Fortune, might be handſomly drawn, methinks, into the Nooſe of Matrimony; and you carry a *Philtre* about with ye; a *Young*, *Spruce*, *Drolling*, *Grinning Raſcal!* Let it be given out that you're call'd away to ſome great Office in the *Emperors Court*; *the Girls are mad upon Coupling with the Nobility.* *Ha.* I know ſome that have made their Fortunes this way: But what if all this Roguery ſhould come out now; my Creditors fall upon the Back of me; and your Imaginary Knight come to have Rotten Eggs thrown at him? For a man had better be taken Robbing of a Church, than in the Courſe of ſuch a Cheat. *Ne.* In this Caſe, you muſt put on the Brazen face I told ye of. And I'le tell ye This for your Comfort, that *Impudence* never paſt ſo current for *Wiſdom*, ſince the Creation of the World, as it does at *This Day.* You muſt betake your ſelf to your Invention, and tell your Tale as well as ye can; ye ſhall find ſome Fools or other that will favour it: Nay and ſome, that out of pure Candor, and Civility, tho' they underſtand the Abuſe, will yet make the beſt on't: But for your Laſt Refuge, ſhew a Fair Pair of Heels for't; thruſt your ſelf into a *Battle*, or a *Tumult*; for as *the Sea covers all Miſchiefs, ſo War covers all Sins:* And the Truth of it is, he that has not been train'd up in This School, is not fit to be a Commander. Here's your Sanctuary when all fails; and yet let me adviſe ye to turn every Stone before you come to't. Many a Man is Undone by *Security.* Wherefore have a Care of *Little damn'd Towns*, that a man cannot *let a Fart* in, but the people preſently take the *Alarm.* In *Great* and *Populous Cities* a body is more at Liberty, unleſs it be in ſuch a place as *Marſeilles.* Make it your bus'neſs to know what the People ſay of ye. If ye hear that they come to talk at This rate; *what*

does This man Here so long? Why does not he go Home again; and look after his Castles, with a Pox? What does he talk to us of his Pedigree? I wonder how the Devil he Lives? These are *Bugg-words*; and if you find this humour once to grow upon the People, up with your Baggage and be jogging, before it be too late. But you must make your *Retreat*, like a *Lion*, not like a *Hare*. *You are call'd away by the* Emperor *to take Possession of a great Charge, and it will not be long perhaps before they see you again at the Head of an Army.* Those that have any thing to lose will be quiet enough, when y'are gone; but of all People have a care of your *Peevish, Malitious Poets*: They throw their Venom upon their Paper, and what they write is as Publick as the Air. *Ha.* Let me dye if I be not strangely pleas'd with thy Counsel: and you shall never Repent ye, either of your *Scholar*, or of your *Obligation.* The first good Horse that I take up upon my *Patent of Knighthood*, shall be yours: *Ne.* Be as good as your word now: But what is the Reason that you should so strangely dote upon a false Opinion of Nobility? *Ha.* Only because they are in a manner *Lawless*, and do what they please; And is not This a Considerable Inducement? *Ne.* When all comes to all, you owe a Death to Nature, tho' you liv'd a *Carthusian*; and he that dies of the *Stone*, the *Gout*, or the *Palsie* had better have been broken upon the *Wheel.* 'Tis an *Article* of a *Souldiers Faith*, that *after Death there remains Nothing of a* Man, *but his* Carcass. *Ha.* And That's my Opinion.

THE

THE
Seraphique Funeral.

COL. XX.

A Bitter Diſcourſe upon the Habit, Life, Opinions, *and* Practices *of the* Franciſcans: *Their* Inſtitution, *and the Blaſphemous Fundamentals of Their Order.*

THEOTIMUS, PHILECOUS.

Ph. WHy, where have you been, *Theotimus*, that ye look ſo wonderfully *Grave* and *Devout*? *Th.* How ſo? *Ph.* You look ſo ſevere, methinks, with your Eyes upon the Ground, your Head upon your left ſhoulder, and your Beads in your hand. *Th.* My Friend, if you have a mind to know a thing that does not belong to ye; I have been at a *Shew*. *Ph. Jacob Hall* perhaps, or the *Jugler*; Or ſome ſuch buſineſs, it may be. *Th.* 'Tis ſomewhat thereabouts. *Ph.* Y're the firſt Man ſure that ever brought ſuch an Humour back from a *Publique Spectacle*. *Th.* But This was ſuch a *Spectacle*, let me tell ye, that if you your ſelf had been a *Spectator*, you would have been more out of Order perchance than I am. *Ph.* But why ſo extreamly Religious, I pre'thee,

on a ſudden? *Th.* I have been at the *Funeral* of a *Seraphim*. *Ph.* Nay, Pray'e tell me, do the *Angels* die? *Th.* No, but *Angels Fellows* do. But to put ye out of your pain, you know *Euſebius*, I ſuppoſe; a famous, and a Learned Man. *Ph.* What do you mean? *Euſebius*, the *Peluſian*; he that was Firſt *degraded* from his *Authority*, to the ſtate of a *Private man*, and of a *Private man* made an *Exile*, and of an *Exile*, within a little of a *Begger*? (I had like to have ſaid worſe.) *Th.* That's the Man. *Ph.* But what's come to him? *Th.* He's This day *Bury'd*, and I am juſt now come from his *Funeral*. *Ph.* It muſt needs be a doleful Buſineſs ſure, to put you into this diſmal mood. *Th.* I ſhall never be able *to tell ye the Story without weeping*. *Th.* Nor I to *hear it without Laughing*. But let's have it however. *Th.* You know that *Euſebius* hath been a long time *Infirm*. *Ph.* Yes, yes, he has not been a *Man* this many a year. *Th.* In theſe Slow, and Conſumptive Diſeaſes, 'tis a Common thing for a Phyſician to foretell a man how long he ſhall live, to a preciſe day. *Ph.* It is ſo. *Th.* They told their Patient that all that the Art of man could do, towards his preſervation, had been done already; and that God might preſerve him, by a *Miracle*; but that he was abſolutely paſt all Relief of Phyſick; and according to humane Conjecture, he had not above *three days to Live*. *Ph.* And what follow'd. *Th.* The *Waſted Body* of the *Excellent Euſebius*, was preſently dreſt up in a *Franciſcans Habit*, his *Head Shaven*, his *Aſh-colour'd Cowl*, and *Gown*, his *Knotted Hempen Girdle*, and his *Franciſcan Shoes*; all put on. *Ph.* As departing this Life? *Th.* Even ſo: and with a Dying Voice, declaring, that if it ſhould pleaſe God to reſtore him to the Health that his Phyſicians deſpair'd of, he would ſerve under Chriſt, according to the *Rule* of *St. Francis*; and there were ſeveral

veral Holy Men call'd in, to bear witneſs to his Profeſſion. In this *Habit* dy'd this *Famous Man*; at the very point of time that had been foretold by his Phyſicians. There came abundance of the *Fraternity*, to aſſiſt at his Funeral Solemnity. *Ph.* I would I had been one of the Number my ſelf. *Th.* It would have gone to the Heart of ye, to ſee with what Tenderneſs the *Seraphique Sodality waſht* the *Body*, fitted the *Holy Habit* to him, laid his *Arms* one over another, in the form of a *Croſs*, *uncover'd*, and *kiſs'd* his *Naked Feet*; and according to the Precept of the Goſpel, chear'd up his *Countenance* with *Oyntment*. *Ph.* What a Prodigious Humility was this, for the *Seraphique Brethren* to take upon them the *Pariſh Offices* of *Bearers* and *Waſhers*? *Th.* After this, they laid the *Body* upon the *Biere*; and according to the direction of St. *Paul* (*bear ye one anothers Burthen*) Gal. 6. The Brethren took their Brother upon their Shoulders, and carry'd him along the Highway to the *Monaſtery*, where they Interr'd him with the Uſual Songs and Ceremonies. As this Venerable Pomp was paſſing upon the way, I Obſerv'd a great many People that could not forbear Weeping; to ſee a Man that us'd to go in his *Silk*, and *Scarlet*, wrapt now in a *Franciſcan's Habit*, *girt* with a *Ropes End*, and the whole Body diſpos'd in ſuch a poſture, as could not chuſe but move Devotion. For his *Head*, as I ſaid, was laid upon his *Shoulder*, his *Arms*, *a Croſs*; and every thing elſe too carry'd a wonderful appearance of Holineſs. But then the *March* of the *Seraphique Troop* it ſelf, Hanging down their *Heads*, with their *Eyes* fixt upon the *Earth*, and their mournful *Dirges*: (ſo mournful; that in *Hell it ſelf* there can be nothing beyond it.) All this, I ſay, drew Sighs, and Tears in abundance from the Beholders. *Ph.* But had he the *five wounds* too

of

of *St. Francis*? *Th.* I dare not affirm that for a Certain; but I ſaw ſome *Blewiſh Scars* on his *Hands*, and *Feet*; and he had a *hole* in his *left ſide* of his *Gown*; but I durſt not look too narrowly, for many People have been undone, they ſay, by being too curious into theſe Matters. *Ph.* But did ye not take notice of ſome that laught too? *Th.* Yes, I did obſerve it; But they were *Heretiques*, I ſuppoſe; there are e'en too many of them in the World. *Ph.* To Deal honeſtly with thee, in my Conſcience, if I had been there my ſelf, I ſhould have laught too for Company. *Th.* I pray God thou haſt not a *ſpice* of the ſame Leaven. *Ph.* There's no danger of That, Good *Theotimus!* For I have had a Veneration for St. *Francis*, even from a Child; He was one that was much more acceptable both to God and Man, for the ſtrict Mortification of his Affections, than for any Worldly Learning, or Wiſdom; and thoſe are His True Diſciples, that ſo *live* in the *Fleſh*, as if they were *Dead* to it, and *Liv'd* only in *Chriſt*: But for the *Habit* it ſelf, I value it not; and I would fain know what is a *Dead Man* the Better for a *Garment*? *Ph.* It is the Lord's Precept, ye know, *not to give Holy things to Dogs, or to caſt Pearls before Swine*: And beſide, if ye ask Queſtions to make your ſelf Merry with them, I'le tell ye nothing at all. But if ye have an honeſt deſire to be inform'd, I am content to tell ye as much as I know. *Ph.* My Bus'neſs is to learn, and you ſhall find me a diligent, a Docile, and a Thankful Diſciple. *Th.* You know, firſt, that ſome People are ſo poſſeſs'd with Pride and Vanity, that their Ambition accompanies them to the very Grave; and they are not content, unleſs they be *Bury'd* with as much *Pomp* as they *Liv'd*. It is not that the *Dead feel* any thing; but yet by the force of *Imagination* they take ſome *Pleaſure* in their *Lives*,

to

to think of the *Solemnity*, and *Magnificence* of their *Funerals*. Now ye will not deny it, I ſuppoſe, to be ſome degree of Piety to renounce this weakneſs. *Ph.* I'le confeſs it, if there be no other way to avoid the Vanity of This Expence. But I ſhould think it much more Humane, and Modeſt, even for a *Prince* to recommend his Body to a *Courſe Winding Sheet*, and to be laid in the *Common Burying-place* by the *Ordinary Bearers*. For to be carry'd to the Grave, as *Euſebius* was, is rather the *Change* of a *Vanity*, than the *Avoidance* of it. *Th.* It is the *Intention* that *God accepts*, and it is *God alone* that can *judge* of the *Heart*. But This that I have told ye is a ſmall matter, there are greater things behind. *Ph.* What are They? *Th.* They profeſs themſelves of the *Order of St. Francis*, upon the point of *Death*. *Ph.* And he is to be their Protector in the *Elyſian Fields*. *Th.* No, but in *This world*, if they happen to *recover*: and it pleaſes God many times, that when the *Phyſicians* have given a man for *Loſt*, ſo ſoon as ever he has put on *This Holy Robe* he *Recovers*. *Th.* And ſo he would have done, whether he had put it on or no. *Th.* We ſhould walk with *Simplicity* in the *Faith*, but if there were not ſomewhat Extraordinary in the Caſe, why ſhould ſo many Eminent and Learned men, eſpecially among the *Italians*, make ſuch a bus'neſs to be *bury'd* in *This holy habit*? But theſe you'l ſay are Strangers to ye. What do you think then of the famous *Rodolphus Agricola*; (one that I'm ſure you have an Eſteem for) and then of *Chriſtopher Longolius*, who were *Both* bury'd ſo? *Ph.* I give no heed to what men do when they are under the Amuſements of *Death*. Pray'e tell me now, what does it ſignifie to a man, the *Profeſſing*, or the *Clothing* of him, when he comes to be aſſaulted with the *Terrors*, and *diſtractions* of his *approaching Fate*? *Vows*

ſhould

ſhould be made in *ſound ſenſe*, and *ſobriety*; they are frivolous elſe; there ſhould be *mature Deliberation*, without either *Force*, *Fear*, or *Guile*: Nay they are *Void*, even without all this, before the Year of *Probation* be out: at which time, and not before, they are commanded to wear the *Coat* and *Hood*; (for ſo ſay the *Seraphiques*) ſo that if they recover, they are at Liberty in two reſpects. For neither does That Vow bind, that is made by a man under an *Aſtoniſhment*, betwixt the *Hope* of *Life* and the *Fear* of *Death*, nor does the *Profeſſion* oblige any man, before the *wearing of the Hood*. *Th.* Whether it be an Obligation, or not, 'tis enough, that They think it one; and God Almighty accepts of the Good will; and This is the Reaſon that the *Good works* of *Monks* (*cæteris Paribus*) are more acceptable to *God*, than thoſe of *Other People*; becauſe they ſpring from that Root. *Ph.* We ſhall not make it a queſtion in This place, the Merit of a mans Dedicating himſelf wholly to God, when he is no longer in his own Power. Every Chriſtian, as I take it, delivers himſelf up wholly to God in his *Baptiſm*; when he Renounces the *Devil and all his Works*, *the Pomps and Vanities of the Wicked World*, *and all the Sinful Luſts of the Fleſh*, *and liſts himſelf a Souldier to fight under Chriſt's Banner*, *to his Lives End*. And *St. Paul* ſpeaking of thoſe that *Die* with *Chriſt*, that they may *live* no longer to *Themſelves*, but to *Him* that is *Dead for them*, does not mean This of *Monks* only, but of *all Chriſtians*. *Th.* You have minded me ſeaſonably of our *Baptiſm*, but in times paſt, if they were but *Sprinkled* at the *laſt Gaſp*, there was hope yet promis'd them of Salvation. *Ph.* 'Tis no great matter what the Biſhops promiſe, but it is a matter of great uncertainty, what God will vouchſafe to Do: For if there went no more to *Salvation*, than the *Sprinkling*

ling of a little *Water*, what a Gap were there open'd to all ſorts of Carnal Appetites, and Licenſe? When men had ſpent their lives, and their ſtrength in Wickedneſs, till they could ſin no longer, two or three drops of Water would ſet all Right again. Now if the *ſame Rule* holds in *your Profeſſion*, and *This Baptiſm*, it would make well for the Security of the Wicked, if they might *Live* to *Satan* and *Die* to *Chriſt*. *Th.* Nay, if a man may ſpeak what he hears, of the *Seraphique Myſtery*, the *profeſſing* of a *Franciſcan* is *more Efficacious* than his *Baptiſm*. *Ph.* What is't ye ſay? *Th.* Only our *Sins* are *waſh'd* away in *Baptiſm*; but the *Soul*, tho' it be *purg'd*, is left *naked*: But he that is inveſted with *This Profeſſion*, is preſently endow'd with the *Merits* and *Sanctimony* of the *whole Order*, as being *Grafted* into the *Body* of the moſt *Holy Sodality*. *Ph.* And what do ye think of him that is by *Baptiſm ingrafted* into the *Body* of *Chriſt*? Is he never the better; neither for the *Head*, nor for the *Body*? *Th.* He's nothing at all the better for this *Seraphique Body*; unleſs he entitle himſelf to it by ſome *ſpecial Bounty*, or *Favour*. *Ph.* From what *Angel*, I beſeech ye, had they this *Revelation*? *Th.* From what *Angel*, do ye ſay? Why *St. Francis* had This, and a great deal more, *Face to Face*, from *Chriſt himſelf*. *Ph.* Now as thou haſt any kindneſs for me in the World, tell me, for the Love of God, what were thoſe Diſcourſes? *Th.* Alas! thoſe *Holy* and *Profound Secrets* are not for *Profane Ears*. *Ph.* Why *Profane*, I pre'thee? For I have ever been a Friend to this *Seraphique Order*, as much as to any other. *Th.* But for all That, you give 'em ſhrewd Wipes ſometimes. *Ph.* That's a ſign of *Love Theotimus*; The *great Enemies* of the *Order* are the *Profeſſors* of it *Themſelves*, that by *Ill Lives* bring a *ſcandal* upon the *Habit*. And That man does not love it,

it, that is not offended with the Corruptors of it. *Th.* But I'm afraid *St Francis* will take it ill, if I ſhould blab any of his Secrets. *Ph.* And why ſhould ye fear That from ſo Innocent a Perſon? *Th.* Well, well! But what if I ſhould loſe my *Eyes*, or run *Mad* upont? As I am told *many have done, only for denying the Print of the Five Wounds. Ph.* Why then the *Saints* are *worſe natur'd in Heaven*, than they were upon *Earth.* We are told that *St. Francis* was of ſo *meek* a Diſpoſition, that when the Boys in the ſtreets would be playing the Rogues with his *Cowl*, as it hung down at his Back, and throwing *Milk*, *Cheeſe*, *Dirt*, *Stones* at it, the Saint walkt on *Cheerfull*, and *Pleaſant* without any Concern at all. And ſhall we believe him *Now* then to be *Chollerique*, and *Revengefull?* One of his Companions once call'd him *Thief*, *Sacrilegious*, *a Murtherer*, *an Inceſtuous Sot*, and all the Villains in the world. His Reply was only, that he gave him thanks, and confeſs'd himſelf Guilty. But one of the Company wondering at ſuch an Acknowledgment; I had done worſe than all this, ſays *St. Francis*, if God's Grace had not Reſtrained me. How comes *St Francis* now then to be *Vindictive? Th.* So it is, for tho' the *Saints* will bear any thing upon *Earth*, they'l take no *Affronts* in *Heaven.* Was ever any man *Gentler* than *Cornelius*, *Milder* than *Anthony*, or more *Patient* than *John the Baptiſt*, when they liv'd upon *Earth*? but now they are in *Heaven*, if we do not worſhip them as we ought, what *Diſeaſes* do they ſend among us? *Ph.* For my own Part, I am of Opinion, that they rather *Cure our Diſeaſes* than *Cauſe* them. But however, aſſure your ſelf that what ye ſay to me is ſpoken to a man that's neither *Profane*, nor a *Blab. Th.* Go to then. I will tell ye in Confidence, what I have heard as to this Matter: Be it ſpoken without offence to *St. Francis*, or the

Society.

Society. St. *Paul*, ye know, was endu'd with a *Profound* and *Hidden Wiſdom*, which he never *publiſh'd*; but only *whiſper'd* it in *Private* to thoſe *Chriſtians* that were *perfected*. So have theſe *Seraphiques* certain *Myſteries* alſo that they do not make *Common*; but only communicate them in *private* to *Rich Widows*, and other *Choice* and *Godly People*, that are *well-willers* to the *Society*. *Ph.* How do I long for the Opening of this Holy *Revelation!* *Ph.* It was at firſt, foretold by the *Lord* to the *Seraphique Patriarch*, that the more the Society increaſed, the more Proviſion he would make for them. *Ph.* So that at firſt daſh Here's that Complaint anſwer'd, that their Growing ſo Numerous, is a Grievance of the People. *Th.* And then he revealed this further too; that upon his *Anniverſary Feſtival*, all the *Souls* of *That Fraternity*, and not only Thoſe that were of the *Clothing*, but the *Souls* of their *Friends* alſo ſhould be deliver'd from the Fire of *Purgatory*. *Ph.* But was *Chriſt* ſo familiar with St. *Francis*? *Th.* He was as Free with him as one *Friend* or *Companion* is with another. As *God the Father* in former times, Communed with *Moſes*. *Moſes receiv'd* the *Law* firſt, from *God himſelf*, and then deliver'd it to the *People*. *Our Saviour publiſhed the Goſpel*, and St. *Francis* had *two Copies of his Peculiar Law* under the *Hands* of an *Angel*; which he deliver'd to That *Seraphique Fraternity*. *Ph.* Now do I look for a *Third Revelation*. *Th.* That famous *Patriarch*, fearing now, that when the *Good Seed was ſown, the Enemy ſhould come, while men ſlept, and ſowing Tares among the Wheat, they ſhould both be pluckt up together*. St. *Francis was* eas'd of *This Scruple*, by a *Promiſe* from the *Lord*, that he would take Care that this *Tribe* of *Half-ſhodd* and *Rope-girt* People ſhould never fail, ſo long as the World endur'd. *Ph.* Why, what a Merciful Providence was This now?

for

for God would have had no Church elſe. But proceed. *Th.* It was *Reveal'd*, in the *Fourth place*; that no Lewd Liver could long perſevere in that Order. *Ph.* But is it not taken for a Defection from the *Order*, if a Man live Wickedly? *Th.* No; no more than it is for Renouncing of *Chriſt*; tho' in ſome Reſpect, it may be ſo taken, when a Man denies in his *Actions*, what he profeſſes in his *Words*. But whoſoever caſts off this Holy Habit, that Man is irrecoverably loſt to the *Society*. *Ph.* What ſhall we ſay then of ſo many Convents that hoard up Money, Drink, Play, Whore, keep their Concubines publick, and more than I'le ſpeak of? *Th.* Thoſe People neither wear St. *Francis*'s *Gown*, nor his *Girdle*. And when they come to knock at the Door, the Anſwer will be, *I know ye not; for ye have not on the Wedding-Garment*. *Ph.* Is there any more? *Th.* Why, ye have heard Nothing yet. The *Fifth Revelation* was This: That the Enemies of this *Seraphique Order* (as they have but too many, the more's the Pity) ſhould never arrive at half the Age that God had otherwiſe appointed them, without making away themſelves; but that they ſhould all die miſerable, before their Times. *Ph.* Oh! we have ſeen many Inſtances of This; as in the *Cardinal Matthæus*, who had a very *Ill Opinion* of this *Society*, and *ſpake* as *hardly* of them; he was taken away, as I remember, before he was *Fifty years of Age*. *Th.* 'Tis very true; but then he was an Enemy to the *Cherubique Order*, as well as to the *Seraphique*; for he was the Cauſe, they ſay, of burning the *four Dominicans* at *Berne*; when the matter might otherwiſe have been Compounded with the Pope, for a Summ of Money. *Ph.* But theſe *Dominicans*, they ſay, had ſet up moſt Horrible Opinions, which they labour'd to ſupport by *Falſe Viſions*, and *Miracles*; as that the *Bleſſed Virgin* was tainted

with

with *Original Sin*; nay that *St. Francis's Prints* of the *Five Wounds* were *Counterfeited*: They gave out that St. *Catharin's* were more *Authentique*. But the *Perfectest* of all, they promiſed to a *Layick Proſelite* they had got, whom they made uſe of for this Action; abuſing the *Lords Body* in the *Government* of this *Impoſture*, even with *Clubbs*, and with *Poyſon*. And they ſay further, that this was not the Contrivance of one *Monaſtery* alone, but of the *Principals* of the *Whole Order*. *Th.* Let it be which way it will, that divine Caution holds good However, *Touch not mine Anointed*. *Ph.* Is there any thing more to Come? *Th.* Yes, you ſhall have the *Sixth Apocalyps*; wherein the Lord bound himſelf by an *Oath* to St. *Francis*, that all the *Favourers* of This *Seraphique Order*, let them live never ſo *wickedly*, ſhould find *Mercy* in the *Concluſion*, and *end their days in peace*. *Ph.* Why what if they ſhould be taken away in the act of *Adultery*? *Th.* That which the Lord hath promiſed, he will Certainly make good. *Ph.* But what muſt a man do, to entitle himſelf to a Right of being call'd Their *Friend*? *Th.* What? Do ye queſtion That? He that *preſents* them, he that *clothes* them, He that makes the *Pot boyl*, That man gives Evidences of his *Love*. *Ph.* But does not he love, that *Teaches*, or *Admoniſhes* them? *Th.* That's *water into the Sea*; they have a great deal of This at home: And it is their Profeſſion to beſtow it upon *Others*, not to *receive* it *from* them. *Ph. Our Saviour* promiſed more, I perceive, to St. *Francis's Diſciples*, than ever he did to his *Own*. He takes That as done unto himſelf, which for his ſake one Chriſtian does to Another; But I do not find where he promiſes *Eternal Salvation* to *Unrepenting Sinners*. *Th.* That's no wonder, my Friend, for the *Tranſcendent Power* of the *Goſpel* is reſerv'd to *This Order*. But ye ſhall now hear the *Seventh*, and *Laſt Revelation*. *Ph.* Let's

have it then. *Th.* Our Saviour ſware further, to St. *Francis*, that *no man ſhould ever make an Ill end, that dy'd in a Franciſcan's habit*. *Ph.* But what is it that you call an *Ill end*? *Th.* When the *Soul* goes directly out of the *Body*, into *Hell*; from whence there is no *Redemption*. *Ph.* So that the *Habit* does not free a Man from *Purgatory*. *Th.* No, not unleſs he dies upon St. *Francis*'s *day*. But is it not a great matter, do ye think, to be ſecur'd from *Hell*? *Ph.* The greateſt of all, no doubt. But what becomes of Thoſe that are put into the *Habit* when they are *Dead already*? for They cannot be ſaid to *die* in't. *Th.* If they *deſire* it in their *Life-time*, the *Will* is taken for the *Deed*. *Ph.* But I remember once in *Antwerp*, I was in the Chamber with ſome Relations of a Woman that was juſt giving up the Ghoſt. There was a *Franciſcan* by, (a very Reverend man) who obſerving the Woman to Yawn, and juſt upon her laſt Stretch, he put one of her Arms into his *ſleeve*, and ſo recover'd that *Arm*, and part of the *ſhoulder*. There was a diſpute rais'd upon't, whether the *whole Body* ſhould be *ſafe* for't, or only *That part* which he had *touch'd*. *Th.* There is no doubt, but the *whole Woman* was *ſecur'd*; as the *Water* upon the *Forehead* of a *Child* makes *the whole Child a Chriſtian*. *Ph.* 'Tis a ſtrange thing, the dread that the *Devils* have of *This Habit*. *Th.* Oh! they dread it more than the ſign of the *Croſs*. When the Body of *Euſebius* was carry'd to the *Grave*, there were *Swarms* of *Black Devils* in the *Air*, as thick as *Flies*; that would be *buzzing* about the Body, and *ſtriking* at it, but yet durſt not *touch* it: I ſaw This my ſelf, and ſo did many others. *Ph.* But methinks his *face*, his *hands*, and his *Feet* ſhould have been in *Danger*, becauſe (ye know) They were *Naked*. *Th.* A *Snake* will not come near the *ſhadow* of an *Aſh*, let it ſpread never ſo far: Nor the *Devil*, within *ſmell* of

That

That Holy Garment; 'tis a kind of *Poiſon* to them. *Ph.* But do not theſe Bodies putrifie? For if they do, the *Worms* have more Courage than the *Devils*. *Th.* What you ſay, is not improbable. *Ph.* How happy is the very *Lowſe* that takes up his abode in that *Holy Garment*! But while the Robe is going to the *Grave*, what is it that protects the Soul? *Th.* The Soul carries away with it the Influence of the *Garment*, which preſerves it to ſuch a degree, that many People will not allow any of that Order to go ſo much as into *Purgatory*. *Ph.* If this be true, I would not give this part of the *Revelation*, for the *Apocalyps* of St. *John*: For here's an eaſie, and a ready way cut out, without *Labour*, *Trouble*, or *Repentance*; to *live Merrily* in *This world*, and *ſecure* our ſelves of *Heaven Hereafter*. *Th.* And ſo it is. *Ph.* So that My wonder is over, at the great Eſteem that is paid by the World to this *Seraphique Order*. But I am in great Admiration on the Other ſide, that any Man ſhould dare to open his Mouth againſt them. *Th.* You may obſerve where-ever ye ſee them, that they are Men given over to a *Reprobate ſenſe*, and blinded in their Wickedneſs. *Ph.* I ſhall be Wiſer for the future than I have been, and take Care to die in a *Franciſcan Habit*. But there are ſome in this Age that will have Mankind to be juſtify'd only by Faith, without the help of Good Works: But what a Priviledge is it to be ſav'd by a *Garment*, *without Faith*? *Th.* Nay, not too faſt, *Philecous*. It is not ſaid, *Simply without Faith*; but it is ſufficient for us to *Believe*, that the things I have now told ye were promiſed by our *Saviour* to the *Patriarch* of the *Order*. *Ph.* But will this *Garment* ſave a *Turk* too? *Th.* It would ſave *Lucifer himſelf*; if he had the Patience to *put it on*, and could but believe this *Revelation*. *Ph.* Well, thou haſt won me for ever. But there's a Scruple or two yet, that I would fain have

clear'd. *Th.* Say then. *Ph.* I have been told that *St. Francis*'s *Order* is of *Evangelical Inſtitution*. *Th.* True. *Ph.* Now I had thought that *all Chriſtians* had profeſs'd the Rule of the *Goſpel*. But if the *Franciſcans* be a *Goſpel-Order*, it looks as if *all Chriſtians* were bound to be *Franciſcans*; and *Chriſt* with his *Apoſtles*, and the *Virgin Mother*, at the *Head* of them. *Th.* It would be ſo *indeed*; but that *St. Francis* (ye muſt know) has *added ſeveral things* to the *Goſpel*. *Ph.* What are thoſe? *Th.* An *Aſh colour'd Garment*, a *Hempen Girdle*, *naked Feet*. *Ph.* And by thoſe Marques we may know an *Evangelical Chriſtian* from a *Franciſcan*. *Th.* But they differ too upon the Point of *Touching mony*. *Ph.* But I am told that *St. Francis* forbids the *Receiving* of it, not the *Touching* of it. But the *Owner*, the *Proctor*, *Creditor*, the *Heir*, or a *Proxy*, does commonly *Receive* it; and tho' he *draws it over*, in his *Glove*, ſo that he does not *Touch* it, he does yet *Receive* it. Now I would fain know whence this *Interpretation* came, that *not Receiving* ſhould be expounded to be *not touching*? *Th.* This was the *Interpretation* of *Pope Benedict*. *Ph.* Not, as a *Pope*, but only as a *Franciſcan*. And again, the *ſtricteſt* of the *Order*, do they not take *Money* in a *Clout*, when it is given them, in all their *Pilgrimages*? *Th.* In a caſe of *Neceſſity*, they do. *Ph.* But a man would rather *dye*, than violate ſo *ſuper-Evangelical a Rule*: And then do they not receive money every where by their *Officers*? *Th.* Yes, that they do; *Thouſands* and *Thouſands* many times; and why not? *Ph.* But the *Rule* ſays, that they muſt not *Receive Money*, either by *Themſelves* or by *Others*. *Th.* Well, but they don't *touch* it. *Ph.* Ridiculous. If the *Touch it ſelf* be *Impious*, they *Touch* it by *Others*. *Th.* But That's the Act and Deed of their *Proctors*, not their own. *Ph.* Is it not ſo? Let him try it that has a mind to't. *Th.* Do we ever read, that

Chriſt

Chriſt touch'd Money? *Ph.* Suppoſe it. It is yet probable, that when he was a Youth, he might buy Oil and Vineger, and Sallads for his Father: But *Peter* and *Paul*, beyond all Controverſie, *Touch'd Money*. The Virtue conſiſts in the *Contempt* of *Money*, and not in the *Not Touching* of it; There is much more danger, I'le aſſure ye, in touching of Wine, than of Money. And why are ye not as ſcrupulous, in *This Caſe*, as in the *Other*? *Th.* Becauſe *St. Francis* did not *forbid* it. *Ph.* They can frankly enough offer their *hands*, (which they keep *fair*, and *ſoft*, with *Care*, and *Idleneſs*) to a *pretty Wench*; But if there be any *Touching* of *Money* in the Caſe, bleſs me! how they *ſtart*, and *Croſs* themſelves as if they had ſeen the *Devil*? And is not this an *Evangelical Nicety*? I cannot believe that *St. Francis* (tho never ſo Illiterate) could be ſo ſilly, as abſolutely to interdict all *Touching* of *Money* whatſoever: Or if that were his Opinion, to how great a Danger did he expoſe all his Followers, in commanding them to go *Bare-foot*? For *money* might lie upon the *Ground*, and They *Tread* upon it at *Unawares*. *Th.* But they do not *Touch* it with their *Fingers*. *Ph.* As if the Senſe of *Touching* were not Common to the whole *Body*. *Th.* But in caſe any ſuch thing ſhould fall out, they dare not *Officiate* after it, till they have been at *Confeſſion*. *Ph.* 'Tis Conſciencioufly done. *Th.* But Cavilling apart; I'll tell ye plainly how it is. *Money* ever was, and ever will be, an *Occaſion* to the World of *Great Evils*. *Ph.* 'Tis confeſt. But then it is an Enablement of as much *good* to *ſome* as *Ill* to *Others*. The *Inordinate Love* of *Money* I find to be condemn'd, but not the *Money it ſelf*. *Th.* You ſay well. But to keep us the further from an Avaricious *Deſire* of *Money*, we are forbidden the very *Touching* of it: As the Goſpel forbids *Swearing* at all, to keep us from *Perjury*. *Ph.* Are we forbidden the *ſight*

of

of *Money*? *Th.* No, we are not; for it is eaſier to Govern our *Hands*, than our *Eyes*. *Ph.* And yet *Death it ſelf* enter'd into the World, at *Thoſe Windows*. *Th.* And therefore your *true Franciſcan* draws his *Cowl* over his *Eye-Brows*, and walks with his *Eyes cover'd*, and ſo intent upon the *Ground*, that he *ſees nothing* but his *way*: As we do our *Waggon-horſes*, that have a Leather on Each ſide of their Heads to keep them from ſeeing any thing but what's at their Feet. *Ph.* But tell me now; are they *forbidden* by their *Order*, to receive any *Indulgences* from the *Pope*? *Th.* They are ſo. *Ph.* And yet I am inform'd that no men living have more; inſomuch that they are allow'd either to *Poyſon*, or to *Bury alive*, ſuch as they themſelves have *Condemn'd*, without any danger of being call'd to account for't. *Th.* There is ſomething I muſt confeſs in the ſtory; for I was told once by a *Polander*, (and a man of Credit too) that he was got drunk, and faſt aſleep in the *Franciſcans Church*, in the Corner where the Women ſit to make their *Confeſſions*; Upon the ſinging of their uſual *Nocturns* he awak'd, but durſt not diſcover himſelf. And when the *Office* was over, the whole *Fraternity* went down into a place, where there was a large *deep Grave* ready made; and there ſtood *two young men*, with their hands ty'd behind them: They had a Sermon there, in praiſe of *Obedience*; and a promiſe of Gods Pardon for all their ſins; and not without ſome hope of Mercy from the *Brotherhood*, upon condition, that they ſhould *voluntarily* go down into the *Pit*, and lay themſelves upon their *Backs* there. So ſoon as they were down, the Ladders were drawn up, and the Earth preſently thrown upon them by the *Brethren*, where they bury'd them alive. *Ph.* But did the *Polander* ſay nothing all this while? *Th.* Not one ſyllable; for fear he himſelf ſhould have made the *Third*. *Ph.* But can they juſtifie

This?

This? *Th.* Yes, they may; when the *Honour* of the *Order* is in queſtion: For ſee what came on't. This Man, when he had made his Eſcape, told what he had ſeen, in all Companies where he came; which brought a great *Odium* upon the *Seraphique Order*: And *had it not been better now, that this man had been Bury'd alive? Ph.* It may be it had. But theſe Niceties apart: How comes it that when their *Principal* has order'd them to go *barefoot*, they go now commonly *half-ſhod*? *Th.* This Injunction was *moderated*, for *two Reaſons*. The *One* for fear they ſhould tread upon *Money* at Unawares: The *Other*, for fear they ſhould *catch cold*, or take any harm by *Thorns*, *Snakes*, *ſharp Stones*, and the like: For theſe people are fain to beat it upon the Hoof, all the world over. But however, for the Dignity of the *Injunction*, the Rule is ſav'd by a *Synecdoche*: For ye may ſee *Part* of the *Foot naked* through the *Shoe*, which, by *That figure* ſtands for the *Whole*. *Ph.* They value themſelves much upon their Profeſſion of *Evangelical Perfection*, which (they ſay) conſiſts in *Goſpel Precepts*: But about thoſe *Precepts*, the Learned themſelves are in a manner at *Daggers-drawing*. Now among thoſe *Goſpel Precepts*, which do you reckon to be the moſt *Perfect*? *Th.* That of the *Fifth* of *St. Matthew*, where ye have *This Paſſage*. *Love your Enemies, Do good to them that Hate, and Pray for them that Perſecute and Revile ye, that ye may be the Children of your Father which is in Heaven, who maketh his Sun to ſhine upon the Good, and upon the Evil, and ſendeth Rain upon the Juſt, and upon the Unjuſt. Therefore be ye Perfect, as your Heavenly Father is Perfect.* *Ph.* That's well ſaid. But then our *Heavenly Father* is *Rich*, and *Munificent* to all *People*; *Asking* nothing of *Any man*. *Th.* And *Theſe*, our *Earthly Fathers*, are *Bountiful* too; but it is of *Spiritual Things*, as of *Prayers*, and *Good Works*, of which they have enough for themſelves, and to ſpare. *Ph.* I would we had more Examples among them, of That *Evangelical Charity*, that returns *Bleſſings* for *Curſings*, and *Good* for *Evil*. What is the meaning of That Celebrated ſaying of *Pope Alexander*, *There's leſs danger in affronting the moſt powerful Prince or Emperor, than a ſingle Franciſcan or Dominican.* *Th.* It is Lawful to vindicate the *Honour* of the *Order*; and what's done to the *leaſt* of them, is done to the *whole Order*. *Ph.*

And

And why not t'other way rather? The *Good* that is done to *One*, Extends to *all*. And why ſhall not an *Injury* to *One Chriſtian*, as well engage all *Chriſtendom* in a *Revenge?* Why did not *St. Paul*, when he was *beaten*, and *ſtoned*, call for *ſuccour* againſt the *Enemies* of his *Apoſtolical Character?* Now if, according to the ſaying of our *Saviour*, it be better to *Give*, than to *Receive*; certainly he that *lives and teaches well*, and *gives* out of his *Own* to thoſe that *want*, is much *Perfecter*, than he that is only upon the *Receiving hand*. Or elſe *St. Pauls Boaſts of Preaching the Goſpel Gratis*, is *Vain*, and *Idle*. It ſeems to me, to be the beſt Proof of an *Evangelical Diſpoſition*, for a man not to be mov'd with malicious Reproaches, and to preſerve a Chriſtian Charity, even for thoſe that leaſt deſerve it. What does it ſignifie, for a man to Relinquiſh ſomething of his Own, and then to live better upon another bodies; if when he has laid down his *Avarice*, he ſtill reſerves to himſelf a Deſire of *Revenge?* The world is full every where of this *Half-bred ſort of People*, with their *Hempen Girdles*; but there's not one of a Thouſand of them, that lives according to the *Precepts* of our *Saviour*, and the *Practice* of his *Apoſtles*. *Th.* I am no ſtranger to the Tales that paſs in the world for Current, among the Wicked, concerning That ſort of People; But for my own part, wherever I ſee the *Sacred Habit*, I reckon my ſelf in the preſence of the *Angels of God*; and *That* to be the *Happieſt Houſe*, where the *Threſhold* is moſt *worn* by the *Feet* of Theſe men. *Ph.* And I am of Opinion too, that women are in no place ſo *Fruitful*, as where *Theſe Holy men* have moſt to do. *St. Francis* forgive me, *Theotimus*, for my great Miſtakes, but really I took *Their Garments* to be no more than *my Own*; not one for the Better, than the Habit of a *Skipper*, or a *Shoemaker*; ſetting aſide the Holineſs of the Perſon that wears it: As the *Touch* of our *Saviours Garment*, we ſee cur'd the Woman of her *Bloody Iſſue*: And then I could not ſatisfie my ſelf, ſuppoſing ſuch *Virtue* in a *Garment*, whether I was to thank the *Weaver*, or the *Taylor* for it. *Th.* Beyond doubt, he that gives the *Form*, gives the *Virtue*. *Ph.* Well, ſo it is, I'le make my Life Eaſier hereafter, than it has been; and never trouble my ſelf any more with the Fear of *Hell*, the *Wearifom Tediouſneſs* of *Confeſſion*, or the *Torment* of *Repentance*.

HELL

HELL BROKE LOOSE.

COL. XXI.

The Diviſions of Chriſtian Princes are the Scandal of their Profeſſion. The Furies *Strike the Fire, and the* Monks *blow the Cole.*

CHARON, ALASTOR.

Ch. WHy ſo Brisk *Alaſtor*, and whither ſo faſt, I prethee? *Al.* Why now I have met with *You*, *Charon*, I'm at my Journeys end. *Ch.* Well! And what News d'ye bring? *Al.* That which you and your Miſtreſs *Proſerpina* will be glad to hear. *Ch.* Be Quick then, and out with it. *Al.* In ſhort the *Furies* have beſtirr'd themſelves, and gain'd their Point. That is to ſay; what with *Seditions*, *Wars*, *Robberies*, and all manner of *Plagues*, there's not one ſpot left upon the Face of the Earth, that does not look like *Hell Above-Ground.* They have ſpent their *Snakes* and their *Poyſon*, till they are fain to Hunt for more. Their Skulls are as Bald as ſo many Eggs: Not a Hair upon their Heads; not one drop of

Venom more in their Bodies. Wherefore be ready with your Boat, and your *Oars*, for you'll have more work e're long than you can turn your Hand to. *Ch.* I could have told you as much as this comes to my ſelf. *Al.* Well, and how came you by't? *Ch.* I had it from *Fame*, ſome two days ago now. *Al.* Nay *Fame*'s a Nimble Goſſip. But what make you here without your Boat? *Ch.* Why I can neither Will nor Chuſe: For mine is ſo Rotten a Leaky Old Piece, that 'tis impoſſible, if *Fame* ſpeak Truth, it ſhould ever hold out for ſuch a Jobb: And I am now looking out for a Titer Veſſel. But true or falſe, I muſt get me another Barque however; for I have ſuffer'd a Wrack already. *Al.* Y' are all Dropping Wet, I perceive; but I thought you might have been new come out of a Bath. *Ch.* Neither better nor worſe, *Alaſtor*, then from Swimming out of the *Stygian Lake*. *Al.* And where did you leave your Fare? *Ch.* E'en Paddling among the *Froggs*. *Al.* But what ſays *Fame*, upon the whole matter? *Ch.* She ſpeaks of Three great Potentates, that are Mortally bent upon the Ruine of One Another, inſomuch, that they have poſſeſt every Part of Chriſtendom, with this Fury of *Rage*, and *Ambition*. Theſe Three are ſufficient to Engage all the Leſſer Princes and States in their Quarrel; and ſo *Wilful*, that they'l rather Periſh then Yield. The *Dane*, the *Pole*, the *Scot*, nay, and the *Turk Himſelf*, are Dipt in the Broyl, and the Deſign. The Contagion is got into *Spain*, *Britany*, *Italy*, and *France*: Nay, beſides theſe Feuds of Hoſtility, and Arms, there's a worſe matter yet behind: That is to ſay; there is a Malignity that takes it's Riſe from a Diverſity of *Opinions*; which has Debauch'd Mens minds, and manners, to ſo Unnatural, and Inſociable a Degree, that it has left neither Faith, nor Friendſhip in the World. It has broken

broken all Confidence betwixt Brother and Brother; Husband and Wife: And it is to be hop'd that this Diſtraction will one day produce a glorious Confuſion, to the very Deſolation of Mankind: For theſe Controverſies of the *Tongue*, and of the *Pen*, will come at laſt to be tried by the *Swords Point*. *Al.* And *Fame* has ſaid no more in All this, than what theſe very Ears and Eyes have heard and ſeen. For I have been a conſtant Companion, and Aſſiſtant to Theſe *Furies*, and can ſpeak upon Knowledge, that they have approv'd themſelves worthy of their Name, and Office. *Ch.* Right, but Mens minds are Variable; and what if ſome Devil ſhould ſtart up now to Negotiate a peace? There goes a Rumour, I can aſſure ye, of a certain Scribling Fellow, (one *Eraſmus* they ſay) that has enter'd upon that Province. *Al.* Ay, Ay: But He talks to the Deaf. There's no Body heeds *Him*, now a days. He Writ a kind of a *Hue and Cry* after *Peace*, that he Phanſy'd to be either *Fled* or *Baniſh'd*: And after that an *Epitaph* upon *Peace Defunct*, and all to no purpoſe. But then we have thoſe on the other hand, that advance our cauſe as heartily as the very *Furies Themſelves*. *Ch.* And what are they, I prethee? *Al.* You may obſerve, up and down, in the Courts of Princes, certain Animals; ſome of them Trick'd up with Feathers: Others, in *White*, *Ruſſet*, *Aſh Colour'd Frocks*, *Gowns*, *Habits*: Or call 'em what you will, Theſe are the Inſtruments, you muſt know, that are ſtill Irritating *Kings* to the Thirſt of *War*, and *Blood*, under the ſplendid Notion of *Empire*, and *Glory*: And with the ſame Art, and Induſtry, they enflame the Spirits of the *Nobility* likewiſe, and of the *Common-People*. Their *Sermons* are only *Harangues*, in honour of the out-rages of *Fire* and *Sword*, under the Character of a *Juſt*, a *Religious*, or a *Holy War*. And,

which is yet more Wonderful; they make it to be *Gods Cauſe*, on *Both ſides*. *God Fights for us*, is the cry of the *French* Pulpits: *And* (*what have they to fear, that have the Lord of Hoſts for their Protector?*) *Acquit your ſelves like Men* ſay the *Engliſh*, and the *Spaniard*, and the Victory is certain: For (*This is Gods Cauſe, not* Cæſars.) As for thoſe that fall in the Battle, their Souls mount as directly to Heaven, as if they had Wings to carry 'em thither. (Arms and all.) *Ch.* But do their Diſciples believe all this? *Al.* You cannot imagine the Power of a *Well diſſembled Religion*; where there's *Youth*, *Ignorance*, *Ambition*, and a *natural Animoſity*, to work upon. 'Tis an eaſie matter to *Impoſe*, where there is a Previous Propenſion to be *Deceiv'd*! *Ch.* Oh, that it did but lie in my Power to do theſe People a good Office! *Al.* Give 'em a Magnificent Treat then; there's nothing they'l take better. *Ch.* It muſt be of *Mallows*, *Lupines*, and *Leeks*, then, for we have nothing elſe you know. *Al.* Pray let it be *Partridge*, *Capons*, *Pheaſant*; they'l never think they're welcome elſe. *Ch.* But to the point, what ſhould ſet theſe People ſo much a Gog upon *Sedition*, and *Broyles*? What can they get by't? *Al.* Do not you know then, that they get more by the *Dead*, then by the *Living*? Why, there are *Teſtaments*, *Funerals*, *Bulls*, and Twenty other pretty *Perquiſites* that are worth the looking after: Beſides that a *Camp-Life* agrees much better with their Humour, then to lie droneing in their *Cells*. *War* breeds *Biſhops*, and a very *Block-Head*, in a Time of *Peace*, comes many times to make an *Excellent Military Prelate*. *Ch.* Well! They underſtand their buſineſs. *Al.* Stay: But to the matter of a Boat; what neceſſity of having another? *Ch.* Nay, 'tis but *Swiming* once again, inſtead of *Rowing*. *Al.* Well, but now I think on't; how came the Boat

to

to ſink? *Ch.* Under the weight of the Paſſengers *Al.* I thought you had carry'd *Shadows* only, not *Bodies.* What may be the Weight, I prethee, of a *Cargo* of *Ghoſts*? *Ch.* Why, let 'em be as Light as *Water-Spiders*, there may be enow of them to do a bodies Work. But then my *Veſſel* is a kind of a *Phantom* too. *Al.* I have ſeen the time, when you had as many Ghoſts as you could Stow a-Bord; and Three or Four Thouſand more hanging at the Stern, and your Barque me thought never ſo much as felt on't. *Ch.* That is all according as the Ghoſts are: For your *Hectical, phthiſical Souls*, that go off in a *Conſumption*, weigh little or nothing. But thoſe that are Torn out of Bodies, in a Habit of Foul Humours; as in *Apoplexyes, Quinzies, Fevers*, and the like: But moſt of all, in the Chance of *War*: Theſe, I muſt tell ye, carry a great deal of Corpulent, and groſs matter, along with them. *Al.* As for the *Spaniards*, and the *French*, methinks they ſhould not be very *Heavy*. *Ch.* No not comparatively with Others: And yet I do not find them altogether ſo Light as Feathers, neither. But for the *Brittains*, and the *Germans*, that are rank Feeders, I had only Ten of 'em a-Bord once, and if I had not Lighten'd my Boat of part of my Lading, we had all gone to the Bottom. *Al.* You were hard put to't I find. *Ch.* Ay, but what do ye think, when we are Peſter'd with *Great Lords, Hectors* and *Bullies*? *Al.* You were ſpeaking of a *Juſt War*, e'en now. You have nothing to do, I preſume with thoſe that fall in ſuch a War: Theſe go to rights, all to Heaven, they ſay. *Ch.* Whither they go, I know not; but this I'm ſure of; Let the War be what it will, it ſends us ſuch ſholes of Cripples, that a body would think there were not one Soul more left above ground; and they come over-charg'd,

not only with *Gut*, and *Surfeits*, but with *Patents*, *Pardons*, *Commiſſions*, and I know not how much Lumber beſides. *Al.* Do they not come *Naked* to the Ferry then? *Ch.* Yes, yes; but at their firſt coming they are ſtrangely haunted with the *Dreams* of all theſe things. *Al.* Are *Dreams* ſo Heavy then? *Ch.* *Heavy*, d'ye ſay? Why they have Drown'd my Boat already: And then there's the Weight of ſo many *Halfe-pence*, over and above. *Al.* That's ſomewhat I muſt confeſs, if they be Braſs. *Ch.* Well, well! It behoves me at a venture to get a ſtout Veſſel. *Al.* Without many Words; upon the main, thou'rt a happy Man. *Ch.* Wherein, as thou lov'ſt me? *Al.* Thou't get thee an Aldermans Eſtate, in the turning of a Hand. *Ch.* There muſt be a World of Fares, at a *Half-penny* a *Ghoſt*, for a man to thrive upon't. *Al.* You'l have enough I warrant ye, to do your buſineſs. *Ch.* Ay, ay, 'Twould mount to ſomewhat indeed, if they'd bring their Wealth along with them. But they come to me, Weeping and Wailing, for the *Kingdoms*, the *Dignities*, the *Abbies*, and the *Treaſure* that they have left behind 'em; pay their bare Paſſage and that's all. So that what I have been theſe three Thouſand years a ſcraping together, muſt go all away at a ſwoop, upon one Boat. *Al.* He that would Get Mony, muſt Venture Mony. *Ch.* Ay; but the People in the World have better Trading they ſay: Where a Man in three Years time ſhall make himſelf a Fortune. *Al.* Yes, yes, and Squander't away again, perhaps in half the time. Your gain 'tis true, is leſs, but then 'tis ſteady and ſurer. *Ch.* Not ſo ſteady neither, perchance. For what if ſome Providence ſhould diſpoſe the Hearts of Princes to a General Peace: My Work's at an end. *Al.* My life for yours,

yours, there's no fear of that, for One-half-Score Year. The *Pope* is Labouring it, I know: But he had as good *keep his Breath to Coole his Porridg.* Not but that there is Notable Muttering and Grumbling every where? 'Tis an unreaſonable thing they cry, that Chriſtendom ſhould be Torn to pieces thus, to gratifie a particular Picque, or the Ambition of two or three Swaggering pretenders. People, in fine, are grown Sick of theſe *Hurly-Burlies*: But when Men are bewitch'd once, there's no place left for better Counſels. Now to the buſineſs of the Boat. We have Workmen among our ſelves, without need to look any further. As *Vulcan*, for the purpoſe. *Ch.* Right: If it were for an Iron, or a Brazen Veſſel. *Al.* Or 'twill Coſt but a ſmall matter, to ſend for a Carpenter. *Ch.* Well! And where ſhall we have Materials? *Al.* Why, certainly you have Timber enough. *Ch.* The woods that were in *Elyzium*, are all deſtroy'd: Not ſo much as a ſtick left. *Al.* How ſo, I beſeech ye! *Ch.* With burning *Hereticks Ghoſts.* And now, for want of other Fewel, we are fain to Dig for Cole. *Al.* But theſe Ghoſts methinks might have been puniſh'd cheaper. *Ch. Rhadamanthus* (the Judge) would have it ſo. *Al.* And what will you do now, for your Wherry and Oars? *Ch.* I'll look to the Helm my ſelf, and if the Ghoſts will not row, let 'em e'en ſtay behind. *Al.* And what ſhall They do, that ne're ſerv'd to the Trade? *Ch.* Serve or not ſerve: 'Tis all a caſe to me; For I make *Monarchs* Row, and *Cardinals* Row, as well as *Porters*, and *Carmen.* They all take their Turns, without any Priviledg or Exception. *Al.* Well! I wiſh you a Boat to your mind, and ſo I'll away to Hell with my good News, and leave ye. But Hark ye firſt. *Ch.* Speak then. *Al.* Make wha-

haſt you can, or you'll be Smother'd in the Crow'd. *Ch.* Nay, you will find at leaſt two Hundred Thouſand upon the Bank already, beſides thoſe that are Plung'd into the Lake. I'll make all the diſpatch I can, and pray'e let them know I'm coming.

THE

THE

OLD MANS DIALOGUE.

COL. XXII.

A Short View of Humane Life; *in a* Colloquie *betwixt* Four Old Men *of several Humours. The* first *a Man of* Sobriety, *and* Government. *The* second *a* Debauchèe. *The* third, *a* Rambling Bigott. *The* fourth, *a Man truly* Religious.

EUSEBIUS, PAMPYRUS, POLYGAMUS, GLYCION; HUGONITTIO, HENRICUS, WAGONERS.

Eu. WHat new Faces have we here? Stay a little. Either my Memory, and my Spectacles abuse me, or that must be *Pampyrus*; To'ther *Polygamus*; and the third, *Glycion*; my Old acquaintances and Companions. They are certainly,

certainly the very ſame. *Pa.* Friend, what doſt thou ſtand ſtaring at with thy *Glaſs-Eyes*, as if thou would'ſt bewitch People: Pray come nearer a little. *Po.* In good time, honeſt *Euſebius*; how glad am I to ſee thee! *Gl.* All Health and Happineſs be to the beſt of Men. *Eu.* One bleſſing upon you altogether, my dear Friends. What providence; or at leaſt what providential chance has brought us together now! 'Tis *Forty Year*, I believe, ſince we Four ſaw one another. Why 'tis as if ſome *Mercurial* Rod had brought us into a Circle with a Charm. But what are ye doing here? *Pa.* We are ſitting. *Eu.* I know you are. But what for, I beſeech ye? *Po.* We wait for the *Antwerp-Wagon*. *Eu.* You are going to the *Fayre*, perhaps. *Po.* We are ſo: But rather upon Curioſity, then buſineſs. Though ſome go for one, ſome for t'other. *Eu.* Well! and I am going thither my ſelf too: But what do ye ſtay for? *Po.* Only to Bargain for our Paſſage. *Eu.* Theſe *Waggoners* are a Dogged ſort of People. But what if we ſhould put a *Sham* upon 'em? *Po.* With all my Heart, if it might be fairly done. *Eu.* If they will not come to reaſonable Terms, I'm for telling them, that we'l e'en Trudge it away a Foot? *Po.* You may as well tell 'em that you'l flie thither, as that you'l walk it; and they'l believe it as ſoon. *Gl.* Shall I adviſe you for the beſt now? *Po.* Ay, by all means. *Gl.* You may be ſure they are at their *Brandy*; and the longer they Fuddle, the more danger of Over-turning. *Po.* You muſt riſe betimes to find a *Fore-man* Sober. *Gl.* I phanſie it would be worth the while, for us Four to take a Wagon to our ſelves, 'tis but a little more charge, and we ſhall get the ſooner thither; We ſhall have the more Room, and the greater Freedom of Converſation. *Po. Glycon* is much in the Right on't. For

good

good Company upon the way does the Office of a Coach, and makes the Journey both Eaſie and Pleaſant, beſides the liberty of Diſcourſe. *Gl.* Come good People, I have taken the *Wagon*; Let's up and be Jogging. So. And now I begin to live methinks, in the ſight of ſo many of my Antient Friends, and Camarades; and after ſo long a ſeparation. *Eu.* And I, to grow young again. *Po.* How long may't be, ſince we Four were in Penſion together at *Paris*? *Eu.* I take it to be a matter of *Two and Forty Years.* *Pa.* And were not we Four much of an Age? Then. *Eu.* Very near the matter. *Pa.* And what a difference does there ſeem to be at preſent! Here's *Glycion*, has nothing of an Old Man about him: And for *Polygamus*, there; a Body would take him for his *Grand-Father.* *Eu.* The thing is manifeſtly true. But what ſhould be the reaſon on't? *Pa.* Why either the One ſtopt in his Courſe, or the Other made *more haſt then Good ſpeed.* *Eu.* No, no. Men may Slacken their Pace, but Time Rowles on without reſpect. *Po.* Come *Glycion*, deal frankly with us, and ſay; How many *Years* haſt thou upon thy *Back*? *Gl.* More then *Ducats* in my *Pocket.* *Pa.* But the *Number*, I prethee. *Gl.* Juſt *Sixty Six.* *Eu.* Why thou't never be Old. *Po.* Well; But by what Secret Arts haſt thou preſerv'd thy ſelf in Health and Youth, ſo long; without either Gray Hairs, or Wrinkles? There's Fire and Spirit in your Eyes: Your Teeth are White and Even, a freſh Colour, and a ſmooth Plump Habit of Body. *Gl.* Upon condition that you tell me, how you came to be *Old* ſo ſoon, I'le tell you how I kept my ſelf *Young* ſo long. *Po.* I'll do't with all my Heart; and therefore begin the Hiſtory, at your leaving of *Paris.*

GLYCION. I went directly into my own Country; and by that time I had been there about a year,

I began to bethink my ſelf, what Courſe of Life to chuſe, as a matter of great importance toward my future Peace. And ſo I caſt my thoughts upon ſeveral Examples, good and bad; ſome that ſucceeded, others that miſcarry'd. *Po.* This was a point of Prudence more then I expected; for you had none of theſe ſober Conſiderations about ye, when I knew you at *Paris*. *Gl.* That was before I had *ſaw'd my wild Oats*, as we ſay. But you muſt know, my good Friend, that I did not do all this neither, purely by my own *Mother Wit*. *Po.* I was indeed a little ſurpriz'd at it. *Gl.* The Courſe I took, was, in ſhort this. The firſt thing I did was to find out a Perſon of the moſt general Reputation, for Gravity, Wiſdom, and long Experience in the whole Neighbourhood: and one that in my own Opinion was the happieſt of Men. *Po.* Very diſcreetly done. *Gl.* This Man I made my Friend and my Councellor; and by his Advice, I Marry'd a Wife. *Po.* With a fair Portion, I hope. *Gl.* So ſo: But in a competent Proportion to my own Fortune; and juſt enough to do my buſineſs. *Po.* What was your Age then? *Gl.* Toward *Two and Twenty*. *Po.* A happy Creature! *Gl.* You muſt not take this yet to be wholly the Work of Fortune. *Po.* How ſo? *Gl.* I'e ſhew ye now. 'Tis the Practice of the World, to *Love* before they *Judge*, but I *Judg'd* before I *Lov'd*. Not but that I took this Woman more for Poſterity ſake, then for any Carnal ſatisfaction. And never a happier Couple under the Sun, for the eight years, that we lived together, but then I loſt her. *Po.* Had you no Children by her? *Gl.* Yes, *Four*; that, God be prais'd for't, are yet alive, two Boys, and two Girls. *Po.* And what's your Condition at preſent? Private, or Publick? *Gl.* Why I have a publick Commiſſion. It might have been bet-

ter,

ter, but there's Credit enough in't to ſecure me from Contempt, and then 'tis free from vexatious Attendances: which is as much as I ask; ſo long as I have ſufficient for my ſelf, and ſomewhat upon occaſion, to ſpare for my Friend; which is the very height of my Ambition. And then I have taken care to give more Reputation to my Office, then I have received from it. I hope I have done well in't. *Be.* Without all Controverſie. *Gl.* At this rate of Government my Life has been long and eaſie to me, and I am grown old in the Arms and good eſteem of all my Companions, and Friends. *En.* But there's a hard ſaying methinks, though very much to the Purpoſe: *He that has no Enemies, has no Friends. Envy never fayls to tread upon the Heel of Happineſs.* *Gl.* Right, if it be a ſplendid, pompous Felicity: But in a ſtate of Mediocrity, a Man's quiet and ſafe. I have made it my perpetual Care and ſtudy, never to raiſe any advantage to my ſelf, from the Miſeries, or misfortunes of other people. I have kept as much as poſſible, from the cumber of buſineſs, eſpecially from invidious Employments, that could not be diſcharg'd without making many Enemies. Nay, as near as I can, I would not diſoblige one man to help another. In caſe of any miſunderſtanding, I do what I can, either to excuſe and ſoften it, or to let it fall, without taking notice of it; or elſe, with good Offices to ſet all Right again. I never lov'd Squabbling and Contention; but where there's no avoiding it, I chuſe rather to loſe my Money then my Friend, upon the whole, I am for *Micio's* Character in the Comedy. I affront no man; I carry a chearful Countenance to all. I ſalute, or reſalute, with Heart and Good-will: I croſs no mans Inclination: I cenſure no mans purpoſes or doings; I am not ſo Self-conceited, as to deſpiſe other

other people, and it never moves me, when I ſee men over-value themſelves. That which I would have kept ſecret, I tell to no Mortal. I never was curious into the Privacies of other Men; and if any thing of that Nature came to my knowledge, I never blab'd it. 'Tis my conſtant Practice, either to ſay nothing at all of the Abſent, or to ſpeak of them with kindneſs and reſpect: For half the Quarrels in the World take their Riſe from the intemperance of the Tongue. I have made it my Rule, never to provoke Differences, or to heed them; but on the contrary, ſo much as in me lay, either to moderate, or to extinguiſh them. By theſe means I have kept clear of Envy, and ſecur'd my ſelf of the Affection and Eſteem of my Country-men. *Pa.* Did not you find a *ſingle Life* Irkſome to you? *Gl.* The ſharpeſt Affliction that ever befel me, was the death of my Wife, I could not but paſſionately wiſh that we might have grown Old together, and have continued happy in the enjoyment of the common Bleſſing of our Children: but ſince Providence had otherwiſe determin'd, Duty and Religion told me, that Gods way was beſt for both, and that it would be both fooliſh, and wicked to torment my ſelf in vain, without any advantage either to the Dead, or to the Living. *Po.* You were ſo happy in one Wife, methinks it ſhould have tempted you to venture upon another. *Gl.* I had ſome thoughts that way: but as I Married one for the hopes of Children, ſo for theſe Childrens ſakes, I reſolv'd never to Marry again. *Po.* But were not the Nights tedious to ye without a Bed-fellow? *Gl. Nothing is hard to a willing mind.* And then do but conſider the benefits of a ſingle Life. There are a ſort of people in the World, that will be ſtill making the worſt of every thing, and taking it by the *wrong Handle.* As *Crates*, (or

ſome

ſome body elſe, in an Epigram under his Name) has ſumm'd up the Evils or *Inconveniences* of humane Life. And the Reſolution is this: That *it is beſt not to be born.* Now that Humour of *Metrodorus* pleaſes me a great deal better, in his Abſtract of the *Bleſſings* of Life. 'Tis a more comfortable Proſpect, and it ſweetens the Diſguſts, and weakneſſes of Fleſh and Blood. For my own part, I have brought my ſelf to ſuch a Temper of indifference, as never to be tranſported with any violent *Inclinations* or *Averſions*: and this ſecures me, whether my Fortune be good or bad, from either Inſolence in one Caſe, or Abjection or deſpondence in the other. *Pa.* Make this good, and you are a greater Philoſopher then either *Thales*, or *Metrodorus* themſelves. *Gl.* So ſoon as ever I find but the firſt Motion of any diſorder in my mind, (as theſe Touches are not to be avoided) whether it be from the ſenſe of an Indignity or Affront, I caſt it immediately out of my thoughts. *Po.* Well! but there are ſome *Family-Provocations*, and *Offences* for the purpoſe, that would anger a Saint. *Gl.* They never ſtay long enough with me, to make an Impreſſion. If I can quiet things, I do't: If I cannot, I ſay thus to my ſelf: Why ſhould I gall my ſelf, to no manner of purpoſe? In a word, my Reaſon does that for me at firſt, which after a little while, time it ſelf would do: briefly, If any thing troubles me, I never carry the thought on't to Bed with me. *Eu.* 'Tis no wonder to ſee ſo vigorous a Body, under the Government of ſo virtuous a mind. *Gl.* Come, come Gentlemen; in the Freedom of Friendſhip. I have kept this Guard upon my ſelf: not to do any thing that might reflect upon my own Honour, or my Families. There's no Miſery like that of a *Guilty Conſcience*: and I never lay my Head upon my Pillow at night, till I have by Repentance reconcil'd

concil'd my ſelf to God, for the Tranſgreſſions of the day paſt. He that's well with his *Maker*, can never be uneaſie within himſelf: for the Love and Protection of the Almighty ſupports him againſt all the Malice of wicked Men, *Eu.* Have you never any anxious thoughts upon the apprehenſion of Death? *Gl.* No more then I have for looking back upon the Day of my Birth. I know I muſt dye, and to live in fear on't, may poſſibly ſhorten my Life, it can never lengthen it, ſo that my only Care is to live honeſtly and comfortably, and leave the reſt to Providence. No man can live *Happily*, that does not live *Well*. *Pa.* But to live ſo long in the ſame Place, though 'twere in *Rome* it ſelf: I ſhould grow Grey, I Phancy, with ſo much of the ſame thing over again. *Gl.* There's Pleaſure no doubt on't, in Variety; but then for long Travels, though experience and obſervation may make men Wiſe, they run the Risk of a thouſand Dangers, to ballance that Prudence. Now I am for the ſafer way of Compaſſing the World in a Map, and I can find out more in *Printed Travels*, then ever *Ulyſſes* ſaw in all his *twenty years Ramble*. I have my ſelf a *Villa*, ſome two miles out of Town: when I'm There, I'm a *Country-man*; and when I come back again, I am welcom'd, as if I had been upon the diſcovery of the *North-Weſt paſſage*. *Eu.* You keep your Body in order, I preſume with *Phyſick*. *Gl.* No, no, I have nothing to do with the *Doctors*, I was never *Let-blood* in my Life yet: and never medled with either *Pill* or *Potion*. When I feel my ſelf any way indiſpoſed; change of *Air*, or a *ſpare Diet*, ſets me right again. *Eu.* Don't you *Study* ſometime? *Gl.* Oh by all means, 'Tis the moſt agreeable Entertainment of my Life. But not ſo, as to *make a Toyl of a Pleaſure*. And I do it not for Oſtentation, but for the Love and Delight of it,

it, or for the informing of my Life and Manners After Dinner I have a Collation of edifying Diſcourſe or Stories, or elſe ſome-body to Read to me; and I never Plod at my Book above an hour at a time. When that's over, I take my Lute perhaps, and a walk in my Chamber, either Groping it or Singing to't; or ruminating it may be, upon what I have heard or read. If I have a good Companion with me, I give him part on't: and after a while, to my Book again. *Eu.* But tell me now, upon the word of an honeſt Man; do you find none of thoſe infirmities about ye, that are ſo common to *Old Age*? *Gl.* Why truly, my *Sleeps* are not ſo Sound, neither is my *Memory* ſo firm as it has been. I have now acquitted my ſelf of my Promiſe, to a Syllable; and told you the whole ſecret that has kept me *Young* ſo *long*. And pray'e let *Polygamus* deal as faithfully with us in the Relation of what has made him *Old*, ſo much *Sooner*. *Po.* You are ſo much my Friends, that you ſhall have it without any Diſguiſe or Reſerve. *Eu.* Pray'e let it be ſo then, and it ſhall never go further.

POLYGAMUS, I need not tell you, how much I indulg'd my Appetite, when I was at *Paris*. *Eu.* We remember it very well: but hop'd, that upon quitting the place, you had left your *Hot blood*, and your looſe Manners behind ye. *Po.* I had Variety of Miſtreſſes there; and one of them that was *Bagg'd*, I took home with me. *Eu.* What to your Fathers houſe? *Po.* Directly thither: But ſhe paſt for the Wife of a certain Friend of mine, that in a ſh

V ort time was to follow

low her. *Gl.* And did your Father ſwallow this? *Po.* Yes at firſt, but in a matter of four days he ſmelt out the Cheat: and then there was heavy work made on't. In this *interim* however I ſpent my time, and my Money in *Taverns, Treating Houſes, Gaming Ordinaries,* and other extravagant Diverſions of the like kind. In ſhort; my Fathers Rage was ſo implacable, *He'd have no ſuch Cackling Goſſips he ſaid under his Roof: He'd not own ſuch a Rebellious wretch any longer for his Son,* &c.) that in Concluſion, I was e'en fain to march off with my Pullet, and ſo Neſtle in another place: Where ſhe brought me a brood by the way. *Pa.* But where had you Money all this while? *Po.* Why, my Mother helpt me now and then by ſtealth: beſides conſiderable Sums that I borrow'd. *Eu.* And were there any ſuch Fools as would give you Credit? *Po.* Why, there are thoſe that will truſt a Spend-thrift ſooner then an honeſter Man. *Pa.* Well! and what next? *Po.* When my Friends ſaw my Father at laſt, upon the very point of Diſ-inheriting me, they brought him to this Compoſition, that I ſhould renounce the *French Woman,* and Marry one of our own Countrey. *Eu.* Was ſhe not your Wife? *Po.* There had paſt ſome words in the *Future Tenſe* (as *I will Marry ye,* for the purpoſe) but then, to ſay the Truth, there follow'd *Carnal Copulation,* in the *Preſent Tenſe,* or ſo. *Eu.* And how could you diſſolve that Contract then? *Po.* Why, it came out afterwards, that my *French Woman* had a *French Husband,* only ſhe was gone away from him. *Eu.* So that you have a Wife, it ſeems. *Po.* Yes, yes, I am now Marri'd to my *Eighth Wife.* *Eu.* The *Eighth,* do ye ſay? Why then he that gave you

the

the Name of *Polygamus*, was a Prophet. But they were all Barren perhaps. *Po.* No, no, I have a *Litter* at Home, by every one of them. *Eu.* So many *Hens with Eggs*, in the ſtead of them, would be a happy Change. But you have enough of *Wiving* ſure by this time. *Po.* So much, that if my *Eighth* Wife ſhould die to day, I'de take a *ninth* to morrow. Nay, 'tis hard, in my opinion, that a *Man* may not be allow'd as many *Wives*, as a *Cock* has *Hens*. *Eu.* 'Tis no wonder, at your rate of *Whoreing* and *Drinking*, to ſee you brought to a *Skeleton*, and an Old man before your Time. But who maintains your Family all this while? *Po.* Why, betwixt a ſmall Eſtate that my Father left me, and my own hard Labour, I make a ſhift to keep Life and Soul together. *Eu.* You have given over your Study then. *Po.* I have e'en brought *a Noble to Nine-pence*; and all I have to truſt to, is to *make the beſt of a bad Game*. *Eu.* I wonder how thou haſt been able to bear ſo many Mournings, and the loſs of ſo many Wives. *Po.* I never lived a Widower above ten days, and the next Wife ſtill blotted out the Memory of the laſt. I have given you here a very honeſt, and a true Abſtract of my Life. I wiſh *Pampirus* here would but tell his Story as frankly as I have done mine. He bears his Age well enough, I perceive, and yet I take him to be two or three years my *Senior*. *Pa.* I ſhall make no difficulty of that, if you can have Patience for ſo wild and Phantaſtical a *Romance*. *Eu.* Never talk of *Patience* to hear, what we have a *Mind* to hear.

PAMPIRUS, I was no ſooner return'd from *Paris*, but the good Old man my Father preſt me

earneſtly to enter into ſome Courſe of Life, that might probably advance my Fortune; and upon a full Conſideration of the matter, it was concluded, I ſhould betake my ſelf to the buſineſs of a *Merchant*. *Po.* I cannot but wonder, Why, that choice rather then any other. *Pa.* Why, I was naturally curious, to know New things; to ſee ſeveral Countries, and famous Cities; to learn Languages, and to inform my ſelf in the Cuſtoms, and Manners of Men. Now thought I, this is no way better to be compaſſed, then by Negotiation, and Commerce: beſide a general underſtanding of things, that goes along with it. *Po.* Well! but *Gold it ſelf may be bought too dear*. *Pa.* It may ſo, but to be ſhort. My Father put a good Sum of Money into my hand to begin the World withal: Wiſh'd me good Luck with it, and gave me his Bleſſing. At the ſame time, he laid out for a Rich Wife for me, and pitch'd upon ſo Virtuous, and ſo Amiable a Creature; that ſhe would have been a Fortune in her very Smock to any honeſt Man. *Eu.* Well! But was it a Match at laſt? *Pa.* No, for before ever I could get back again, *Uſe and Principal* was all loſt. *Eu.* Wrack'd, I ſuppoſe. *Pa.* Yes, yes, Wrack'd. We ſtruck upon the *what d'ye call the Rock*? *Eu.* The *Malta* perchance; for that's a deſperate Paſſage. *Pa.* No, no; this is forty times worſe. But it is ſomewhat like it however. *Eu.* Do ye remember the Name of the Sea? *Pa.* No, but it is a place infamous for a thouſand Miſcarriages. Pray, by your Leave: Is there a dangerous Rock they call *ALEA*? I don't know your *Greek* name for't. *Eu.* Mad Fool that thou wert! *Pa.* So, and what was my Father I prethee;

prethee; to truſt a young Fop with ſuch a gobb of Money! But it was in fine, the Rock *ALEA Anglicé, The Devils Bones*, that I was ſplit upon. *Gl.* And what did you do next? *Pa.* Why, I began Providently to conſider of a convenient Beam and Halter to hang my ſelf. *Gl.* Was your Father ſo implacable then? For ſuch a loſs might be made up again: and the firſt fault muſt be very ſoul, not to be Pardonable. *Pa.* Why you have Reaſon, perhaps. But in the mean while, the poor Man loſt his pretty Miſtreſs; for ſo ſoon as ever her Relations came to underſtand what they were to truſt to, they reſolv'd to have nothing more to do with me. Now I was in Love, you muſt know, over Head and Ears. *Gl.* In troth, I Pitty thee with all my heart. But what did you propoſe to your ſelf after this? *Pa.* Only to do as other people do in deſperate Caſes. My Father had caſt me off; my Fortune was irrecoverably loſt, and conſequently my Wife: and the beſt Treatment I could get in the World, was to be pointed at, for a *Debauche*, *ſquandring Sot*. Without more words, it was e'en come to Croſs or Pile, whether I ſhould take up in a Cloyſter or hang my ſelf. *Eu.* You were cruelly put to't. But I preſume you had the Wit to pitch upon the eaſier Death of the two. *Pa.* Or rather, the more painful; ſo Sick was I, even of Life it ſelf. *Gl.* And yet many people caſt themſelves into *Monaſteries*, as the moſt comfortable State of living. *Pa.* Well! The firſt thing I did, was to put a little Money in my Pocket, and fly my Countrey. *Gl.* Whether went ye! *Pa.* Into *Ireland*, and there was I made a *Regular* of that Order,

that wears *Linnen above*, and *Woollen* to the *Skin-ward*. *Gl.* Did you ſpend your Winter there? *Pa.* No, no, two Months only, and then for *Scotland*. *Gl.* How came it you ſtaid no longer? Did you take Check at any thing? *Pa.* The Diſcipline was not ſevere enough methought, for a Wretch that hanging it ſelf would have been too good for. *Eu.* And how went Matters with you in *Scotland*? *Pa.* I e'en chang'd my *Linnen* Habit for *a Leathern* one, among the *Carthuſians*. *Eu.* Theſe are the Men that are in ſtrictneſs of Profeſſion, dead to the World. *Pa.* So methought, by their Singing. *Gl.* Are the dead ſo merry then? But how many Months were you there? *Pa.* Betwixt five and ſix. *Gl.* A ſtrange Conſtancy, to hold ſo long in a mind! *Eu.* You took no offence at any thing among the *Carthuſians*, did ye? *Pa.* I could not like ſo Lazy, a froward ſort of Life. And then, what with Fumes, and Solitude, I phancy'd ſeveral of 'em to be *Hot-headed*: and for my part; having but little Senſe already, I durſt not ſtay, for fear of looſing the reſt. *Po.* Whither did you take your next flight? *Pa.* Into *France*: among thoſe that give to underſtand by the *Colour* of their Habits, that they are *Mourners in this World*. I ſpeak of the *Benedictines*: and of thoſe particularly, that wear a kind of a *Netted Hair-Cloth* for their upper Garment. *Gl.* A terrible Mortification of the Fleſh, I muſt Confeſs. *Pa.* I was among them, *eleven Months*. *Eu.* And how came you to leave 'em at laſt? *Pa.* Why, I found they layd more ſtreſs upon *Ceremonies*, then *True Piety*. And then I was told that the *Bernardines* were a much more conſcientious Order, and under a ſeverer

verer Diſcipline: Thoſe I mean that are Habited in *White*, inſtead of *Black*. I went and liv'd a matter of *Ten Months* among *Theſe* too. *Eu.* And what Diſguſted you here now? *Pa.* I diſlik'd nothing at all: For I found them very good Company. But I had an Old ſaying in my head: That *ſuch a Thing muſt either be done, or it muſt not be done*: So that I was e'en Reſolv'd, either to be a *Monk* in *Perfection*, or *no Monk at all*. I was told after this, that the Holieſt Men upon the Face of the Earth, were thoſe of the Order of *St. Bridget*. And theſe were the People that I thought to live and dye withal. *Eu.* And how many Months were you with them, I beſeech ye? *Pa.* Neither *Months* nor *Weeks*; but in Truth *almoſt Two Days*. *Gl.* You were mightily fond ſure of this kind of Life, to ſtay ſo long in't. *Po.* They take no body in, you muſt know, but thoſe that are preſently *profeſt*, and I was not ſo mad yet, as to put my Neck into ſuch a Nooſe, that it could never be got out again. And then the Singing of the *Nuns*, put me out of my Wits almoſt, with reminding me of my laſt Miſtreſs. *Gl.* Well! And what after this? *Pa.* My Heart was wholly ſet upon Religion, but yet upon this Ramble from one thing to another, I could not meet with any thing to my mind. But walking up and down afterwards, I fell into a Troop of *Croſs-Bearers*. Some carry'd *White Croſſes*; Others *Red*, *Green*, *Party Colour'd*, ſome *Single*, ſome *Double*, ſome *Quadruple*; and ſome again, ſeveral *Sorts*, and *Forms* of Croſſes. I had a Reverence for the *Chriſtianity* of the *Memorial*, but I was confound-

ed, which *Form*, or *Colour*, to make choice of, before another. So that for fear of the worſt, I carry'd ſome of every ſort. But upon the whole matter, I found there was a great difference betwixt the *Figure* of a *Croſs* upon a *Garment*, and a Croſs in the *Heart*. When I had Hunted my ſelf weary, and never the nearer my Journies end; it came into my Head that a Pilgrimage to the *Holy Land*, would do my Work. For let a Man go to *Jeruſalem* a very Devil he comes back a *Saint*. *Po.* And thither you went then. *Pa.* Yes. *Po.* Upon whoſe charge I prethee? *Pa.* That ſhould have been your firſt Queſtion. But you know the Old Proverb. *A Man of Art will Live any where.* *Gl.* And, what's *your Art*, I beſeech you? *Pa.* *Palmiſtry*. *Gl.* Where did you ſerve your time to't? *Pa.* What's that to the buſineſs? *Gl.* Under what *Maſter*? *Pa.* The great Maſter of *all Sciences*; the *Belly*. In little; I ſet-up for a *Fortune-Teller*: And there did I lay about me, upon the *Topique* of things *Paſt*, *Preſent*, and to *come*. *Gl.* Upon good grounds, I hope. *Pa.* The Devil a bit that I knew of the matter: But I ſet a good Face on't, and ran no *Riſque* neither: For I was paid ſtill before hand. *Po.* That ever ſo ſenſeleſs an Impoſture, ſhould find a Man Bread. *Pa.* And yet ſo it is, that I maintain'd my ſelf, and a Brace of *Lacquies*, very decently upon the Credit of it. Why, how ſhould *Knaves* live, without a World of *Fools* of both *Sexes* to work upon? So ſoon as I got to *Jeruſalem*, I put my ſelf into the Train of a Rich Noble-Man, of about *Seventy Years of Age*, that could never

ver have Dy'd in Peace, he ſaid, if he had not bleſt his Eyes with the ſight of that Holy Place. *Eu.* He had no Wife, I hope to leave behind him. *Pa.* Yes, and ſix Children into the bargain. *Eu.* A moſt Impious, Religious Old Man! But you came back, I ſuppoſe, a Man of another World. *Pa.* No, but to deal plainly with you, ſomewhat worſe then I went. *Eu.* So that your Zeal for Religion was cool'd, I perceive. *Pa.* Nay, on the contrary, hotter then e're it was. And therefore, I return'd into *Italy*, and apply'd my ſelf to a *Military* Life. *Eu.* You ſought for Religion in the *Camp* it ſeems: the moſt unlikely place under the Heavens, to find it in. *Pa.* Ay, but it was a *Holy War*. *Eu.* Againſt the *Turks*, perchance. *Pa.* Nay, a *Holier* War then that; or the Doctors were *beſides the Cuſhion*. *Eu.* How ſo? *Pa.* It was the War betwixt *Julius the Second*, and the *French*. And then I had a phanſie to a *Souldiers Life*, for the knowledge it gives a Man of the World. *Eu.* It brings a man to the *knowledge* of many things, that he had better be *Ignorant* of. *Pa.* I found it ſo afterwards, And yet I ſuffer'd more hardſhip in the *Field*, then in the *Cloyſter*. *Eu.* Well and where were you next now? *Pa.* Why, I was thinking with my ſelf, whether I ſhould back again to the buſineſs of a *Merchant*, that I had laid aſide; or preſs forward in the purſuit of *Religion*, that fled before me. While my thoughts were in this Ballance, it came into my mind, that I might do both under one. *Eu.* What? And ſet up for a *Merchant*, and a *Monk*, both together? *Pa.* Well! And why not; What are your

your *Mendicants*, but a kind of *Religious Traders*? They flie over Sea and Land. They ſee, they hear every thing that paſſes: They enter into all Privacies; and the Doors of *Kings*, *Noble-men*, and *Commoners*, are all open to them. *Eu.* Ay, but they do not deal for gain. *Pa.* Yes, and with better ſucceſs many times then we do. *Eu.* Which of theſe *Orders* did you make choice of? *Pa.* I try'd 'em all. *Eu.* And did none of 'em pleaſe you? *Pa.* I lik'd them all well enough if I might but preſently have enter'd upon Practice, and Commerce. But when I found, that I was to be ſlav'd a long time to my Offices in the Quire, before I could be qualified for the truſt; I began then to caſt about, how I might get to be made an *Abbot*. But ſaid I to my ſelf, *Kiſſing goes by favour*, and 'twill be a tedious Work; and ſo I quitted that thought too. After ſome *Eight Years* trifled away, in ſhifting from one thing to another thus, comes the News of my Fathers Death: So home I went; took my Mothers advice, Marry'd a Wife, and ſo to my firſt courſe of *Traffique* again. *Gl.* Well! And how did you behave your ſelf, in your ſeveral ſhapes; for every *New Habit*, made you look like a *New Creature*. *Pa.* Why 'twas all no more to me, then the *ſame Players* Acting *ſeveral parts* in the *ſame Comedy*. *Eu.* But be ſo Honeſt now, as to tell me, only which is the condition, in this Variety of Adventures, that is moſt to your liking? *Pa. So many Men, ſo many minds*. But to be free with you, that of a Merchant is moſt agreeable to my inclination. *Eu.* But yet there are great Hazzards and Inconveniencies

niencies that attend it. *Pa.* There are ſo; and 'tis the ſame Caſe in any other State of Life. But ſince this is my Lot, I'll make the beſt on't. *Euſebius* his turn is yet to come, and I hope he will not think much of obliging his Friends, in requital with ſome part of his Hiſtory. *Eu.* Nay, if you pleaſe, the whole Courſe of it is at your ſervice. *Gl.* We ſhall moſt gladly hear it.

EUSEBIUS. When I left *Paris*, It took me a Years time at Home to conſider, what courſe of Life to ſettle in: And not without a ſtrict Examination of my ſelf, to what Study or Profeſſion I ſtood moſt inclin'd. I was offer'd a good handſom *Prebendary*, as they call it: And I accepted it. *Gl.* That ſort of Life has no great Reputation among the People. *Eu.* But, as the World went, it was to me very welcome. It was no ſmall Providence, to have ſo many advantages fall into a Mans Mouth upon the ſuddain, as if they had been dropt from Heaven; as Dignity, Handſome Houſes well furniſh'd, a competent Revenue, a Worthy, and a Learned Society: And a Church at hand, to ſerve God in, when he pleaſes. *Pa.* I was Scandaliz'd at the *Luxury* of the Place; the Infamy of their *Concubines*; and the ſtrange Averſion thoſe People had for Letters. *Eu.* 'Tis nothing to me, what others do, but what I do my ſelf: And if I cannot mend the Bad, I chuſe the beſt Company however, that I can get. *Po.* And is this the condition that you have ſpent your whole time in? *Eu.* All but ſome Four Years, a long while ago, at *Padua*. *Po.* And what did you there?

there? *Eu.* I Studied *Phyſick*, a Year and half; and *Divinity* the reſt. *Po.* Why ſo? *Eu.* For the ſake both of my Soul and Body; and that in both Caſes I might be helpful to my Friends. I Preach't upon occaſion too, *according to my Talent*. Under theſe circumſtances, I have led a Life, eaſie and quiet enough: So well ſatisfied with one Benefice, that I did not ſo much as wiſh for any thing beyond it; and if another were offer'd me, I ſhould refuſe it. *Pa.* I wonder what's become of the reſt of our Old Acquaintance, & *Fellow Penſioners*. *Eu.* I could ſay ſomewhat of *Them* too, but we are juſt at the *Towns End* here: And if you pleaſe, we may be together in the ſame Inn, and talk o're the reſt at leiſure.

(*Hugh* a Wagoner,) How now *Blinks*. Where did you take up this Rubbiſh? (*Harry* a Wagoner.) And whither are you going with that *Harlottry* there? *Hugh*: You would do well to tumble the Old Fornicators into a *Nettle-Buſh*, to bring 'em to an Itch again. *Harry*. And your Cattle want Cooling, *Hugh*. What do ye think of a Fair Toſs into that Pool there, to lay their Concupiſcence. *Hugh*. I'm not us'd to thoſe Gamboles. *Harry*. But 'tis not ſo long Sirrah, ſince I ſaw you throw *half a Dozen Carthuſians* in the Dirt tho': And you like a *Schellam*, ſtood Grinning, and making ſport at it when you had done, to ſee them Riſe *Black Carthuſians*, inſtead of *White Ones*. *Hugh*. And they were well enough ſerv'd too: For they lay Snorting all the way like a Dead weight upon the Wagon. *Harry*. Well, and my People have been ſo good Company, that my Horſes went the better for their Carriage. I would never deſire a better Fare. *Hugh*. And yet theſe are a ſort of Men, that

that you do not Naturally care for. *Harry.* They are the beſt Old Men that ever I met withal. *Hugh.* How do you know that? *Harry*: Becauſe they made me Drink Luſtily upon the way. *Hugh.* An Excellent Recommendation to a *Dutch Fore-Man.*

FINIS.